The Outlook

VOLUME 96 DECEMBER 24, 1910 NUMBER 17

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH), FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1910, by the Outlook Company

War and Peace 881
The Prevention of War 881
A Hundred and Fifty Millions for Pensions Yearly 882
Important Appointments 884
Conspiracy a Continuing Offense 884
The Human Side of the Treasury Department 885
The Orinoco Case 886
Senator Root a Hague Judge 886
After the British Election, What? 887
Educate the Apprentice 887
Business in Russia 888
The President of the University of Minnesota 889
A Modern Religious Controversy 890
Equine Psychology 891
Two Literary Events 892
Right in Law and Right in Policy 892
What is a Governor? 893
The New Chief Justice 894
American Art and Scholarship in Rome 895
The Spectator 897
The Coal Miner at Home 899
By Theodore Roosevelt
Americans of Influence 909
The Christmas Gift (Poem) 920
By J. M. W.
Turning Savages into Citizens 921
By Atherton Brownell
Cutting Cape Cod 932
By Sylvester Baxter
The Sheep-Herder 943
By Randall R. Howard
A Mother's Ecstasy (Poem) 950
By Clara Griffith Gazzam
Petroleum and the Placer Claim 951
By Walter V. Woehlke
Mark Twain as a Newspaper Reporter 961
By Frank Marshall White
Some Italian Marinas 968
By Mary Heaton Vorse
Big Battles Against Disease: The Advance in Surgery 979
By Earl Mayo
Migrants (Poem) 988
By Archibald Rutledge

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Outlook Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

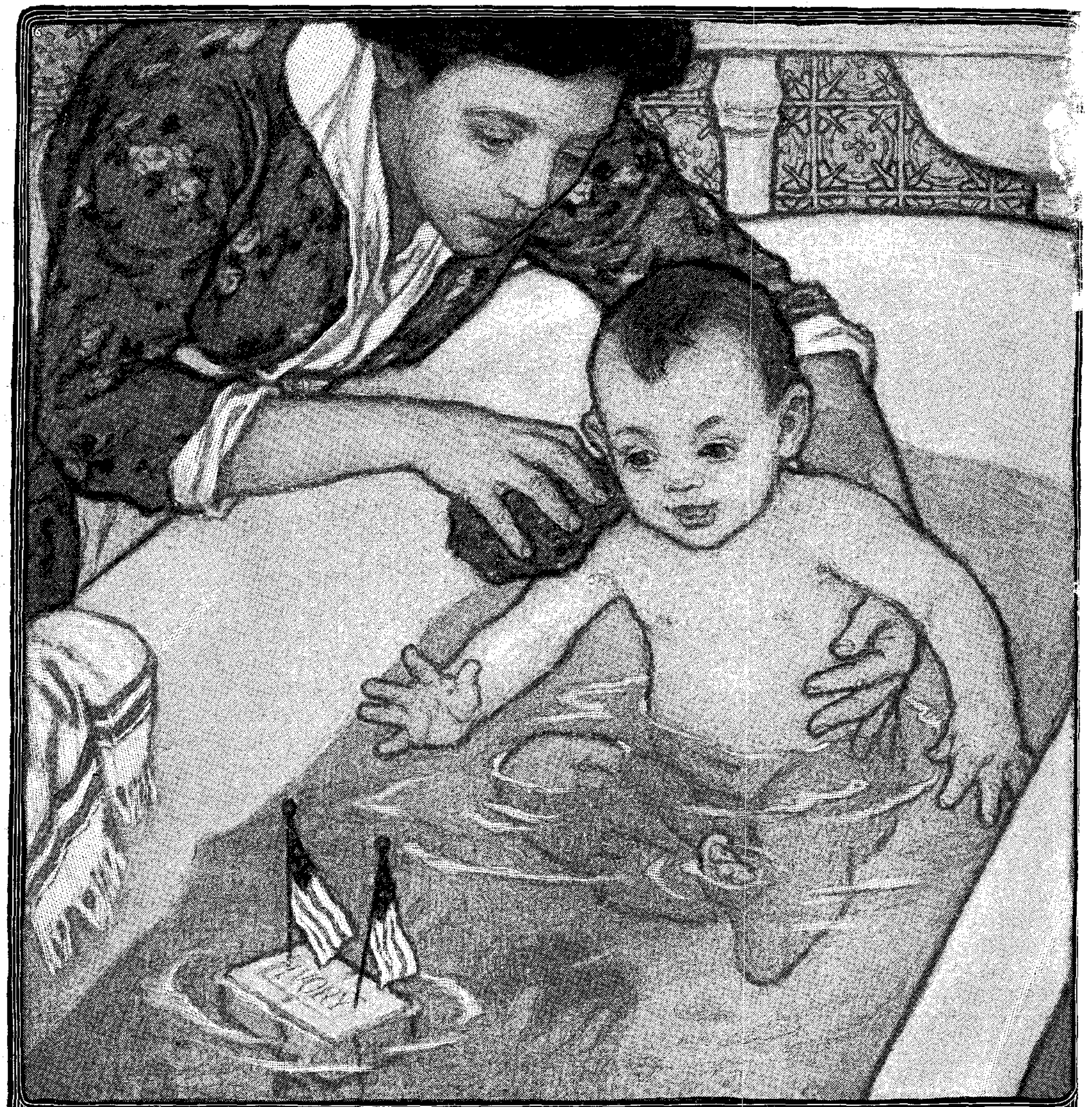
RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your copy of The Outlook shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of The Outlook.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago Office, 150 Michigan Boulevard London Office, 3 Regent Street



"I was explaining to a neighbor, who had commented on the glossiness of my palms and ferns, that I kept them clean with Ivory Soap, when she laughed and said: 'Don't talk to me about air-ships. I believe that Ivory Soap is the real wonder of the age. You know what a time I have had with Raymond about his bath? You ought to see him now! He was yelling at the top of his voice, and I had given up in despair, when I was seized with a brilliant idea. I picked up a nice new cake of Ivory Soap and stuck a small flag in each end. In a very few moments I had enticed him into the bath, and I have never had any more trouble, except in getting him out.'"

(*Extract from a Letter*)

For the bath and for every other purpose that involves the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled. It is mild. It is gentle. It is pure. It does what soap is intended to do—*it cleans but it does not injure.*

Ivory Soap . . . . It Floats.

The Outlook

DECEMBER 24, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

⁂

WAR AND PEACE Two interesting events reported in the same issue of last week's papers illustrate two world-wide movements—one, the increasing of armaments in preparation for war; the other, the developing of measures for putting an end to war. They are not necessarily inconsistent. We may simultaneously prepare for war and take measures to prevent war. But to The Outlook the movement for promoting peace appears both the more important and the more practicable. In support of this movement Mr. Andrew Carnegie has created a Board of Trustees of twenty-seven members, and has handed over to them bonds of the market value of $11,500,000, the revenue of which is to be administered in such movements as the trustees themselves may organize to hasten the abolition of international war. When this movement has reached its consummation, and international war has ceased, the trustees are empowered to consider what is the next most degrading evil, or evils, whose banishment would most advance the progress, elevation, and happiness of man, and to appropriate the funds at their disposal in support of such a movement. The other event is the presentation to Congress of a report by Mr. Dickinson, the Secretary of War, and a letter by Major-General Leonard Wood, in support of a demand for an increase both in the size and efficiency of the American army. For our account of these two communications to Congress we are depending on unofficial reports in the daily press. The statement of Secretary Dickinson respecting the inefficiency of our present army is thus summarized by the Washington correspondent of the New York "Times:"

> The regular army is found by Secretary Dickinson to be almost fatally deficient. It lacks numbers; it lacks the proper proportion of the various arms, and reserves of field guns and supplies; it is widely scattered; it is not organized into brigades and divisions essential for war purposes. While the coast defenses are satisfactory in the matter of equipment, the Secretary says there are not enough artillerymen to man them. The militia is in even worse condition, declares Secretary Dickinson. It lacks arms and numbers; it is without proper organization; it is so scattered as to prohibit prompt concentration; it is deficient in training and physical stamina, and many of the militiamen, by reason of family relations, could not be counted upon for long war service.

According to this correspondent, the Secretary estimates that military forces from abroad might be landed on our coasts at any time, and that to protect ourselves from such a landing the minimum number of trained troops should be 450,000, while at present we have available in all parts of the United States only 114,500 regulars and militia, the latter lacking in many essentials.

◆

THE PREVENTION OF WAR In 1776 Great Britain, then the strongest military power in the world, attempted to subjugate the thirteen colonies, which were not only without an army but were without even political organization, and failed. In 1812 Napoleon, the greatest military genius of all time, at the head of an enormous army, attempted the invasion of Russia, and failed. In view of these historic precedents, we do not think that America needs to fear an invasion of armed forces. Invasion from Canada on the north is wholly improbable; invasion from Mexico or Central America on the south would be easily resisted; and the difficulties in the way of an invasion from either Europe or the Orient by transports would be almost insuperable and the ultimate peril to the invading party very great. The worst evil which even successful invasion could inflict would probably be a great financial requisition collected from some threatened city, or possibly the partial demolishing of a city—a disaster analogous to that inflicted by a tornado, an earthquake, or a great conflagration. The subjugation of America by any foreign army is not conceivable. On the Pacific side there is peril to the islands of Hawaii. In case of war with Japan it is not at all certain that the Japanese residents of Hawaii, who greatly outnumber the Anglo-Saxon population, would not fight for their native rather than their adopted country. But even in case of such a war, invasion of the American continent would be exceedingly improbable. We ought to have a sufficient navy to protect both our coasts. If our present army is inefficient, it should be made efficient—there is no excuse for inefficiency in any department of life—and the army ought to be sufficiently large to furnish adequate equipment for our necessary coast defenses. But to enlarge the army beyond what is necessary for immediate military needs would involve more peril to American institutions at home than protection of American institutions abroad. On the other hand, the movement for the abolition of war is not confined to a few optimistic and enthusiastic advocates of peace. It is supported by the great labor organizations of all democratic and quasi-democratic countries, and not less by their great commercial organizations. And we have discovered in comparatively recent times a movement by which we may substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force, and have proved its practicability in so many cases of secondary importance that we may justly anticipate that the movement will find a way by which it can be appealed to in all cases. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given a noble example to men of wealth by administrating for the public his own enormous fortune. In none of his public benefactions has he given more wisely than in this gift of $11,500,000 to promote not only the cause of peace but the substitution of the rule of justice for the rule of the strongest.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS FOR PENSIONS YEARLY

During the very first week of the present session of Congress over twenty-two hundred pension bills were introduced in the two houses. A glance at the "Congressional Record" for previous sessions will show in the report for each Friday page after page of crowded type, each with from fifty to seventy special awards or increases of pension outside the regular operation of the Pension Law. It would be putting it mildly to say that in the vast majority of these cases the result is not to correct injustice but to avoid the proper limitations of pension bestowal enacted by Congress—and the laws are already, as the amount paid shows, exceedingly generous, if not extravagant. To say that these private pension bills have been closely scrutinized by the committees which present them is absurd; the evidence offered is *ex parte*, the investigation of facts after the long lapse of time difficult, and the "relief" afforded not only puts men who have never had an honorable discharge on an equality with those who have, but sometimes, it is known, includes actual deserters. Apart from private pension bills, new general legislation is also proposed; one bill advocated at the last session of Congress would, it is estimated, if passed, add one hundred and eight million dollars annually to our pension expenditure; another might add eight million dollars yearly. The facts just stated ought to warn Congress and the people that the question of pension extravagance is not, as some may think, a closed chapter, but a subject for immediate and thorough consideration. Fear that there may be an outcry against inquirers as unpatriotic, or assertions that there should be no limit to the generous appreciation of the service our soldiers rendered their country, should not be allowed to stop investigation as to whether the Treasury is being depleted by excessive expenditure, and most particularly as to whether unworthy recipients are being paid for imaginary sacrifices. It is therefore a large public service that the "World's Work" is doing, through a series of articles written by Mr. William Bayard Hale, in presenting the history of pension legislation and pension frauds. No doubt some of the methods used in these articles may be sensational, and it is not necessary here to indorse all the positions taken, but the bare facts are startling enough, and Mr. Hale presents them graphically. What are those facts, and what is the remedy proposed ?

NATURAL AND STIMULATED INCREASE IN PENSIONS

It is believed that not very far from three-fourths of the men who actually fought in the Civil War have passed away, and yet we are to-day paying in pensions five times as much as we paid ten years after the close of the war. Mr. Hale divides the history of pension expenditure into two periods. Up to 1869 there was a reasonable and natural increase, until, in that year, the payment was about thirty million dollars; then a slight natural decrease followed for a few years, and most people probably supposed that thereafter the payments for pensions would be a little less every year. On the contrary, the Arrears Law was passed ; instantly the payments mounted up with astounding rapidity, and what Mr. Hale calls "the era of enforced legislation and encouraged fraud" began ; in 1880 the amount had almost doubled. But this was merely a beginning ; new legislation admitted new classes of pensioners, and once more the total amount was doubled, and more than doubled. What was confidently predicted to be the highest point was reached in 1890, with the astounding sum of one hundred and sixty-two million dollars. Thereafter there was considerable decrease ; but after the passage of the Act of 1908, which increased widows' and minors' pensions, the level once more rose, this time to one hundred and sixty-five millions. Natural causes have brought this sum down since then to about one hundred and fifty-five millions ; but what may happen if pension bills now advocated pass, no one can say. It would not, for instance, be extraordinary, should the "dollar-a-day" bill pass, if the total amount reaches two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Now, most people will agree that, as time goes on and the number of pensioners lessens, the field for the bestowal of pensions might be enlarged, and it may even be desirable in time to make a service pension ; but the very fact that the previous enlargements have opened the flood-gates to the outpouring of money in a manner never before heard of in history indicates that in the future advances in legislation should be very carefully considered. Mr. Hale declares that "it is against nature that there should be, half a century after the close of the war, a just and honest pension bill five times as great as that paid five and ten years after that war." He adds : "What was in the beginning a system of military pension has been transformed into a system of class charity and political largess distributed by bureaucrats and Congressmen for the purposes of private political ambition." It is hard to realize how big a sum one hundred and fifty million dollars is ; but when we remember that the total annual expense for the splendid Japanese army and navy combined is only fifty million dollars a year, or that to raise the pension fund directly would mean a tax of nearly two dollars a year on every man, woman, and child in the United States, some idea of the vastness of the amount may be had. But if we could feel assured that the money actually went only to those who rendered valuable services to the country in the war, or to those immediately dependent upon them, we might accept without demur the enormous burden now imposed by the pension system. Unhappily, Mr. Hale produces in these articles graphic evidence that there have been many frauds and that the laws governing the system are such that it is physically impossible to insure the proper and honest expenditure of the money. Some of the provisions of the law are really ludicrous ; as, for instance, that one which allows a soldier's widow who has married a second time, but who has lost her second husband by death or divorce, again to receive the pension originally due her as a soldier's widow. In one case quoted the veteran's widow married a second and third husband, and after both died resumed her right to a pension. One after another, provisions have been waived restricting the payment of pensions, such as proof that disability or death resulted from service, and it would seem that little has been left in the way of restriction to distinguish the present legislation from an actual service law. Nevertheless, there are still doors which may be opened; and those who do not wish to see the enormous maximum heretofore attained again exceeded must watch the situation in Congress closely. As to the wrongful practices of professional pension agents, it may be recalled that Commissioner Evans disqualified 24,662 registered attorneys out of 43,000 for such ill-doing. Mr. Hale's remedies he states generically as applying "the awakened common sense of the Nation to a task even so delicate as the reform of the Pension Office." Specifically he recommends that no further extravagant legislation be enacted; that the records of the Pension Office and the War Department be opened to public inspection; and that no private pension bills be passed until the name of the pensioner and the claim shall have been published in the community in which he lives.

* * *

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS Justice White's nomination by the President as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court was unanimously confirmed with instant promptness by the Senate, partly, it is stated, as an act of special courtesy to a former Senator. On another page we discuss the appointment and Chief Justice White's judicial trend. The only protest against this nomination came from Senator Heyburn, who disbelieved in the policy of promoting an Associate Justice to the office of Chief Justice, but who finally voted for Justice White's promotion. At the same time the President nominated as Associate Justices Judge Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming, and Judge Joseph R. Lamar, of Georgia. Judge Van Devanter was an Assistant Attorney-General under President McKinley, had served as Chief Justice of Wyoming, and was appointed by President Roosevelt United States Circuit Judge; in the last capacity he took part in the important decision of the Northern Securities case and in that relating to the Standard Oil Company. The latter is now to be reargued before the Supreme Court. His abilities are of a very high order. Judge Lamar has been a member of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Both men have had some experience in political life as well as at the bar and on the bench. President Taft's knowledge of the qualities requisite on the bench of our highest court makes the country feel confident that his choice of the present nominations from among many names considered will prove wise and sound. The nominations for the judgeships in the new Court of Commerce have been awaited with interest. The list was headed by Martin A. Knapp, who has been a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission under four administrations and for some time its Chairman. Some of the more radical members of Congress are inclined to regard Mr. Knapp's views as conservative, but he thoroughly believes in the regulation of monopolies and the enforcement of existing law. His associates will be William H. Hunt, formerly Governor of Porto Rico; Robert W. Archbald, a Pennsylvania lawyer; John E. Carland, a United States District Judge from South Dakota; and Julian W. Mack, a Democrat, who has been Professor of Law, Civil Service Commissioner, and Judge in Illinois. The nominees for the Inter-State Commerce Commission are Balthasar H. Meyer, an economist and professor in the University of Wisconsin, and C. C. McChord, formerly State Railway Commissioner from Kentucky, and a Democrat.

* * *

CONSPIRACY A CONTINUING OFFENSE Attorney-General Wickersham's annual report is one long list of the prosecution of frauds. In that list more interest may be felt in the prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law than in any other branch of the work. Under the law successful prosecutions were instituted, first, against the Paper Board Association, a combination restricting competition in the purchase of paper, fixing uniform prices and increasing them—the defendants, pleading guilty, were fined $57,000; second, against a number of individuals who had interfered with an inter-State shipment of tobacco (the "Night-Rider Case")—the defendants were convicted and fined $3,500; third, against the Imperial Window Glass Company of Pittsburgh, the selling agent of a combination of manufacturers controlling eighty-five per cent of the hand-blown window glass manufactured in this country—the defendants were fined $10,000 and the combination was broken up and abandoned. For this outcome the Attorney-General received much caustic comment from certain manufacturers and from the newspapers controlled by them. Of course Mr. Wickersham did not expect to have any approval in Pittsburgh of the criticism he had felt impelled to make concerning the members of certain trusts. The adverse criticisms of himself, however, indicated that he had accomplished his object, namely, to draw public attention to the character of those trusts and to the methods adopted by them to discredit the enforcement of the Anti-Trust Law. Of the suits now pending under that law the proceedings against the beef packers form probably the most interesting activity of the Department of Justice. The Department's investigation into the business of fresh meat and cattle has resulted in three separate criminal proceedings: (1) Last April an indictment returned at Savannah, Georgia, charging the Armour Packing Company, Swift & Company, Morris & Company, and other firms and individuals, with engaging in a combination to fix and control the prices of fresh meats, and to destroy competition; (2) last September indictments in the United States District Court of Chicago against J. Ogden Armour, Louis F. Swift, Edward F. Swift, and other individuals, charging them with engaging in conspiracy in restraint of inter-State trade; (3) last October in the United States Court at Boston against the John Reardon & Sons Company and others, charging them with an attempt to divide the New England territory among themselves so as to avoid competition. The Department's determination to make the strongest possible showing in its prosecutions will, we believe, be much reinforced by the Supreme Court's decision last week in the Sugar Trust case, that a conspiracy is continuous so long as the fruits of that conspiracy are in existence. To this decision we shall refer more fully later.

*

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Who reads the report of the Secretary of the Treasury? Bankers, yes; students of finance, yes; business men, not a few. But does the man-in-the-street read it? Hardly. He may read the report of the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy, or even of the Attorney-General, but he does not read the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, because in it he finds only statements and statistics about Panama Canal bonds, National Currency Associations, gold certificates, the Customs Service, etc. He admits that all these are important departments of our economic life, but somehow or other the mention of them does not make his blood run any faster. Yet the report of the Secretary of the Treasury is well worth reading for one very human feature, and that is the Life-Saving Service. Last week Collector Loeb had the privilege of being the first to sign a petition for the creation of a retirement pension for men in the Life-Saving Service. Now, there is something to be said for and against the creation of a civil pension system generally. But, if it ever is to be applied, it certainly ought to be applied in this instance. The members of the life-saving corps are not merely civil agents. They are as important in their way as are the men of our army or the men of our navy. Hence their service entitles them to an acknowledgment by our Government of an obligation no less binding than that which the Government admits in the case of its military servants. We are glad to note that Mr. Loeb and those who have signed the memorial have the sympathy of Mr. MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury. Last spring the Secretary pleaded with the appropriate committees of Congress regarding legislation in the interest of the members of the Life-Saving Service which would relieve them of the ever-disheartening apprehension of ending their days in want. Living, as they do, in isolation, exposed to the severest storms, and meeting by annual tests the inflexible demands of the Treasury Department as to physical fitness, accepting a *compulsory* leave of absence from two to four months in every year *without pay*, and doing deeds of daring, always at the expense of comfort, and very frequently of health or life, submitting to an immensely narrower sphere than do their fellows—these men, as Secretary MacVeagh well puts it, render unapproachable service in renunciation, in courage, and in constancy. And these very men are neglected by our people. Think of the position of men who get only sixty-five dollars a month and are forbidden to engage in private occupations for gain. Even if they live long lives, they can scarcely amass a competency. But the nature of their work does not conduce to long lives! At any time they may be invalided, or disabled, or killed. What is to become of their families? If we are ever to have a civil pensions list, it should be in the Life-Saving Service.

* * *

THE ORINOCO CASE The International Court of Arbitration at The Hague recently rendered its decision in the Orinoco Claims case. The decision came with almost startling rapidity, for the whole period of the readjudication was shorter than is often occupied in obtaining a jury in a murder trial, let alone the trial itself. The quick decision should gratify Americans, not only because of its intrinsic merit, but also because it confirms the attitude taken by our State Department in disputing the award rendered in 1904. The dispute was between the Orinoco Steamship Company, a New Jersey corporation, and the Venezuelan Government. That Government granted certain exclusive privileges to the Company; but the agreement was repudiated by the famous, or rather infamous, President Castro. The Steamship Company instituted an action for damages, claiming the extraordinary amount of $1,400,000. The case was submitted to a mixed tribunal for arbitration. Dr. Charles Barge acted as umpire, and there was awarded to the Company $28,000. The Company then appealed to the American Government, and the Secretary of State, after examining the decision, declared that it abounded in errors of law and fact. After prolonged negotiations the whole question involved was submitted to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. America was represented by Mr. William C. Dennis, who was detached from the Solicitor's office in the State Department for this work. Mr. Dennis asked that the award be declared null, as erroneous and unjust, and that the original claims be settled on their merits. The award now rendered gives the Company nearly twice as much as the sum named in the former arbitration. In addition, the Orinoco Company is awarded three per cent interest since 1903, together with $7,000 costs. The judgment is to be paid by Venezuela within two months. The money part of the award, however, is the least to be considered, although the case is interesting as being the first to be decided at The Hague involving money claims by a private concern. The decision emphasizes what is of far greater importance—namely, that all arbitrations may not be just, and that where injustice can be prevented there is reason for readjudication. Fortunately, there is seldom any valid ground to dispute arbitral decisions. Our State Department would not have criticised the one in question had there not been clearly the evidence of a miscarriage of justice. The fact that the Company was misled by the difficulty of determining precisely what sum should be claimed, because it had suffered not only actual but speculative loss, and is now awarded only a small part of its original claim, has really nothing to do with the case. The main point is the fact that we have here witnessed the novelty of an appeal from an international award, that it was America which made the appeal, and that the justice of the American protest has been recognized by the highest authority.

* * *

SENATOR ROOT A HAGUE JUDGE President Taft has appointed Senator Elihu Root as American member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague to succeed the late Chief Justice Fuller. The appointment is singularly fitting. It closely follows Mr. Root's six-day speech during the progress of the Orinoco case, recently decided by the Hague court in our favor. The appointment is fitting because Mr. Root has stood for the transformation of the present "Permanent Court of Arbitration"—which, properly speaking, is neither permanent nor a court—into something which shall be both permanent and, in an exact sense, a court, constituted not merely of members selected by the contestants from a panel of public men of eminence interested in the public international questions of the day, but composed of judges having no other occupation than the exercise of the judicial faculty.

⁂

AFTER THE BRITISH ELECTION, WHAT?

In the new British Parliament, which will assemble on January 31, the parties will have almost precisely the same strength as in the last Parliament. This curious result was explained the other day by a British observer something like this: "The voters don't see why they should be called upon to vote again upon a question which they thought they had settled a year ago. So, many of them haven't voted at all; and those that have done so have voted just about as they did before." Of course seats have been lost and won by both sides, over a score each way; but these overturns can be safely credited, in practically every case, to local causes. Mr. Asquith continues in power with his forces undiminished, but, on the other hand, with his forces unstrengthened. He still depends upon the alliance with the Liberal party of the Laborites and the Irish Nationalists for the preservation of his majority in the House of Commons. Coalitions of widely differing elements are peculiarly liable to attacks of the unexpected; and the Premier will need all his skill, of which he has repeatedly given no small proof, to hold his triple league united and steady. Fortunately, they are all agreed (though for different motives) upon the issue which is most prominently before the country—the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. That must be the first question to come before the new Parliament, and until it is settled, apparently nothing else can be thought of. Mr. Asquith's logical course, in pursuance of the plan which he has followed without deviation since the first attack by the Lords upon the Lloyd-George Budget, will be to introduce again his Veto Bill, pass it in the House of Commons, and send it to the Lords. The Lords will reject it, or seek to substitute for it some plan of reform of the House of Lords. In that event Mr. Asquith must apparently ask the King to agree to create enough Liberal peers to "swamp" the House of Lords and thereby make a majority in that chamber to permit the passage of the bill. If the King agrees, the threat will doubtless be sufficient without the actual creation of the nearly three hundred necessary peers, as it was with the Reform Bill nearly eighty years ago. The Lords' veto will be done away with and the path will be cleared for Liberal legislation. Then will arise the question of Home Rule for Ireland, for Mr. Asquith's Government is pledged to grant the one desire of the Nationalists in return for their support in the present struggle. And of the framing of a Home Rule bill but one thing can be predicted, and that is—trouble. If, on the other hand, the King refuse the Premier's request, it is difficult to see what can come except the resignation of Mr. Asquith and another election. But whatever comes, we think it may fairly be expected, in spite of the wild electioneering prophecies of both parties to the present election, that the British Constitution will be safe, and neither revolution, anarchy, nor ruin will confront the British people.

⁂

EDUCATE THE APPRENTICE

German boys have to go to the public schools for at least eight years. Some of them, of course, go on with their education at the gymnasium, perhaps at the university; of the others, four-fifths are apprenticed in the different trades, and the remaining fifth become unskilled laborers, messengers, etc. In Munich apprentices were formerly compelled to attend night schools once or twice a week. There the boys patiently studied their letters and ciphers; they learned their trades from their masters' journeymen, and possibly more at some factory school at the works. But these schools were shaping the boy for the factory only. One person saw that clearly, and he also saw a remedy, something that would shape the boy for the *boy*, and so for the whole man. This person was Dr. Georg Kerchensteiner, Superintendent of the Munich schools, who, at the invitation of the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, is now visiting this country. He established what he calls continuation schools. At them the attendance of apprentices up to the age of eighteen is obligatory for one whole day or two half-days each week. And the hours come within the hours of the working day. No fees are charged. Yet these facts are not really so important as the fact that Dr. Kerchensteiner manages each trade school with the advice and help of all the employers of that trade in Munich. Some employers give the boys full pay for the time spent in the continuation schools; some do not. First of all, the boy is instructed in his trade, and this takes most of the time. If he is a goldsmith's apprentice, he learns about the goldsmith's trade, and works at material provided by the employers themselves, who, it should be added, constitute a majority of the school board controlling this department of education. For every trade school there is an organization of the men who employ labor in that trade; they act as would a board of trustees of an American university. So far, so good. That is the factory boy's training. How about the whole boy? This is where Dr. Kerchensteiner shines. First of all, he provides instruction for an hour a week in what he calls "life lore" as well as in "citizen lore." Here is the way "life lore" is set forth in the coppersmith's curriculum:

> First Year—A short survey of apprenticeship and the apprentice's contract; the structure of the human body; nourishment; breathing and circulation, care of the hair and teeth, houses and clothes, work and recreation, sports; the dangers to health in the coppersmith's trade, especially the precautions to be taken against dust, acids, soot, gases, and smoke; first aid to injured.
>
> Second year—Brief history of the coppersmith's trade in general, standing of the craft in the Middle Ages, the flowering of German trades and crafts, their downfall, the development of the present trade organizations (guilds, partnerships, labor unions, corporations, boards of trade, etc.); the trade to-day, factory work, hand work, cottage work; the history of Munich's coppersmith guilds; the strongest possible emphasis upon the relations of master, journeyman, and apprentice, and their several responsibilities and privileges.

Then comes "citizen lore," be it noted, not alongside but after "life lore."

> Third year—The organization of the community, the mission of the community, social and economic institutions, the workingman as a townsman; Bavaria; the founding of the German Empire; the more important imperial laws; local ordinances; workmen's protection and insurance, patents, etc.
>
> Fourth Year—Trade and commerce and what they mean for German labor and the well-being of Germans, Germany's place in the world of trade and in the world of culture, the significance of the German colonies, Germany's representation abroad (consuls, etc.); discussion of important practical problems in the light of fundamental social laws; history of coppersmithing and the metal trades from the days of ancient civilizations to our own times.

The boys also get an hour a week in religion. Their parents may choose whether the boys shall become members of the Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish classes. Another hour goes to reading and writing. Another hour a week goes to bookkeeping—first family bookkeeping, and then that used in the management of a factory. It is no wonder that there are now sixty-four obligatory continuation schools for boys in Munich, with a total attendance of nine thousand students. Such schools, so planned, not only aid a boy in his apprenticeship and advance him in his trade efficiency; they make a whole man, not merely part of a man. They also make him a citizen.

❖

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS ACTIVITY IN RUSSIA The statistics of the year 1910 indicate a revival of business activity in Russia. This must be specially gratifying to Premier Stolypin, as well as to Mr. Kokovtsef, his able Minister of Finance. For the first six months of the current year the reports of the Department of Customs show an increase of more than a hundred and twenty-five million dollars in Russia's foreign commerce. This includes a gain of fifteen per cent in the export of breadstuffs. Largely increased quantities of timber, iron, and manganese were sold abroad, and the export of leather goods was nearly doubled. In Russia, as in the United States, a measure of business prosperity is the demand for iron and steel. In that, too, there has been a very large increase, amounting, in the first five months of the current year, to about fifty-two per cent, as compared with the corresponding period of 1909. This increased demand for iron and steel, which threatened at one time not only to exhaust the visible supply but to outstrip production, was due partly to the erection of a great number of new buildings in the cities and towns, and partly to a sudden revival of railway construction. In 1908 Russia added only 215 miles to her railway system, and in

1909 only 137 miles, while in the first six months of 1910 she completed no less than 275 miles, and had under construction, including the Amur road in eastern Asia and the second track of the Trans-Siberian, more than 3,000 miles. The same story of increasing material prosperity, or at least of increasing capital, is told by the banks. Since 1907 the deposits of incorporated banks of the ordinary type and the deposits in savings banks show a gain of available capital amounting to about four hundred and fifty million dollars. These results are largely due, of course, to the bountiful harvests with which Russia has recently been blessed. The Empire's yield of grain in 1908 was much above the average, while in 1909 it surpassed all records since 1880.

RUSSIA'S FINANCIAL CONDITION

Thanks largely to these propitious economic and monetary conditions, Mr. Kokovtsef will be able to make the Government's receipts and expenditures balance in the Budget for the ensuing year. The estimates, as they were recently submitted to the Duma, showed a deficit; but this will undoubtedly be covered, either by departmental economies and readjustments, or by a transfer of funds from what the Minister of Finance calls his "free balance." When the *actual* revenue for any year exceeds the *estimated* revenue for that year, the excess is regarded as a free or unappropriated balance, and is carried to the credit of a special surplus account. In this account it gradually accumulates, until it sometimes amounts to a large sum, which the Minister of Finance can use to cover deficits or to meet unexpected demands. In his History of the Russo-Japanese War, General Kuropatkin severely criticised what he described as the artificial creation of these free balances, and said that Count Witte made them by consciously and systematically understating in the Budget the amount of revenue actually expected. Be that as it may, Mr. Kokovtsef expects to have a free balance of nearly $150,000,000 on the first of next January, and this after balancing the Budget for 1911, at about $1,350,000,000, without a deficit or a loan. In spite, however, of bountiful harvests and Budgets that balance, Russia's national debt continues to increase. Nine billion rubles, or approximately four and a half billion dollars, is an enormous debt for a people as poor as the Russians. But the unfailing regularity with which the Government has hitherto paid interest on its securities and the almost boundless extent of the country's undeveloped resources have kept its credit generally good. In a speech made to the members of the Moscow Bourse last autumn Mr. Kokovtsef referred with some pride to the fact that Russia's five per cent bonds, which were quoted in 1906 at 79, had risen in 1909 to 103. This, he thought, was a proof that Russian finances were in a sound condition. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the taxpaying power of the Russian population is keeping up with the steady increase in the weight of the burden that it has to bear. Two or three bad harvest years in succession would almost certainly force the Government to make new foreign loans. The service of the public debt and the maintenance of the military establishment together consume more than half the revenues of the State. The Minister of Finance could not make ends meet now were it not for the liquor monopoly. While the Government's revenue from it is enormous, it is having a disastrous effect upon a large part of the peasant population.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Few institutions of the higher learning in the country are more strongly intrenched in popular esteem than the University of Minnesota, over which Dr. Cyrus Northrop has presided for many years, full of labors, of honors, and of usefulness. The University holds a position of leadership in the Northwest, and its army of students are drawn from a population as vital and capable as any in the country. Its resources are likely to be greater than those of any other American university; for its lands have developed mineral values which promise to give it an endowment far beyond that of any other university in the world. The University has planned to rebuild itself on a great scale. At this auspicious and critical moment it has elected as President to succeed Dr. Northrop Dr. George Edgar Vincent, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Literature, and Science in the University of Chicago; a man in his early prime, who combines in rare degree the intellectual and executive faculties so imperatively needed in the near future by the University of Minnesota. Dr. Vincent is a son of Bishop Vincent, was educated in the public schools in Plainfield, New Jersey, and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1885. After a year of travel, he became connected with the Chautauqua Institution, of which he was elected President three years ago. His special field is sociology. That Dr. Vincent will be equal to the executive and administrative demands of the position no one who knows him will doubt; but his services to the University will not stop with either of these functions; he is a man of marked personality, and will take to the University a power of influencing men, an enthusiasm, and a sympathy with democracy in its larger aspects which will make him a power in the Northwest.

◆

A MODERN RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY

A fight gathers a crowd. This is true whoever the contestants may be and whatever their weapons—whether dogs with their teeth, or boys with their fists, or fishwives with their billingsgate, or priests with their theologies. All that any one who wishes to bring a subject before the public needs to do is to make it the subject of controversy. That is the way that Conservation, pure milk, and child labor, among other things, have gotten advertising. And that is the way a certain useful and liberalizing religious movement has suddenly figured in the headlines of the metropolitan press. For about ten years the New York State Conference of Religion has brought together in a series of meetings each year representatives of various Christian denominations and Jewish leaders to discuss what is common in their various faiths and purposes. Soon after the Conference was organized it was proposed, and the plan was finally adopted, that there should be prepared a "Book of Common Worship," which could be used not only at these meetings, but at gatherings where men of widely diverse religious creeds assemble. A committee consisting of an Episcopal rector, a Unitarian minister, and a Jewish rabbi prepared this book, and Jews and Christians have used it since that time in their worship together. In all this there was nothing controversial. For that very reason, probably, the Conference has done its work without observation. This fall, however, in consequence of this very movement initiated by the Conference of Religion, a Universalist church, a Unitarian church, and a Jewish synagogue in New York City arranged for a series of joint meetings. At these meetings speakers were invited to discuss the plain social duties resting upon modern society—duties for which vital religious belief should supply the strongest motive power. At the first meeting, which was held at the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity, there was a congregation that filled the pews and even packed an adjoining anteroom. In this Christian church one-fourth of the congregation, it is estimated, were Jews. As the meetings continued it was evident that they were making a pronounced impression. Thereupon some of the more orthodox Jews made these meetings the target of criticism, and particularly addressed their denunciations at the participating synagogue, the Free Synagogue, and its head, Rabbi Wise. Some of these attacks were cleverly phrased. For example, a conservative Hebrew paper calls this effort a "union of Free Synagogue and Easy Church," and declares that it is a provision for "sentimental excitation" in place of religion. A Jewish rabbi deplores this state of affairs which leads a synagogue to cease the celebration of the feasts of Passover, Shabuoth, and Succoth, and retain scarcely anything of institutional Judaism except the two holy days, Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur. This is an interesting illustration of the attitude which those who identify religion with externalities—whether book or church or creed or right—take toward every liberalizing religious movement. It is not astonishing, therefore, to find that those who hold to a religion of tradition, whether Jew or Protestant or Roman Catholic, should be warmly opposed to these union services. Indeed, as Rabbi Wise himself has pointed out, the objection, though nominally against the union of Christian and Jew in a common worship, is really an objection which the ecclesiastics of all religious faiths are themselves willing to unite in pressing against any form of modernism. What, however, is significant about this is not the controversy. That has served mainly as an agent of publicity. The significance lies in a new division, not between Jew and Protestant and Roman Catholic, but between those who believe that religion is chiefly a tradition and those who believe that religion is essentially a life.

◆

EQUINE PSYCHOLOGY

"Horse sense" has always been used as a complimentary term. But a few years ago it seemed to become a greater compliment, for the newspapers contained the accounts of the performances of a famous "thinking horse," "Hans," owned by Herr von Osten, in Germany. This animal performed mental feats, under conditions precluding any possibility of collusion with his master. Our readers may recollect that this horse was able to distinguish colors, numbers, photographs, etc., to perform additions even involving fractions, to tell the day of the month from a calendar, the day of the week, and the hour of the day; to distinguish musical notes, pick out the letters of the alphabet, and so forth. Here is a summary of one day's séance:

> Question—Isn't four times four seventeen? Hans stamps his foot sixteen times. Q.—What is the Kaiser's birthday? Hans stamps twenty-seven times. Q.—What month? Ans.—One. In like manner Hans indicates the day of the month, the day of the week, and the hour.
>
> On being shown a watch: Q.—On what number is the hour hand? Answer correct. Ditto for the minute hand. The watch indicates 12:55. Q.—How many minutes to one o'clock? Hans stamps five times. How many fourths must be added to three-fourths to make a whole number? Ans.—One. Hans indicates the persons respectively farthest, nearest, tallest, shortest, thinnest, stoutest, the soldier, the sailor, the men and the women in the audience, selects colors, and spells a man's name whom he had seen but once before.

Hans was investigated by learned committees under precautions which the ordinary medium or mind reader would find it difficult to get around, and these committees seemed practically unanimous in their estimate that either Hans could think and reason better than many people of fair intelligence, or else that there was real thought-transference between him and his investigators. Scientific discussion raged about this animal, and at least one German psychologist was so impressed by the investigation that he was on the point of rewriting his works to give greater credit to animals, even to the extent of allowing, at least to Hans, a mind or soul not inferior to that of man. A year ago, when the controversy over Hans was still active, Herr Pfungst, a student in the Berlin Psychological Institute, undertook a thorough investigation, and his discoveries and conclusions after a twelvemonth's study have recently been published in Europe. Without taking space here to separate what had been proved by previous experimenters and what new facts were demonstrated by Herr Pfungst, it may be said that it was found that Hans usually had to *see* the questioner in order to answer his question correctly; yet sometimes when the questioner was hidden, but other members of the committee were visible, the horse was able to answer; that it made little difference whether the questions were asked in German or in another language; that if the questioner and everybody else present were ignorant of the proper answer, Hans likewise was unable to give it. To quote figures, it was found that when the experimenter knew the answers to sums set for Hans, he succeeded ninety times in a hundred in indicating the correct result; that when the answer was unknown to the experimenter, Hans *failed* ninety-two times in a hundred. Herr Pfungst was able to prove by an observation of the above-mentioned facts and of others that the horse in some manner learned in advance, from the questioner or another, what was the correct answer. Was it thought-transference? In his own case, at least, he was sure that there was no collusion, and that Hans either read his thoughts or that he indicated unconsciously the proper answers to his questions. He believed the latter to be the correct hypothesis. He turned then from the study of the horse to the study of man, and demonstrated that almost everybody who asks a question, the answer to which he knows and earnestly desires to be correctly stated, indicates through a simple lack of muscle control, usually of the head, what answer he expects or hopes for; and he demonstrated conclusively that Hans is guided to his correct solutions by observing an unconscious and minute motion of the head of the questioner, or of some other person present. Herr Pfungst found that this unconscious head movement is greater the more one has faith in Hans and desires that he shall succeed in the test, however scientific and impartial the investigator tries to be. While it has now been explained how Hans performs his feats, we are left still wondering at the marvelous power of observation of animals. But true thought-transference is no nearer a demonstration than before, and the study of Hans has not advanced us in this direction. The present writer, in his student days in Berlin, mystified his friends by being able to pick out a card that had been selected in his absence from a pack by using as a "medium" a young lady of highly nervous temperament. Holding her wrist, he invariably observed an acceleration of the pulse, and often the quivering of the eyelids, when he touched the right card. Of course she was absolutely unconscious of imparting information. It is beyond question that many of the successes of "mind-readers" are due to their ability to observe the slight, unconscious movements of the "sitter."

TWO LITERARY EVENTS

A Byron Memorial Chair of English Literature has been founded in University College, at Nottingham, England. The inauguration was presided over by the Duke of Portland, who has taken a prominent part in the matter, and an address was made by the American Ambassador, who discussed Byron at length and with a discrimination and balance of judgment which brought the address up to the level of the remarkable series of literary addresses delivered in England by American ambassadors. Mr. Reid introduced some new material into his address which threw light on the early training of Byron and on the feeling of the descendants of Mary Chaworth for the poet's memory. Several large sums have been pledged as a foundation for the chair, and it is to be hoped that further sums may be secured. At the Sorbonne in Paris, President John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York, is delivering a series of addresses on French pioneers in this country, and the opening lecture is reported to have crowded Richelieu Hall, the amphitheater of the Sorbonne. Dr. Finley has chosen a subject which very happily combines French and American interest, and he is likely directly and indirectly to contribute to the excellent national understanding between the two countries. No chapter in the early history of the American continent is more dramatic than the explorations of the French and their wonderful journey, the stages of which covered nearly a century of time, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

RIGHT IN LAW AND RIGHT IN POLICY

The conclusion reached by our State Department in regard to the extradition of Porter Charlton seems to us sound in principle and right as a precedent. Charlton admits that he killed his wife in Italy and then fled to America; but his extradition has been contested on the ground that Italy refuses to carry out its share of the extradition treaty between the two countries. This is true, although it is to be added that the law of Italy permits trials in that country of persons accused of crimes committed in foreign countries—a thing which is, of course, not possible under English and American law. At all events, as The Outlook pointed out six months ago, the straightforward course for this country to pursue is to carry out to the letter the obligations it has assumed under the treaty, and not to refuse to do its duty because Italy refuses to do what we claim is hers. In no more forcible way could attention be called to the necessity of a new arrangement between the two countries for extradition of criminals; and, as we pointed out at the time, after such fair-minded action by the United States, national self-respect ought to lead Italy to take immediate steps for placing this whole question on a just basis.

WHAT IS A GOVERNOR?

The election of Dr. Woodrow Wilson has already, even before his inauguration, been justified by the work which he is doing in educating public opinion on a profoundly important question of administrative politics.

This question is, What is the function of the Executive? One theory is that a Governor or a President is simply a great Office Manager. He is to sign or veto legislative bills which are laid before him; he is to see that the heads of the various bureaus or departments do their duty properly; he is to pardon or refuse to pardon criminals; and he is to make appointments to judgeships, postmasterships, and other official positions. This alone is a great and important work, and requires executive ability and wisdom of a high order. In doing this work he is regarded as the representative or the servant of all the people of the State or the Nation. This we may define as the limited theory of executive action. The other, and we believe the sounder, theory is that the Governor or the President is not merely the servant of the people, but their leader; that in a party government, like that which prevails in the United States, he is pre-eminently the leader of his party. This theory we may define as the Prime Ministerial theory of the executive. A Governor who acts on this theory attempts by every honorable means within his power to influence not only his party and the public but also the legislature in favor of legislative action and of public policies which will promote the welfare of the whole community.

It will be remembered that Governor Hughes began his career as Chief Executive of the State of New York upon the limited theory of executive action. He publicly said that he would do nothing to influence the Legislature in what he conceived to be its own peculiar field of work. But he soon discovered that this was an unworkable theory, and it is to his lasting credit that, convinced of his error, he changed his attitude, and during his second term did as much as, if not more than, any of his predecessors to shape the course of legislation and the action of the State with regard to certain great public policies. This he did by messages and by addresses to popular audiences, as well as by the legitimate exercise of his personal influence upon individual members of the Legislature. Having been merely an Office Manager, he became, in addition, a Prime Minister and influenced the trend of political events in the Empire State much as the head of the British Cabinet influences the trend of political progress in the British Empire. In the Presidential history of the United States Mr. Roosevelt is a marked example of an executive who has believed in and pursued the Prime Ministerial theory of his office. Like Washington and Lincoln, he very definitely shaped public opinion and very forcefully threw himself into the work of urging upon Congress the propriety and necessity of certain forms of legislation.

The old controversy between the supporters of these two theories of the sphere of the executive has broken out afresh in the States of New York and New Jersey during the past few weeks. The two Governors-elect respectively represent and profess to represent these two opposing views. Mr. Dix, of New York, declines to take any part in the important election of a United States Senator to succeed Senator Depew. He declares that it is the business of the Legislature to select a Senator and it is his business to be Governor; and, by adding that his main object will be to see that the State has an economical and efficient administration, he makes it clear that he believes that his function is purely administrative. Dr. Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey, on the other hand, is taking a very active and forceful part in the forthcoming election of a United States Senator in that State. The platform of his party favors the popular election of United States Senators, and as a step in that direction the party held a primary last autumn in which a certain candidate, Mr. Martine, received the great majority of votes cast. In spite of this fact, ex-Senator Smith, who belongs to the category of those who believe in a compact political "machine" managed by political "bosses," is seeking the election for himself, and, by methods which have so often prevailed in the past in every State in the Union, hopes to control the Legislature in his behalf. Dr. Woodrow

Wilson takes the ground that the primary election of Mr. Martine, while not a legal mandate, is a moral mandate upon the Legislature, and he is appealing to the intelligent public opinion of the State to support him in his view. We cordially hope that he will succeed, for we profoundly believe that the best type of men can never be persuaded to take executive office in this country unless it is understood that, in addition to being faithful servants of the people, they are also to be looked up to as leaders and advisers of their respective parties in every political crisis.

❖

THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE

We find in "Who's Who in America" the following facts respecting the uneventful career of the new Chief Justice of the United States, Edward Douglass White. He was born in Lafourche, Louisiana, November 3, 1845; was educated in the Roman Catholic faith, of which he is a loyal adherent; served in the Confederate States Army; was admitted to the Louisiana bar in 1868; was made United States Senator from Louisiana in 1891; was appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Cleveland in 1894, and has served in that capacity since that time; is in his political affiliations a Democrat, but has taken no active part in politics since going upon the bench. It thus appears that the man whom the President has appointed to a position of dignity and importance not second to that of the Presidency itself is a Southerner, an ex-Confederate, a Democrat, and a Roman Catholic. The appointment was confirmed at once by the Senate without opposition, and is approved by the country, so far as we have observed, without exception.

These facts may be taken to indicate that not only the President, not only the people's representatives in Washington, but the people at large, are entirely convinced of four important principles: that this is one country, not two sections, a North and a South, bound together by either military force, economic and industrial convenience, or tradition; that the Civil War is over and the last lingering remnant of feeling caused by that war has expired, beyond the power of either reactionaries or demagogues to fan it into a new flame; that the Supreme Court of the United States, though it has sometimes to decide quasi-political questions, is not even a quasi-political tribunal, and political considerations have no place in determining appointments to it; that while the country demands not only intellectual and professional ability of the highest order in all appointees to that Court, but also the highest moral character, it does not take account of the theological opinions or the ecclesiastical connections of its members. The readers of The Outlook need no assurance from us that we heartily approve these four principles and rejoice in this public, official, and National recognition of them.

It has been somewhat extensively affirmed that Mr. Justice White is "conservative." The word is somewhat vague and is certainly capable of various interpretations. What his spirit and temper are as a judge may be best indicated by a review of some of his important opinions in cases involving fundamental principles.

In the "Insular Cases" the question before the Court was substantially this: Can the United States own territory which is not part of the United States, and govern subjects who are not citizens of the United States and not entitled to the privileges nor subject to the obligations created by the Constitution? Mr. Justice White agreed with the majority of the Court in answering those questions in the affirmative. The decision of the Court in these cases involved the broad principle that the United States is a Nation, that it possesses all the powers and prerogatives of nationality, and that the Constitution determines not what those powers are but how they are distributed.

In the so-called "Bakeshop Case" the question was whether a law regulating the hours of labor permissible in a bakery was Constitutional, or must be declared void by the courts on the ground that it violates the right of the laborer freely to contract to devote to his employment any hours of labor he and his employer can agree upon. Mr. Justice White was one of the four judges who constituted the minority in that case, and who held that such an act is Constitutional;

that it lay within the police power of the State to make such regulation of the hours of labor as is necessary for the health and well-being of the community, and that whether such regulation is required in the case of a bakery is for the Legislature, not for the courts, to determine. The view of the minority in this case involved the broad principle that the right of free contract is subordinate to the general well-being of the community, and that when such contract interferes with the general well-being of the community it is not unconstitutional to limit or regulate it. This principle was subsequently reaffirmed by the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court that it is legitimate for the courts, in the interest of the community, to limit the hours of labor of women in mines and factories.

In the case of "In re Neagle" it was held by the Supreme Court, Justice White concurring in the opinion, that, under the general clause of the United States Constitution authorizing the President to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, he is authorized, not merely to enforce specific Acts of Congress, but also to take measures to furnish all the protection to person and property implied by the nature of the Government under the Constitution.

In the Northern Securities Case certain gentlemen acquired a controlling stock interest in three previously competing railways, which thus came under their united control. The Court held that such acquisition of stock control was a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law forbidding contracts in restraint of trade. Four out of the nine judges dissented. Mr. Justice White was one of the four, and wrote the leading opinion of the minority. This case turned rather upon the construction of a statute than of the Constitution; but Mr. Justice White's opinion made it clear that in his opinion Congress not only had not forbidden such joint acquisition and ownership of property represented by stock, but had no Constitutional right to do so. The theory that Congress could prohibit such acquisition and ownership of property he declared to be "in conflict with the most elementary conception of rights of property."

Grouping these decisions together, we think it may be said that Mr. Justice White has shown himself to be both a Nationalist and Humanist, and believes: that the union of States constitutes a Nation and possesses all the prerogatives which belong to a Nation; that the liberties of the individual must be exercised in subordination to the general welfare of the community; that both the law and the Constitution are to be construed in a large way as instruments for the protection of human rights and the promotion of liberty and justice; and that the powers conferred by the Constitution must not be so hedged about by narrow construction as to prevent their free exercise in securing the general ends for which in the preamble to the Constitution it is declared the Union was formed.

AMERICAN ART AND SCHOLARSHIP IN ROME

Mr. Joseph Pennell, the American etcher whose art has enabled New Yorkers to recognize in their city artistic effects of which they were only partially conscious, urges that immediate action be taken to prepare for a creditable showing of American art at the International Exhibition of Art and History to be held in Rome next March, emphasizing what many people in this country do not understand, that, if America is to regard herself as a world power, she must put forward her work in art as well as her work along practical lines. When one recalls what was done in this country in the way of artistic stimulus and artistic development by the Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis Expositions, and the great importance which European opinion attaches to art production, Mr. Pennell's statement does not seem too strong. A year and a half ago the Italian Government asked Mr. Pennell to undertake to secure adequate representation of American art in Rome. It took him, according to his statement, one year to accomplish anything, because our Government has no machinery for dealing with expositions. European Governments have their Ministries of Fine Arts; and the British Government, which has no such Ministry, has made its Board of Trade, which corresponds to our Department of Commerce and Labor, an exhibits branch, with a permanent staff and appropriation. An Exhibition Board might be established as a branch of some department in Washington. For the Roman Exhibition Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, the well-known architects, have designed a building, now being erected, to contain the American exhibit. The edifice is Colonial in character and is being built of permanent material, tapestry brick—essentially an American feature—being used for the exterior walls. Our Government applied so late for space that it is entirely omitted from the architectural competition, though our pavilion is nearly finished.

During the past year there were three expositions—one in Brussels, one in Argentina, and one in Chili. The United States was entirely without representation in Antwerp, except, to quote Mr. Pennell, "by a lot of agents for typewriters and peanuts." There has been no adequate exhibit of American art abroad since that of 1900 in Paris. At Venice, last year, our Government was offered a permanent pavilion, but showed no disposition to accept the offer, and it was taken by an Englishman. Almost every branch of industry in this country is highly organized; in the various arts, however, if such machinery exists, it is still inadequate. The artists have their various societies. The National Institute of Arts and Letters, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, including representatives from all the arts, find here an opportunity for leadership which they will not miss. Certain things can be done by organization in the industries which cannot be done in the arts; but, on the other hand, concentration of effort, opinion, and co-operation on the part of artists to secure certain definite artistic ends may do much to forward the interests of art in the United States, to develop the growing love of art and to spread a knowledge of its principles and excellence.

But American art and scholarship are permanently represented in Rome by two institutions which stand for the higher civilization of this country in a city which is a center of study because of its vast accumulation of the materials of art and knowledge. The American Academy in Rome is delightfully housed in the outskirts of the city in the Villa Mirafiore, with spacious and attractive grounds and commanding charming views of the Campagna and the Alban hills. It is under the direction of a well-known American painter, Mr. Frederick Crowninshield, who has made it not only a stimulating and fascinating place of study, but, with the aid of Mrs. Crowninshield, a center of delightful hospitality to Americans who care for art and to cultivated men and women of all nationalities who happen to be in Rome. The French Academy has a more stately housing in the ancient palace of the Medici, in the lovely gardens of which the fortunate winners of the *grand prix de Rome*, the great reward of excellence for French students of art, sketch and play, but the American students seem almost equally fortunate so far as living and working conditions are concerned. Their Academy offers a post-graduate opportunity to young Americans of promise and devotion who meet the conditions of competition, which is open to all citizens of the United States. The prizes of Rome provided by the Academy in architecture, sculpture, and painting carry with them extraordinary privileges of residence in Rome and study under expert direction, and of travel in Italy, Sicily, Greece, and other countries where classic and Renaissance remains exist. The Academy has been fortunate in securing the support of a number of men interested in the advancement of American art, but it needs, and ought to have, a considerable addition to its resources.

American scholarship is admirably represented in the Italian capital by the American School of Classical Studies, founded fifteen years ago and supported by the co-operation of a number of universities and colleges in this country and by private generosity. It is very pleasantly housed, and is under the energetic and very capable direction of Professor Jesse Benedict Carter. Students must have a reading knowledge of Greek, Latin, German, French, and Italian, and the school is open to men and women who hold the degree of Bachelor of Arts from universities and colleges in good standing and present a recommendation from the classical department of the institution at which they have studied last. Rome is a vast laboratory, and the School aims at research rather than instruction. The students work in libraries, museums, and among historic remains under expert direction; and the School offers an opportunity for post-graduate work not only in Rome but by means of excursions to points of historic interest in many other parts of Italy and in Greece. Its importance to American scholarship in the classical field can hardly be overstated. Its resources are limited, and it greatly needs a generous endowment.

Americans are represented jointly with Englishmen in the very interesting Keats-Shelley Memorial. The rooms in which Keats died, on the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the Spanish Steps, and in a square very little changed by the growth of modern Rome, are sacred to lovers of English poetry by reason of their pathetic association with the poet, and are fast becoming a place for special study, not only of Keats and Shelley, but of men of letters associated with them. The Memorial's collection of books is already valuable and is becoming very important. The rooms are, so far as possible, in their original condition, and contain many relics of deep interest to students of poetry. They form a memorial of vital and growing usefulness; a true commemoration of genius, because they foster and spread the influence of two poets in whose work the finest quality of poetry abides. The room furnished by the New York Stock Exchange, as a memorial to Mr. Stedman, happily associates with the two poets one of their most devoted interpreters. This beautiful memorial, which owes much to the energy and persistence of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, has the affectionate and tireless attention of Mr. Nelson Gay, the historian, who now resides in Rome, and of Sir Rennell Rodd, the accomplished British Ambassador in that city. No American in Rome should fail to visit these delightful rooms, nor to spend an hour in the Protestant Cemetery where the poets are buried—a place of solemn and tender beauty.

An embassy officially represents a government in a foreign capital, but schools devoted to art, to scholarship, to the deepening of interest in the masters of idealism and of literature, interpret the higher life of a nation, and stand, not for the work of its hands, but of its spirit.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator has been staying with a cousin who, in the expressive neighborhood phrase, is "chicken-crazy." This state of mind is usually that of an early period of the pursuit, and the Spectator's cousin is no exception. Yet, though he has not been at it a year, the first fine glorious flush of hope is inevitably over, and he is beginning to look realities in the face. As for his wife, she has been looking them in the face from the beginning, for, as she complains, "all her pin-money has been sunk in pin-feathers." It is, indeed, an eloquent fact that never, even in his most enthusiastic moments, will the Spectator's cousin show his account-books or discuss expenses.

◆

Since visiting in chicken circles, indeed, the Spectator has ceased to wonder at the price of eggs. In the first place, there is the modern housing of chickens. In the Spectator's boyhood the chicken-coop was a simple affair. Any old box, turned on end and slatted, was good enough for a hen and her brood, and any old shed did for a roosting-place. The chickens often roosted all over the carryall, in fact; whereas to-day the carryall is an automobile and the chicken-coop a serious structure. For the sides and back of the up-to-date house the best-matched boards, double, with roofing paper between, must be used. They keep the four winds of heaven from blowing too roughly upon the thoroughbred inmates, while glass or muslin screens in front regulate the temperature and ventilate the place. The roosts are almost cabinet-work, the floors of concrete, and the furniture, in the way of trap nests, water fountains, hovers, etc.—all listed in the catalogues at reprehensible prices—is palatial. "I am no chicken," remarked the cousin's wife, pensively; "but if I were, I could get the parlor furnished. It needs it badly, but Tom is not interested in the least. To be a Rhode Island Red is the only way to Tom's pocketbook."

◆

The Rhode Island Red is certainly a handsome chicken. A flock of them, crowded together in their reception-room, reminds one of a Turner sunset, and the resplendent roosters are chanticleers indeed. The early Victorian method used to be to let chickens run at large, looking for their living. The modern system is to keep them closely confined and feed them incessantly with all the delicacies of the season. " I buy beef scraps from the butcher, and chop the green bone," explained Tom, proudly. " They get that every day. Wheat, of course, they need—no, not screenings. That idea is mediæval. Feed chickens poor-grade stuff, and you get few eggs, all authorities agree. I buy first-class wheat, corn, and oats. In the morning these water fountains here are filled with hot water, first thing. That stimulates the chickens—sort of cocktail, you know. Then they have grain, well scattered in two-foot-deep straw—makes them scratch hard and gives them exercise and interest in life. In the afternoon they get a hot mash, and then later, before they go to bed, they have more grain. Just now I'm trying a new breakfast-food idea—oats fried in suet, and served hot. My poultry paper says it will make them lay, and—well, you see they *are* a little backward. Of course there may be draughts in the houses, or the hens may not have gotten quite through their molt. To tell you the truth"—in a burst of confidence—" there always seems to be *something*—"

❖

The cousin's wife has her own convictions. " It takes professionals," she insists, " to make chickens a success nowadays, and it's easy enough to see why. Tom can't give his whole time to it, and professionals can. You see, it's a fight against nature. The original hen, when man began with her, was a wild fowl in the jungles of Asia, and she laid only twelve eggs a year. Now she is expected to lay two hundred a year. Naturally, she doesn't do it unless science keeps egging her on, so to speak, every hour of every day. Nature would never tell her to lay a single egg in winter, and Tom here tells her to lay five eggs a week all through the cold weather. She may do it when her employer is always at hand, but Tom goes off to business and nature reasserts herself. I don't blame the hens; poor things, no matter how many eggs they lay, they never can set on them! That isn't in the scientific two-hundred-egg system. The incubator does all that, and relieves the hen from all home cares, to exploit her in the business line. There really ought to be a Hens' Union, with 'Back to the nest!' for its motto. Think of those lovely, entrancing little yellow chicks—their own little chicks—and they never get one of them under their wings! And half the tiny chicks die, too—at least Tom's do."

❖

" Oh, no—not half!" protested Tom. " After they once break the shell—" And that led on to a tale of how, in one incubator hatch after another, half the chicks had not the strength to break the shell at the last crucial moment. " So Tom opened them the last time, according to poultry-book directions, and took the poor wet little exhausted things out and put them between two blankets. There were forty-three, and only six lived. And now the latest book says it isn't worth while ever to give first aid to chickens that way, after all, because it saves the lives of chicks too weak to break the shell, and therefore too weak to become vigorous birds. Why Tom's brain isn't addled by reading poultry books I don't know. They are his favorite works of fiction, and each one contradicts the other and is more sensational than the last."

❖

The mature heroine, the Spectator finds, does not exist in this class of farm-yard fiction. From the egg to the market the modern hen has but two years allotted to her span. As a pullet in her first winter she is cherished and admired, but after her second summer, having run her little race from débutante to dowager, she is either fattened for the table or sold off to the unwary novice who is looking for thoroughbred stock. The days of the mother hen, the comfortable, important creature surrounded by the chirping broods, are over. The Spectator cannot help sighing a little over the new order of things—its luxury, its science, its calculating exploitation of Dame Partlet. And besides—what about the modern price of eggs?

The Coal Miner at Home

By Theodore Roosevelt

The first article on "American Workers in Country and Town." The second article will deal with The Social Conditions of the Farmer as observed by Mr. Roosevelt during a recent trip to the abandoned farms of New York

THIS is not a "sociological study," nor a treatise on the industrial conditions in the anthracite regions. My purpose in going thither was much more to learn than to get material which would enable me to teach. I have a strong feeling of liking and regard for the miners; I wished to see them and their wives and their families in their homes, as they did their daily tasks; and to find out for myself something about the social conditions of their life.

Ever since the anthracite strike of 1902 I had been in touch with Father Curran, of Wilkesbarre, and with John Mitchell, who was then head of the mine workers' organization and whose reputation as a wise leader of the labor movement has been one of the assets of our country. Father Curran, an old and valued friend, I had found by actual experience to be a man of courage and good judgment, well acquainted with labor conditions, and devoted to, and entirely sympathetic with, the people who worked the mines.

I visited not only Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, but a number of the little mine cities near by. On the first day I was with Miss Sanville, the Secretary of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia, and her friend, Miss Cochrane. They had both worked in a silk mill in one of the towns, and had written very interestingly about their experiences. Late that evening I went to Wilkes-Barre, where I stayed with Father Curran, and the next day we went over the neighborhood with John Mitchell. My object not being to study the actual industrial conditions of the workers, I tried to see but one or two instances of men and women actually at work. I went to their homes, and by their aid endeavored to find out what their social needs were and what ought to be done to widen the chances for enjoyment, and especially for full and healthy development, which each man, woman, and child in this country ought to have.

Any man making such an investigation will realize as the first and most important fact the immediate applicability of Abraham Lincoln's statement that there is a deal of human nature in mankind. It is just as unsafe to judge wage-workers in the lump as to judge capitalists in the lump, or lawyers or clergymen (which is one of the reasons why I as emphatically disbelieve in a "labor party" as in a "farmers' party," or any other kind of class party). If a man is himself the right kind of man, he will speedily find among the anthracite miners, as among the farmers in the East, or the planters in the South, or the ranchmen in the West, or mechanics or lawyers or bankers, that the vital differences and vital affinities have to do with the quality of the man and not with the accidents of his position or labor, save as these tend to shape the above-mentioned qualities.

With many of the miners I instantly found myself in complete accord simply because they and I looked at life in the same way, and we could discuss—and did discuss—the needs of the mining community as any one might discuss the general needs of the country—merely from the standpoint of common American citizenship. Of course, however, they had special needs, just as they had special temptations—just as struggling young lawyers or young business men have special needs and special temptations; and the prime, but not the sole, factor in meeting such needs or temptations is, as always, the man's own character.

The striking fact was not the difference between the miner who was a good citizen and other good citizens, but the likeness, or, to speak more accurately, the substantial identity in all essentials. I sat on the porch with a miner and his wife while they gave me their views as to the need that the young people should have a chance to dance, yet the still greater need that liquor should not be sold where the dancing took place; we were in entire accord as to the need of amusements for young people, and the further need that vice and pleasure should not be treated as necessarily synonymous. I sat in a candy store and discussed municipal politics with a coal-black miner just off his shift, who had been Mayor of the little burg, who had also been in the Spanish War, and who treated me as a comrade; and I met another miner who had been in the Seventh Cavalry and who grinned friendly appreciation when he found that I knew that "Garry Owen" was the National tune, so to speak, of that regiment. In the neatly kept house of a hard-working miner's wife who was the mother of eight children, we both of us, and two or three neighbors also, became deeply interested in the question of playgrounds for the children. In all these cases the really important thing was not our difference of view-point, but our identity of views. There was the same community of interest and feeling between us as between any other hard-working, self-respecting men and women—whether in business, or in the professions, or in farming. In other words, our prime interests, our most vital interests, were those we had in common, not those which each of us had because of his or her special social surroundings or work. There were such special interests, of course, and they were important; but the interests inherent in our common citizenship, our common humanity, were more important. Such a statement seems so obvious as to be trite; yet, as a matter of fact, many well-meaning reformers, many political agitators, and many great capitalists—all of course from totally different standpoints—persist in regarding the exactly opposite assumption as true, and treat the miners as beings who have—but ought, or ought not, to have—a "class consciousness" of their own, due to the fact that their conduct and interests both differentiate them sharply from their fellow-citizens.

Most of my time was not spent in the really fine cities of Scranton and Wilkes-Barre themselves, but in the little mining towns of the immediate neighborhood. From what I heard, there are communities almost exclusively inhabited by recent immigrants where conditions are very bad indeed, and where the evil is relieved by but little good. These communities unquestionably exist, but I did not happen to visit them, and I speak simply of what I myself saw. All the people with whom I spoke who were competent to judge—including, for instance, Father Curran and John Mitchell—said that conditions had improved during their lifetime; that things were better, and not worse, than they were twenty or thirty years ago; but they were equally emphatic in saying—what indeed was obvious—that conditions were still very far from satisfactory. It is unfortunate that so many people seem unable to combine acceptance of the fact that there has been progress anywhere with acceptance of the fact that further progress is needed. Those who deal with conditions in the anthracite regions are in this respect like those who deal with the economic and social conditions throughout the Nation; they tend to divide into two camps. One consists of those over-zealous reformers who, because they see the urgent need of further progress, paint things much blacker than they are and deny that there has been any progress. The other includes the men who seize on the statement that on the whole things have improved as being equivalent to saying that there is no necessity for any further improvement. There has been progress; there is great need of further progress; and if there is not continuous improvement, there is almost certain to be retrogression.

In the first little burg we visited I almost immediately met a coal miner coming from his work, and introduced myself to him. From his name he was of Irish parentage or descent, but was himself a native American. He was evidently a thoroughly good fellow and good citizen. I asked him some question about conditions, and he then invited me to his house. He was courteous with me from the outset; but when I told him who I was, he became much more than merely courteous. And indeed it was a pleasant thing to realize how the fact that a man was an ex-President at once made the miners (and all the people with whom I came in contact) feel that he was their friend, "their man," and that they had a certain right of ownership in him.

There are plenty of shortcomings in our National life, and plenty of things to reform, and much need of progress; but, after all, we are fundamentally sound. There is no other country in the world where an ex-head of the Government would be received with the same hearty democratic friendliness and sense of proprietorship as among the real working people, in town and country, on the farms and railways, and in the mines and shops, here in America.

To return to my friend the miner. He took me to his house and introduced me to his wife, who, with her two daughters, was at work in the kitchen. She apologized for the condition of her house; but it was not necessary; everything was as clean and neat as possible, both the sitting-room in which the dinner-table stood, and the kitchen, and the first-floor bedroom off to one side. There was a good vegetable garden in the rear. Then we sat on the porch, my host sitting on the steps and his wife and I in rocking-chairs just behind him. One of their married daughters occupied a similar house next door; and she and two or three of the grandchildren joined us after a while. The miner, of course, was coal black and had just come from his work; and I asked him where he washed. He said in the kitchen; and his wife added, with a laugh, that she and the girls had to go out of the house while he did his washing. He told me that his son was at work in a mine where the company provided a first-class wash-room for all the men, each having, in addition, a locker where they could leave the clothes in which they worked in the mine. This enabled a man to wash before coming home, and to avoid bringing his working clothes home at all. (In one of the mines, as I afterwards found, the company, instead of lockers, furnished a system of pulleys; so that a man could hoist his sweat-drenched mining suit up to the roof, where it dried before he had again to put it on, which was a marked improvement.)

My host said that this was a great comfort and convenience, and I heartily agree with him. Indeed, I think each mining company should be obliged to furnish such a wash-room for its men. In the poorer families, in bad weather, when a miner returns home he often has either to go unwashed or else to wash in the presence of the women folks. There is no hardship in requiring a company to take such action. Recently, while crossing the ocean on one of the big Hamburg-American liners, I was struck by the excellent arrangements made for the stokers in the shape of wash-rooms, sleeping-rooms, dining-rooms, etc. This represented a vast improvement over their condition thirty years ago, and what is done afloat for the stokers should be done ashore for the miners.

Both my host and hostess dwelt on the lack of amusements in the town, especially for young people. My hostess remarked that it was natural for young people to want a good time; and that young girls and young men should have a chance to dance and enjoy themselves, and she didn't think the churches took into account their need for amusement. She added, however, that the dance-halls that were run in connection with saloons were very bad indeed; that it was unwholesome and very dangerous for young girls, and, for the matter of that, for young men, to go to these dance-halls, where they were so apt to get drinking and stay out late at nights. I answered that I agreed with her upon all the points she raised; young people have got to be amused, and they have got to be amused in the ways they like. If they prefer dancing, well and good; if they prefer games, well and good; but every form of amusement can be carried on under conditions which render it vicious and degrading; and it is the duty of philanthropists—and perhaps especially of the churches, if they desire to be potent regenerative factors in social life—to see that healthful amusements are provided. If young people are deprived of amusement, or if the effort is made to amuse and "improve" them only in ways which somebody else thinks they ought to like, but which, as a matter of fact, they don't like, then, lacking healthful pleasures, they will find unhealthful pleasures instead. There could be but few better ways of spending money than in providing in such a little city as this that I am describing means of simple, healthful amusement for young people who otherwise will not get it, and who may be driven into vice in consequence. Private individuals could do this, and churches could do it even better, but only on condition of studying the real needs of the young people and trying to meet these needs in a spirit as broad as that of St. Paul, and with his large charity for those who differ in the non-essentials, provided they agree in what is fundamental.

When my host brought me in, one of his small grandchildren had pounced on his tin dinner-pail, rattling it to see if there was anything inside. There was a satisfactory sound from within, and the small boy shouted gleefully, but his grandfather grinned and said, "No, Johnny; it isn't cake; you won't care for it." Whereupon Johnny uttered a wail of indignation; and so I gave him two or three dimes, and told him to go off to the nearest store and buy himself some cake. Away started Johnny in a great hurry, due to the fact that he was better acquainted with the actual conditions than I was; for his mother appeared a moment later and remarked, "Well, that boy knows perfectly that I am making cake now, and the ice-cream man will be around soon, and then he will be sorry he hasn't the money for ice-cream." However, Johnny proved to have forethought; for he speedily returned with his cake, and also remarked that he had saved ten cents with a view to possible ice-cream.

I should have liked to stay with this family much longer than I was able; but time pressed and off I had to go.

The next place I stopped at was the house of an elderly lady, with a grown-up son and daughter. The house was as comfortable as possible, clean and well kept, pictures on the walls, a nice porch; and a candy shop, of which the son took charge, just adjoining. This was indeed an American family of old stock. The members at first refused to believe who I was, and the son remarked to my companion, "Some of the men tried to tell me that man was the ex-President; but I told them they couldn't josh me, even if he did look some like him; I guess he a factory inspector; that's what he is." Much to my amusement, in this household I found that my views were far more radical and, to use the terminology of the day, "progressive" than theirs. In fact, in their views on trades unions, individual bargaining, capital and labor, and the like, they were at least as conservative as some of my good friends of the capitalist class whom I regard as reactionary and who regard me as a revolutionist. My hostess was the widow of a soldier who had fought in the Civil War, and their son was a member of the Junior Order of American Mechanics; and he spoke very warmly of what the lodge did in the way of caring for its members who suffered from misfortune and the way it frowned upon the drink habit. The only complaint of the life which they made was that the neighbors gossiped altogether too much—not a fault peculiar to any one social stratum. My hostess was connected with a church and a member of one of the church organizations for social and charitable work; but she spoke very strongly about the fact that the clergymen did not understand the need of the young men and young girls for healthful amusement. She said it was quite useless in such a community as that in which they lived to expect that young people would not like to dance and have fun, or that the young men would stay idle all Sunday without any amusement or occupation. She said that it would be an excellent thing if amusement rooms or halls could be provided, by preference connected with the churches, where no liquor would be sold and from which the young people would have to come home before midnight, but where they could dance and enjoy themselves. She also said that the candy store was always open on Sunday, and that it was a kind of club for the young men round about, who could come there and sit and talk, and so be kept from worse places, to which they would assuredly go if they could go nowhere else. Being of good, thrifty stock, she also added that Sunday was one of the best days for selling things, anyhow.

There were a number of men in the store, among them a miner just off his shift and as black as the coal he had been mining. He was obviously an intelligent man and a good citizen; and we at once plunged sympathetically into a discussion of municipal problems and the difficulty of doing what ought to be done and at the same time of avoiding the spending of money that ought not to be spent. He told me that the Poles in the town (he was himself of Polish parentage) had a new picnic-ground where they could dance and have a good time; and he was happy to say that the young generation, born on American soil, were drinking much less than their fathers had drunk. Like the others, he spoke of the need of amusement, but, rather curiously, he had never taken any interest in baseball, which seemed to be somewhat of an obsession with many of the boys and young men. I told him that I thought baseball was as good as any other healthful, vigorous amusement, that the first requisite was to have an amusement that would amuse, that if the boys liked it, it was just the game they should be encouraged to play when they had leisure.

In the half-hour's talk with the miners in this candy store the thing that impressed itself on me, as always, was the fact that here in America, at any rate, in any community, in any social stratum, it is not usually the conditions and qualities peculiar to that stratum, but those common to all our people, that count for most. There are times of iron stress when the need is one which affects only a certain class, and affects all the members of that class; and there are very gross injustices and inequalities affecting whole classes which should be remedied at once. But frank recognition of this fact should be accompanied by equally frank recognition of the fact that in most cases it is not what is vaguely called the "social system," but individual virtues and shortcomings, that count most; normally, the hard-working, sober, forehanded, intelligent father or son does well by himself and his family; normally, the chief burden of sorrow and misfortune comes because the father is selfish or shiftless or idle, the son takes to drink, the wife or daughter slights her duties because she is weak and cares too much for vapid excitement. Surely, all this can be said of the family of a millionaire just as of the family of a miner. There is much that is wrong in our social system, much that needs action by the people in their collective capacity, either through the Government or through private association. But such collective action, absolutely necessary though it may be, is never all-important, is never a substitute for individual action, and is usually very much less important than the sum of the individual's own qualities and characteristics. Individual self-help, and the help—moral, spiritual, or material—given by one individual to other individuals, will always remain at the base of good and successful citizenship.

After leaving my friends who owned the candy shop we walked up one of the back streets. Here we were impressed with the very unattractive character of the surroundings. There were no sidewalks; the streets were simply straight lanes of ground along which the houses were strewed; the gutters—which evidently did service as sewers—were merely natural hollows and watercourses in this ground, and no attempt had been made to deal with the litter and refuse of the houses. I know how difficult it is to secure permanent improvements in small mining towns of this character, where the permanence of the town depends upon the length of time it takes to work out the mines. Nevertheless, it is certainly highly undesirable for people to grow up in ugly, slovenly, down-at-the-heel surroundings. The school I saw here, for instance, was in the middle of a dusty and cindery waste, without a sign of a playground, so that it was utterly impossible that what all thoughtful people recognize as being some of the most vital needs of child life could be adequately met.

There were some buildings going up in this new district, and the head carpenter on one of them promptly foregathered with me, he having been a National Guardsman who did his best to get to the front in the Spanish War. His intelligent interest in and knowledge of public questions made me rather wish that he could be used as a lecturer on civics in not a few prominent colleges and big city clubs and business houses that might be mentioned. I think that those who preach to the educated man—to the graduate of a particular school or college—about his duty to the country often tend to lay the emphasis on the wrong side. If he remains aloof from his fellow-citizens, the damage done is not really as much to them as to him, and he is the man who suffers most. The country needs his services a little, perhaps only a very little; but he needs the country infinitely more.

Although the houses in this part of the little town were in unattractive surroundings so far as the streets were concerned, the houses themselves were comfortable. For the most part the owners were raising corn and potatoes, vegetables and flowers, and often chickens; and the children might have rabbits. There was a big coal-breaker in the neighborhood. I was chatting with a miner who had come out to shake hands with me, and who was in his bare feet. He saw me look at the breaker, and asked me if I would not like to go through it; and upon my saying "Yes," he told me to wait a minute until he could put on his shoes. He soon came out with his shoes on, and we started to the breaker, where he introduced me to the engineers, foremen, and various others. Then another miner turned up with a kodak and took a picture of all of us. There was a multitude of small boys following, and some of these I arranged in front, quoting what, at my home at Oyster Bay, the hired man used to say when he took the children on the hay-wagon—"little apples in the middle." I then went through the breaker, my object being to look at the boys who stand over the chutes sifting out the slate from the coal. Forty or fifty years ago there was no age limit, and boys began their life labors at eight or nine years by working on this job. Nowadays, fortunately, the law forbids boys under fourteen from being thus employed; and where I was visiting it was well enforced. Certainly it is an industry which needs the most careful regulation; for it was not pleasant to see even fourteen-year-old boys thus employed. None of the miners to whom I talked, however, sympathized with this view, all taking the position that at fourteen years the boys ought to begin to help the family. I asked if it was not unhealthy, and they said "No;" my question being due to the fact that my brief stay at the breakers seemed to fill my lungs with dust, which also coated me on the outside pretty thoroughly; and my friend the miner asked me to come into his house and wash. This I accordingly did, passing down through the garden and entering the kitchen, where his wife was on her knees scrubbing the floor, she and her surroundings being as neat and clean as possible. I apologized for shaking hands with her, my hands by that time being black, partly because of my visit to the breaker and partly because of the various miners with whom I had been shaking hands. However, it was all right, for she dipped her hand back into the bucket after shaking mine; and I speedily had a good wash at the sink.

We took lunch at a very nice little store—on milk, which was sold in sealed bottles, and some excellent crackers, which we bought in a grocery near by.

Then we went to another small town, where I visited the superintendent of schools—a fine fellow doing excellent work in seeing to the observance of the laws about the employment of minors. He took me to see the priest, whom I had already known as a power for good in the community—a man who had battled effectively for temperance, for order, for obedience to the laws, and for raising the standard of decency in social life. I had been much struck by the parish house of one of the Slav Catholic churches; a house in which they had rooms in which young people could dance and amuse themselves. The priest, whose guest I at the moment was, had, as he informed me, an American congregation (an English-speaking congregation, chiefly of Irish parentage or descent). He told me that this parish house was undoubtedly a good feature; and that he and his congregation sometimes had the use of it for their own entertainments. I told him what the different miners had been saying to me about the need of young people having places where they could dance and amuse themselves, and about the evil done by the dance-halls run in connection with saloons. He told me that these saloon dance-halls—and all dance-halls where liquor was sold—were among the most potent sources of vice and demoralization; and that, though he thoroughly believed in amusement for the young people, he thought that girls and boys should go to dances where they went by invitation, and where there could be enough supervision to prevent rowdyism and drinking; his idea being that the dances should stop at twelve, when there should be a supper and then the boys and girls should go home. Miss Cochrane and Miss Sanville, though they agreed fundamentally with this proposition, did not agree about the invitation dances, stating that there was need of some places where boys and girls could go of their own accord uninvited, although in these places also the regulations should be such that at or before midnight the place would be closed and the boys and girls go home.

We also visited a silk mill; this silk mill having been established in the region because of the abundance of labor, which is furnished by the young unmarried daughters of the miners. The law against the employment of girls under legal age is now well enforced. The silk mill in question was as neat and clean as possible in every respect, and the conditions seemed to be good, except that I do not think proper provision was made for enabling the girls to sit down, a much more important matter than at first sight it seems. The girls all spoke English well, being, for the most part, born on American soil of Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, and other foreign parents. They were well dressed, good-looking, and apparently healthy. Naturally, to well-meaning but over-enthusiastic reformers, this work seems monotonous; but I don't think it seems so to the workers; and a very little conversation with them was sufficient to show that they esteemed themselves as fortunate in having the work to do, and that they felt that they were—and indeed I have no doubt that they actually were—rising steadily in the social scale. They certainly seemed to have advanced very much beyond the stage of the newly arrived immigrants; that is, beyond the stage in which their families were when they came to this side. I see no reason to doubt the assertion of my friend the priest that there has been real progress during the last thirty years; so that, while there is very much that remains to be done, it is nevertheless true that much has been done, and that the movement on the whole has been forward and upward. Selfish men, and short-sighted, self-satisfied men who do not recognize the need of further improvement and who insist that there is no need of further legislation regulating the conduct of corporations and wealthy capitalists and employers towards their employees and towards the general public, stand for retrogression; but it is a mistake for the reformers, in their zeal for further reform, not to recognize the fact that there has already been real progress. We are far ahead of the days when the Molly Maguires flourished. Under the conditions which produced the Molly Maguires there was no interference at all by the State, but a lawless individualism. The brutal selfishness of the exploiting master was met by the murderous violence of the laborer, who was neither better nor worse than the employer; so that one form of conscienceless greed was pitted against another in a strife which was both ferocious and degrading.

That night I went to Wilkes-Barre, where I stayed in the house of my old friend Father Curran; John Mitchell being another guest. The following morning we three started out to go through the small mining towns in the neighborhood of Wilkes-Barre. Most of what I saw was, of course, a repetition of what I had already seen. There were, however, several new points that came up. I visited a number of houses of "foreigners," as the English-speaking miners call them—that is, houses of Poles and other Slavs who had been in the country a score of years, or had been born in it. These houses were excellent, the buildings themselves neat, clean, and comfortable, and the gardens in good condition.

On the other hand, I visited certain quarters where newly arrived immigrants—Italians or Slavs—were herded together, and where the conditions were frightful. The crowding and filth in the rooms of the decayed buildings were like those in the worst tenement-house districts in a big city, and the streets were squalid. After seeing these, I could thoroughly believe the statements made as to the very bad conditions of certain towns where all the workers are newly arrived immigrants from eastern or southern Europe; and I could also understand what had hitherto rather puzzled me, the fact that the English-speaking miners, those of Irish and Welsh descent, and including apparently the few Germans and Scandinavians, declined to share dance-halls and places of amusement with those whom they styled "foreigners," meaning thereby these newly arrived immigrants who had not had time to develop the American standard of living and standard of social behavior. They had no feeling, as far as I could see, against their fellows, of whatever national origin, once they had reached the American standard in these two respects; except as far as failure to learn English, where such failure existed, naturally proved a bar to social intermingling.

I asked why the municipal authorities did not insist upon cleaning up these conditions and demand the observance of a higher standard of decency. The answers generally were either that the people themselves objected to any such cleansing of conditions, or else that the mine companies, the owners of which were often absentees, were primarily interested in keeping down taxes, and would not submit to improvements which cost money. As regards the last point, if true, it is ultimately a shortsighted policy, for it is to no one's interest more than to that of the capitalist that every wage-worker should be a self-respecting, thriving citizen whose instincts and surroundings and self-interest combine to make him a law-abiding man, sharing in the general desire of all good citizens both to secure social and civic betterment and to work for such betterment on sane lines. As regards the first assertion, that these new immigrants themselves objected to the effort to make things more decent, it was no doubt true as regards those among the immigrants whose standard of living was very low.

All the upper-class miners took the ground that there should be some sifting out of immigrants, so that there should not come hither, to be put into competition with American workingmen, enormous masses of men with a far lower standard of living, and therefore with a tendency to lower both wages and social conditions generally. John Mitchell and Father Curran both felt very strongly that there should be such an intelligent sifting out of immigrants, so as to bring hither only those who would be fitted to add to the value of American citizenship; and the great majority of the intelligent men of all grades who spoke to me on the subject took this stand. Most of them were the sons or grandsons of former immigrants; most of them were Catholics; they had not the slightest "Know-Nothing" hostility to foreigners as such; but they felt that the owners of steamships and railways, and to a less extent some of the great employers of labor, exercised a very unhealthful influence in the way they stimulated immigration to this country, wholly without regard to the character of the immigrant; they felt that they themselves, the men who were speaking to me, had profited enormously by becoming completely assimilated with the American life round about them, and that it was a serious disadvantage to every one if the immigrants arrived in such enormous masses as to resist this assimilation, and to lower the standard of living, the standard of wages and of social conditions generally among the laboring classes. They all told me that conditions in the mines had grown better, and not worse, during the last thirty years, that the old miners and the sons and daughters of the old miners had, as a rule, risen, and not fallen, in the social scale; and I could see for myself what thoroughly fine people most of the young men and girls born on this side are, no matter from what part of Europe their parents came, whether from eastern, northern, or southern Europe. But my informants also insisted that there were certain regions where during the last ten years conditions had grown worse instead of better; these being regions where the population is composed almost exclusively of late foreign arrivals. There was a general feeling that the competition of these incomers with a very low standard of living was bad for the better-class workingmen; and, moreover, the conservative labor leaders evidently feared what such a population might do if there came a time of stress.

I was much interested in seeing, thanks to the courtesy of the superintendent of one of the mines, a big playground established under his care for the children of the neighborhood. It was a fine thing; and I only wish that either the municipal authorities, the State authorities, or churches, or private individuals, would see that such playgrounds are established all over these cities. Of course part of the trouble comes from the fact that the cities are of rather ephemeral nature. I saw houses put up by different coaling companies which struck me as very bad, but in at least one case the explanation was advanced that the time was coming near when the mine would be exhausted, and that then all the houses would have to be abandoned.

I thoroughly enjoyed one call. Having stopped near a row of houses, I entered into conversation with a lad who had just come out of the mines, a clean-cut, respectable young fellow. As soon as he found out who I was he took me into his mother's house, saying that she would be very glad to see me, as she was the mother of eight children. It was an attractive household. The mother was evidently a thoroughly good woman, the house was clean and neat, and the home life evidently happy. There was a pleasant-faced young girl carrying a little baby in her arms, who proved to be a small sick brother, and she told me that I must come into the next house and visit *her* mother, who had twelve children. Here, as elsewhere, although the families were entirely contented, they spoke to me of the advantage it would be if there were a little more chance for amusement, and also for self-improvement, for the young men and girls. The girl who was carrying the baby spoke with great approval of what some of the young miners had just done on their own account. They had provided a building in which entertainments, including dancing, for both young men and women, occurred at stated intervals. She added: "Yes, there is no liquor sold there either. The boys that run it are good temperance boys, and everything is just as respectable as possible, and we all go home at eleven o'clock." Of course the very best kind of place of amusement is that which is thus furnished by the exertions of the young men and women themselves, with the help of their elders. The best way in which either churches or philanthropic individuals or societies can help is by turning in and aiding the persons who are taking the lead in providing this kind of entertainment for themselves and their associates.

Then the girl with the baby piloted me into her mother's house, and again it was a real pleasure to be in such a house, with such thoroughly good, self-respecting, hard-working people, so cheerful in every way. One of the treasures eagerly shown me, by the way, was a book about myself. There was a piano in the corner of the dining-room in this house, and the mistress asked if any of us could play and sing. Father Curran's assistant, it proved, could play, and the chauffeur could sing, and so we promptly held an improvised concert, all of us joining in so much of the choruses as we knew. When I say "us," I mean the members of both families, myself and my associates, and all of the neighbors who could get into the room with us. I hope my hostess and the neighbors enjoyed themselves as much as I did.

Another house that I stopped at was that of a Welsh miner, a capital man, combining advanced views with sanity to a degree not too common in any class of life. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and spoke warmly of the good that the Methodist Church did, although he seemed to feel that, when dealing with a very hard-working and rather rough laboring population, it could with advantage take a broader stand in the matter of amusements for young people than is perhaps necessary in country regions with different traditions.

There was a big new school-house, named in my honor the Roosevelt School, which of course I had to visit; and I was much interested in a call at the barracks of the State Police. This is a body of mounted men in the employ of the State. All those that I saw were ex-soldiers of the regular army, clean-cut, up-standing, clear-eyed men whom it gave one a glow of pride to see.

Most of the rest of my time was spent in very interesting visits a little apart from the line of what I had hitherto been doing. We had a thoroughly enjoyable lunch at Father Curran's, about thirty priests being present. Half of them had as boys themselves worked in the mines, and they were genuine exponents of democratic Christianity. It was a pleasure to see how most of them worked with the Protestant clergymen of the neighborhood; they were acting in practical fashion on the theory that differences of dogmatic theology can be suffered to rest in abeyance as long as all of us, without regard to creed, show the right spiritual and ethical temper in struggling for the common good of mankind. I took afternoon tea at the house of another priest, and dinner at the house of a big lumberman who had been a practical disciple of Conservation policies and who is conducting his own lumber business, from the standpoint of tree-growing, of tree-felling, and of fighting fire, along the lines that mean the building up through use, and not the destruction, of our forests.

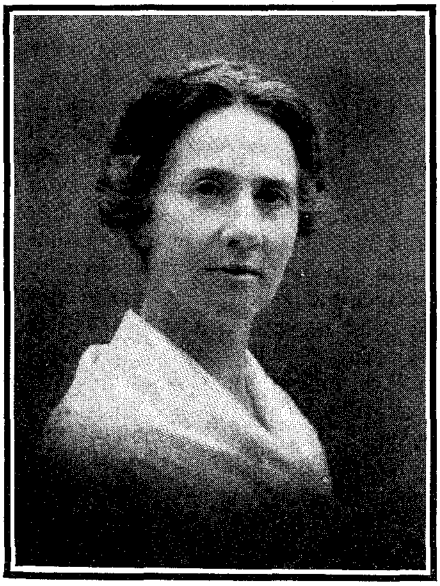
It would be idle to try to draw specific conclusions from a visit as short as this. Yet what we saw impressed on us the need of wide and thoroughgoing application of certain general principles. Reformers and advocates of betterment, even beyond other people, need to keep in mind that reforms in the mining regions, as elsewhere, must be based on full recognition of the fact that this applies to both employer and employee. On the other hand, the reactionary, the dull-witted ultra-conservative, who persists in saying that no improvements can or ought to be made, either through the State or through the collective action of private individuals, is himself a more efficient worker for extreme unrest than any of the agitators whom he denounces. Very much should be done by the State, and by the corporations themselves—both under direction by the State and of their own individual initiative. Much should be done by those churches and individuals and associations that do in good faith recognize that in this life, while each of us must keep himself, yet each is in a very real sense also his brother's keeper. The work can, of course, best be done by teaching the men who need help how themselves to take the lead in helping themselves; and the help must, of course, be given in such shape that it will be a benefit—a remark which will seem only a truism to those unacquainted with a certain type of charitable mind. There is no use in providing advantages in such fashion that those to be benefited decline to take advantage of them.

As for those who write about the mining regions, let them remember two facts: It is bad to portray the conditions with such hysterical overemphasis, such over-insistence on the dark side of the picture, that sensible men turn contemptuously away, tired of the effort to disentangle the true from the false. It is even worse to sit by with smug complacency and deny that there is anything to be improved. There is very much to be done; and the first thing to be done is thoroughly to understand the real identity in all that is fundamental between the men in one position and the men in another, between the men who live under conditions which create the problem to be considered, and the men who, living under different conditions, must join in solving the problem.

Americans of Influence

The Great Work of a Little Woman

It doubtless sometimes seems to people who receive appeals for financial aid that the multiplication of philanthropic societies has reached a point that is somewhat trying to the endurance, if not the patience, of their supporters. Nevertheless, a new National organization has just come into existence which is so human in its appeal that we are glad of the opportunity of bringing it and its central figure to the attention of the readers of The Outlook. It is called the Holman Association. It has recently been founded by Mrs. Joseph C. Bloodgood, of Baltimore, and its President is Dr. William H. Welch, the distinguished physician and scientist of Johns Hopkins University. The cause of it all is a wiry little woman about five feet high, who, before she undertook the arduous work which she is now doing, had always been considered fragile. For eight years this fragile woman, Lydia Holman by name, a trained nurse by profession, has been working tirelessly, enduring hardships and privations for the mountain people of the western part of North Carolina, where there are scattered many thousands of native-born Americans among hygienic conditions so painful as to be seldom found outside the slums of our large cities. Miss Holman has taken care of her own horse, done her own housework and cooking, and at any time, day or night, has ridden miles alone to answer the calls of the sick. She is forced to live without a companion because she cannot afford to pay two helpers, for one would probably be afraid to remain alone when Miss Holman is called out on one of her rides over the mountains. In communities where physicians can be obtained, Miss Holman does not believe in the hospital nurse who attempts to practice medicine; but in these mountain regions good doctors are unknown. Miss Holman was called to this field to serve professionally in a typhoid case. A rich woman who had come from the North to these mountains needed some one who would take the responsibility of physician and nurse. Miss Holman was summoned; her patient rapidly recovered, to the great surprise of the natives, who entreated the new wonder—the woman doctor—to remain and help them in their dire need. She resolved to take up this voluntary medical missionary work because of the cry of motherhood and babyhood, for the evidences were all about her of mothers dying in maternity from atrocious care or none at all. Her lines of work have been maternity cases, minor surgery, typhoid, pneumonia, rheumatism, tuberculosis, and even dentistry. She has taught home nursing, the preparation of food for the sick, hygiene, and social service. Her records show that she has attended three hundred and eight mothers and babies, all of whom are living, but some of whom would surely have died in the days when professional and scientific treatment was unattainable. Miss Holman has found the people very responsive, believes in their essential sterling qualities, and says of them, "Give them half a chance and see what they can become." She

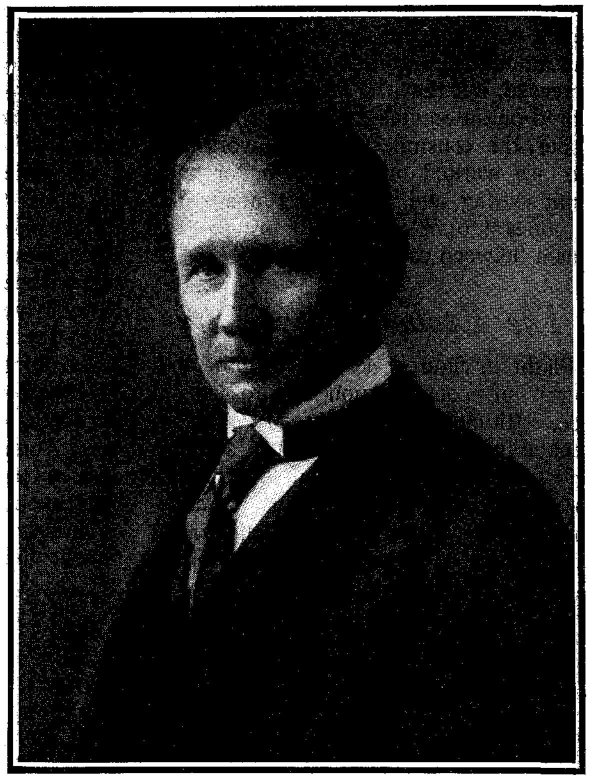


LYDIA HOLMAN

seems unconscious of personal wants, and has worked without recompense of any kind, her sole wish being to have her people given this "half a chance." The Holman Association has been formed to support this work, and to extend it, if possible, by sending nurses, doctors, hygiene, and social service to other neglected rural regions in other States. The Association has now active committees in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and New York, and similar committees are being formed in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and other places. The Association concludes a recent appeal as follows: "If your charity money has been subscribed, the Association will gratefully receive old clothes, magazines and books, house-furnishing, linens, or hospital supplies. Anything can be put to good use. Please notify the Secretary, Mrs. Joseph C. Bloodgood, 904 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland, of the exact nature of any gifts, so that directions may be sent for shipment. Checks should be drawn to the order of the Hon. Edwin Warfield, Fidelity Trust Company, Baltimore."

A Practical Philosopher

Government investigations often bring to light facts which are quite as much a surprise to the investigators as to the general public. An unexpected result of this kind in connection with the recent railway rate hearings before the Inter-State Commerce Commission has brought into general public prominence a new and absorbingly interesting American personality—that of Frederick Winslow Taylor, of Philadelphia. Among his colleagues in his profession, that of consulting engineer, Mr. Taylor is well known. The general public, however, has only just discovered that he is the founder and leader of a new and fundamentally important movement in American industry called "Scientific Management," or, to use the term which The Outlook is inclined to employ, "Business Science." Mr. Taylor is a philosopher, but he is very much more than a theorist—he is a practical and highly successful steel manufacturer, who, having acquired what he believes to be a competence, has retired from active business in the money-making sense, and is devoting himself to the advocacy of certain reforms which it is believed by good judges will not only greatly increase industrial efficiency, but will also greatly improve the relations between labor and capital by removing the root of most so-called labor conflicts. Mr. Taylor once told a friend that his chief interest in life was to do something "to fill in—not bridge—the chasm between capital and labor." In an early issue of The Outlook there will appear an article which will describe the principles and methods of industry by the application of which Mr. Taylor proposes to do this filling in. In this place we limit ourselves to a brief review of his personality, with the advice to our readers that they keep themselves informed with regard to him and his work, for, if we mistake not, he is the organizer of a new and important force in American industrial and social life. Mr. Taylor was born in Philadelphia in 1856. After two years of school life in France and Germany, he went to Phillips Exeter Academy, Massachusetts, with the intention of preparing for college. Hard work, which made him one of the leaders of his class, led to a breakdown of health, and at twenty-two years of age he entered the Midvale Steel Works, where for eleven years he worked successively as laborer, shop clerk, head of tool-room, gang boss, assistant foreman, foreman of machine-shop, master mechanic, chief draughtsman, and chief engineer. During this period, by home study and by taking the examinations in course, he graduated as mining engineer from Stevens Institute, one of the leading technical schools of the country, without having been at the Institute except for the purpose of passing the entrance examinations and the various examinations required during the course. His achievements in his profession are so many as to defy enumeration in a brief compass, but to indicate what he has accomplished in practical scientific industry it may be said, first, that he is the inventor of the Taylor-White process of treating steel, which has revolutionized the work of cutting metals by the use of high-speed machine tools; his address a few years ago before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers on the "Art of Cutting Metals" was said by one compe-

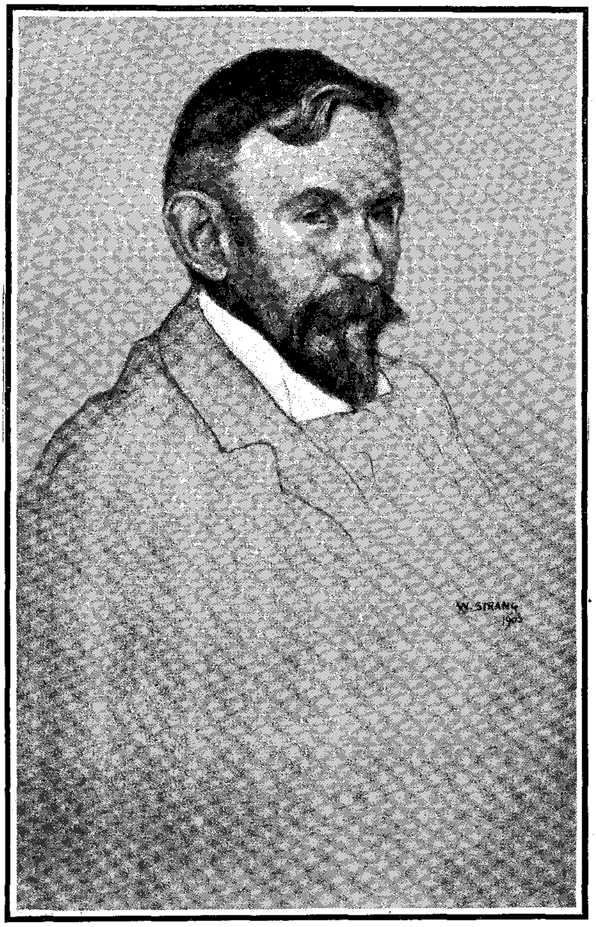


FREDERICK WINSLOW TAYLOR

tent critic at the time to have been "the most important contribution made to engineering literature." And, second, his book on "Concrete, Plain and Reinforced" has sold to the extent of ten thousand copies, an almost unprecedented sale for a high-priced technical book. Mr. Taylor has applied his principle of scientific management to sports and pastimes. He was captain of the Exeter baseball team, and as a young man he won the United States double championship in lawn tennis, inventing a new style of racquet and new forms of tennis poles. He is an excellent golfer, and has been golf champion of the Philadelphia Country Club. He has designed a number of new types of golf clubs, but has given his attention specially to the scientific production of grass, so as to produce the long roots which will stand all kinds of weather and the perfect green sprouts to form a velvety turf for the golf ball. In this work, as in all his other investigations, he began at the bottom and made a long series of tests to determine the absorptive properties of different materials, and devised a plan by which, with proper underlying treatment, water may be provided for putting-greens from below instead of by constant watering upon the surface. Walter J. Travis, the greatest American authority on golf, has pronounced some of Mr. Taylor's scientifically produced turf to be the finest turf he ever saw. Mr. Taylor's home, "Boxly," at Chestnut Hill, is one of the show places of Philadelphia. Even here he has applied his philosophy of scientific management. Its beautiful old-fashioned garden in the spring of the year is a Mecca for those who are interested in such things. This garden is filled with the most luxuriant boxwood trees, forming what are thought to be the finest box hedges in this country. They were all moved from their original locations by Mr. Taylor and under his personal direction. He invented a machine for doing this, by means of which the trees were moved without in any way disturbing the roots. It is said that this is the first time that the transplanting of a boxwood hedge has proved to be successful. He also moved a magnificent wistaria from the old family homestead in another part of Philadelphia. To do this he had to strengthen the bridges between Germantown and Chestnut Hill. The vine with its root was so big—it was over a hundred years old—as to require a specially constructed truck to carry it, and he arranged to have the truck followed by a derrick and a gang of workmen to act instantly in case of any breakdown. This precaution proved a wise one, because the heavy weight caused one of the wheels of the truck to cut through the roadway into a hidden culvert. These instances are related to show the thorough way in which Mr. Taylor goes about everything he undertakes. In conclusion, in the opinion of The Outlook, the most important phase of Mr. Taylor's philosophy of scientific management is not that the efficiency, and therefore the profits, of American industrial corporations can be greatly increased, but that the increase should be shared on an equitable basis by the stockholder, the consumer, and the workman. He has worked out a system for such profit-sharing, and it is by this means that he hopes "to *fill in*—not to bridge—the chasm between capital and labor."

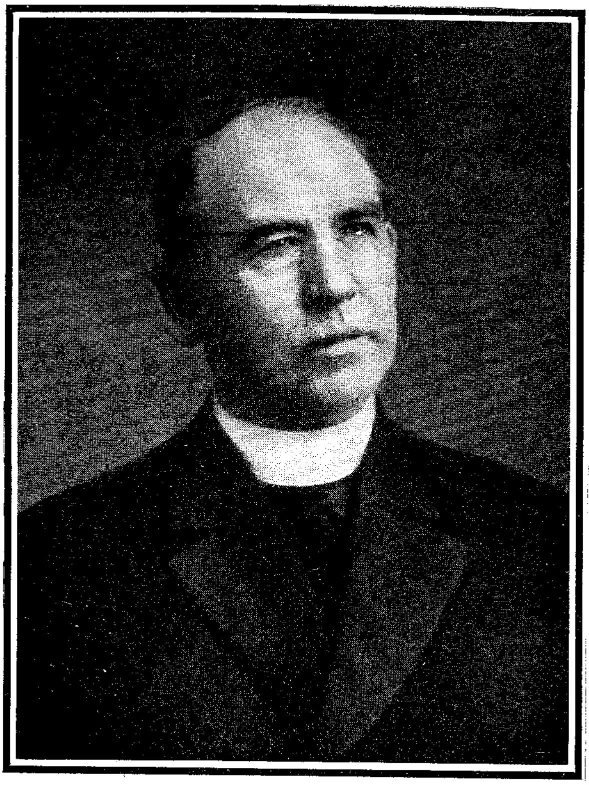
The Etcher of the City

Slight in figure, alert in action, with power of concentration expressed in face, attitude, and voice, Mr. Joseph Pennell has the look of an artist and the air of detachment from affairs which is no small element in the artistic atmosphere. He was born in Philadelphia, the early home of arts and letters in this country; and that he knew how to use his eyes almost from the start is evidenced in the series of etchings which record the impressions of his youth, and which are greatly prized by their owners. They are a record of certain picturesque aspects of the Philadelphia of forty years ago; and the name, "J. Pennell," which appears on certain old sign-boards in these early etchings, gives them a note of intimacy and the significance of biographical data. Mr. Pennell was fortunate in being able to take the early stages of his artistic education at his own home, in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Arts. Like many other American artists, he has put a good deal of strength into various forms of illustration, and has a special gift for seeing in modern cities, what many people fail to see, their artistic possibilities. He has not only made old Philadelphia interesting, but he has etched some of the most striking effects along the Thames, interpreting with artistic sensitiveness the picturesqueness of London along the river-front, and feeling the extraordinary richness of atmosphere with which it is enveloped. He has rendered the same service for the New York of to-day; and the etchings which accompany Mr. Van Dyke's text in the handsome volume published two years ago, "The New New York," were a revelation of the striking effectiveness of the harbor front of the metropolis and the bold and impressive lines of many of the skyscrapers. Mr. Pennell's ability to see the modern city from a new point of view, free from the prepossessions of older architecture, shows him to be an artist in the truest sense of the word; a man, that is, who can find beauty in his own time and his immediate surroundings. But he has been a great traveler, has spent much of his life abroad, and has a genius



JOSEPH PENNELL

for reproducing the older beauty of architecture and the riper aspects of ancient towns. With the aid of Mrs. Pennell's delightful pen he has made some of the most picturesque old towns in France and in Italy familiar to American readers, and has set small tides of travel flowing in new directions, and stimulated a curiosity which has initiated many a pilgrimage to old towns unknown before by the tourist. A long list of honorable mentions and medals from institutes and artistic exhibitions here and abroad evidence Mr. Pennell's wide popularity, while the titles of many books, in some of which his pencil and Mrs. Pennell's pen have collaborated, while others are by himself alone, show his persistent industry. At present he is on his way to Constantinople, and in due time those who follow his work with interest may expect a new record of one of the most picturesque cities in the world in the form of striking etchings.


FATHER CURRAN

Father Curran

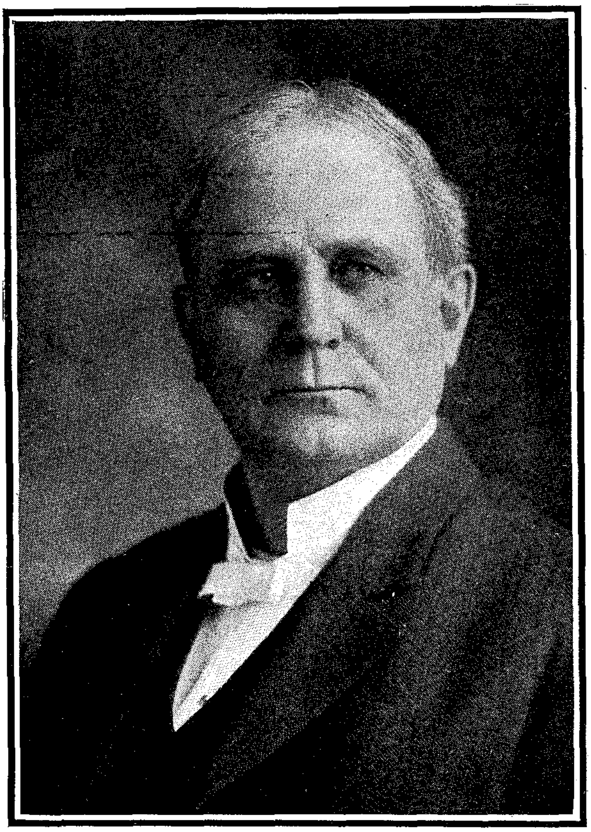
The appropriateness of the title or appellation "Father," universally given by Roman Catholics to the parish priests as well as to the other dignitaries of that Church, was never better illustrated than in the case of Father Curran, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Saviour in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. The Rev. J. J. Curran is, as his name indicates, of Irish lineage, and he deserves the honor of being called a "self-made American" quite as much as any millionaire captain of industry. His chief fortune, however, is the affection of a great parish and congregation made up largely of workingmen with their families, and the respect and esteem, not only of the citizens of Wilkes-Barre, both Protestant and Catholic, but of the entire anthracite mining district of Pennsylvania. Father Curran began life as a boy driving a mule under ground in a Pennsylvania coal mine. It was this early practical experience of the life of a mine laborer that made him so useful a factor in the settlement of the coal strike of 1902. He knows the coal miners through and through—their frailties as well as their virtues, the difficulties and hardships under which they labor as well as the advantages which they possess in comparison with some of the other labor communities of the world. He has a warm heart and a genuine human sympathy, and yet he is a rigorous supporter of law and order. During the coal strike his great influence with the miners was exerted in condemning and preventing violence, and his influence with the employers enabled him to present to them the real needs of the miners and the justifiable ends which they were struggling to attain. Both as priest and as President of the Total Abstinence Society of his district he has been, and is, an earnest and effective worker in the cause of temperance. His church and the parish house connected with it form a neighborhood center for the work of various societies and boys' and girls' clubs. Father Curran takes a reasonable pride not only in the religious work of his parish but in its æsthetic influence. Unusual attention has been given to the artistic interior of the church edifice. "For," says Father Curran, "I want the miners of my parish to feel that the church supplies, among other things, the element of beauty in life which the black and grimy coal mine must inevitably do so much to destroy." Those Protestants who, like the present writer, have seen Father Curran at one of the great gatherings of the men, women, and children of his congregation which are frequently held at the parish house, will come away with a clearer understanding of those qualities of the American Catholic Church which have made it a great and growing force for social good in the United States.

A Trustee for His Fellow-Citizens

William Kent is a tall, sinewy, energetic-looking Westerner who hardly betrays his age—forty-six. As you meet him you feel yourself in the presence of a man of real atmosphere and breeziness. His hearty hand-grasp and tone of voice, his forceful and often unconventional manner, all convince you that you are talking to one thoroughly wide awake and in earnest—awake not only to present exigencies but to future needs. Mr. Kent is a Yale man. He is a capital combination of Yale vigor and vivacity joined to similar Western qualities. He was born in Chicago, and returned there after his college course to attend to his father's large business interests. Young Kent became much engaged in land transactions in various Western States, in cattle and sheep raising and farming. But these things by no means interfered with his activities as a citizen. He became a member of the Chicago City Council and President of the Municipal Voters' League. In both positions he showed that he was no mere amateur reformer or political tenderfoot. Removing to California, where he had spent his boyhood, he presented two years ago to the United States Government as a public park a tract of about three hundred acres of splendid old redwood forest, located not far from San Francisco. The gift was appreciatively accepted by President Roosevelt. But what William Kent does he does in a big way. And that means the modest way. Very likely the Government would have given his gift a title which would perpetuate his name. Anticipating this, Mr. Kent requested that the tract be known as Muir Woods, thus commemorating the work of the Californian veteran John Muir in behalf of forestry and scenic beauty. If Mr. Kent's public-spirited gift was fine, the modesty underlying his refusal to have it called by his name was finer. As he said then: "I have five boys. If they cannot keep the name alive, it ought to die." When he came back to California, Mr. Kent found the Congressional district in which he lived represented at Washington by a stand-patter. Believing that the people demanded progress, Mr. Kent opposed him at the primaries, and carried every county but one in the district. In the ensuing election, though the district went five thousand against Hiram Johnson, the newly elected Republican Progressive Governor of California, it went nearly thirty-five hundred for William Kent. The latter had thus a hill to climb, but he climbed well. Like the people of every State, Californians are awake to the evils of present-day corporate domination, whether in the individual State or in the Nation. In Mr. Kent they now have a Representative at Washington who holds his wealth, business, and all his powers as a trust for his fellow-citizens.

The Next Speaker

For many years Champ Clark, of Missouri, has been a feature of the House of Representatives. Long before he had become the leader of the Democratic side he had obtained fame as a debater of a peculiar type. There were points of resemblance between him and Joseph G. Cannon. Both wanted to be regarded as homespun statesmen, with an abhorrence of shams and a strict adherence to direct and plain speaking. Because it is an incredulous world, both were charged with affecting almost all the peculiarities which distinguished them from other members



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARRIS & EWING

CHAMP CLARK

making no pretense to homespun excellencies. While Cannon, as Speaker, was revealing qualities of mind, of will, and of spirit which few suspected him to possess, while he was still but one of the Republican membership, Clark continued to develop his reputation along the particular lines which had given him his first prominence, without really proving whether there were back of his homespun peculiarities the solider qualities of mind and judgment which would entitle him to consideration as a statesman. This puzzle is still unsolved. Mr. Clark appeared to better advantage in the last two sessions of Congress than ever before. Having become the leader of the minority, he showed more conservatism in his statements than formerly, and a sense of responsibility which really increased his dignity and strengthened him in the estimation of his colleagues. But there were lacking the firmness, decision, and willingness to forget partisan politics, absolutely necessary to any real accomplishment. Since Progressive Republicanism has become a force in legislation as well as in politics it has become an easy matter to distinguish between sincere efforts to obtain practical results and efforts merely to impress the country without accomplishing anything. In the few times Mr. Clark has been put to the test he has shown a disposition to seek political effects rather than substantial achievements in legislation. Just, however, as his elevation to the Democratic leadership impressed him with a sense of his increased responsibilities, so it is probable that Mr. Clark's elevation to the Speakership may both strengthen and broaden him. It is conceded that he is the best-qualified man for the Speakership on the Democratic side. But the danger to the Democratic majority, which will control the next House, is that, with the Presidential election of 1912 approaching, they will be able to think of nothing but politics, yielding to the common temptation before all politicians to give the public a great deal in the way of promises and very little in the way of performance. It will devolve upon Champ Clark, more than upon any other man, to avert this danger by such leadership as will direct the energies and intelligence of his followers to the preparation of legislation which can be enacted into law under the present Administration, because its clearly apparent value to the country will divest it of any purely partisan character. Time alone will show whether Mr. Clark is such a leader. There is little in his past to warrant the belief that he is, and yet there are evidences of his growth with the enlargement of his opportunities which compel reservation of judgment. As a fact, Mr. Clark is not a rough nor a pugnacious man, although his appearance in the House and upon the stump, and much of his oratory, would create such an impression. He is good-natured and strongly sentimental. He has attempted to measure up to his ideals, and if his professed abhorrence of shams, his assumption of simplicity, his direct and plain speaking, and his insistence that he is working for the good of the people are but affectations, they at least reveal what Mr. Clark would like to make as real as his abilities and qualities will permit. He is not lacking in sincerity, but he has shown in many instances a wavering judgment that will prove a weakness when he is called upon to assume Speakership responsibilities. Already he is accused by some of the Democrats with holding one set of views when it was proposed to revise the House rules in order to curb the power of Speaker Cannon, and another set of views now that such revision would restrict the power which he himself expects to exercise. He was in favor of taking away from the Speaker the power to appoint the committees of the House when the Republican Insurgents were fighting Cannonism. Now he has announced that he will ask the Democratic caucus to decide what shall be done with that question by the Democratic House. Mr. Clark's critics insist that if he is to prove himself a real leader, he should not hesitate to define his own position.

An American Composer

In America the road to musical success lies through Europe. Not only must musicians of foreign origin win approval abroad before they are welcomed by American audiences, but so must the musician who is a native American. This, of course, is due to the fact that American audiences in the large Eastern cities are not sure of their own musical judgment. They are not willing to commit themselves to a verdict on a new singer, or a new instrumental soloist, or a new composition that does not bear an imprimatur. This is illustrated by the experience of an American composer, Henry Hadley. He is now conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, of Seattle, Washington. In November he made a tour of Eastern cities as "guest conductor." In Chicago and New York he conducted his Third Symphony; in Boston and Pittsburgh, his Symphonic Rhapsody "The Culprit Fay." He is thus winning a popular reputation in his native land. He is, however, already well known, and his works have for some time been well received in Europe. As a musician he represents a steady, consistent evolution. No native American musician has had a greater practical experience in his art. He was born thirty-nine years ago, on the 20th of December, in Somerville, Massachusetts. In his teens he was playing the violin in one of those casual bands that supply music for assemblies and the like. With his father (who was instructor of music in public schools) and his brother (who is now 'cellist in the Boston Sym-

HENRY HADLEY

phony Orchestra), he played each summer —for a time at least—in a hotel in a Northern resort. He thus became intimate with the literature of chamber music. At the same time he was accumulating experience in the playing of the principal instrument of the orchestra. What that has meant in his development as a musician may be illustrated by an incident in his recent visit to Boston. While conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the rehearsal of his rhapsody he was dissatisfied with the effect in one place produced by the violins. It is hardly necessary to say that the strings are the pride of that organization; but Mr. Hadley diagnosed the difficulty, showed the violinists just how he wanted them to hold their bows, and the men accepted the instruction for the simple reason that he knew what he was about.

After studying composition in Boston he went to Vienna to continue his studies. In 1897, after his return to America, when he was twenty-six years old, his first symphony was performed under the direction of Anton Seidl in New York. Since that time other compositions of his have occasionally been given at concerts in America, but not frequently, and too often inadequately. Mr. Hadley lived about four years abroad; and during that time he not only conducted orchestral concerts, but for a while acted as second conductor of opera at Mayence, where, in 1909, he produced his own opera, "Sofie." While there he was called upon at times to conduct an opera without rehearsal—a task requiring skill and nerve. His temperament and personality have made him a welcome member of all sorts of musical circles. His readiness to meet the world as he finds it may be indicated by reference to one instance. He and a friend were bound on a sort of pleasure trip for Egypt, when they suddenly discovered their funds to be embarrassingly low. Whereupon they turned aside, and, with piano and violin, in sundry Russian cafés, replenished their resources. Together with this trait of genuine bohemianism Mr. Hadley has capacity for far-sighted work. Years ago, when he was economizing and toiling over his musical studies in Munich, he was preparing for achievements he had definitely in view. His compositions cover all the great fields of music: orchestral compositions (including three completed symphonies, and one which he is now scoring), chamber music, piano compositions, over a hundred songs, anthems, other choral works, including a cantata, and operas. He is undoubtedly the most productive of American composers. His work, though not always bearing the stamp of distinction, is both musical and musicianly, full of melodic outline, of freshness, and occasionally of power.

One critic has declared that among American composers Hadley has distinct ability in making the orchestra *sound;* that is, his scores have a satisfying sonority and warmth. The defects of his works are those that accompany facility. His indisputable gifts in technique enable him to elaborate thematic material that sometimes lacks the solidity and depth which would justify the elaboration. At the same time his compositions have the winning frankness that is characteristic of his personality. The worth of his work is in the direction of spontaneity, charm, and poetic fancy. As a conductor he is now rendering a great service. With his Seattle orchestra of young musicians, picked from smaller orchestras in the community, he is exerting a great influence. There he is encountering audiences who, just because they are not sophisticated, have the courage of independent judgment. The hearer there is willing to exercise his critical faculty, and, as Mr. Hadley expresses it, "can tell you which piece had the genuine grandeur, and which failed, somehow, as he would say, to 'get over the plate.'" The wholesome spirit of the pioneer, which has made this Nation materially great, and which happily so largely rules in even those parts of the great West that have passed the pioneer stage, is in this finding artistic expression. And Mr. Hadley appreciates the privilege of working in this atmosphere. "There is no doubt," he is quoted as saying, "but that you are a part of the upbuilding of that region in one way or another, whatever you do, if it is done well." It is not the man that skillfully makes use of Indian or negro themes, but the man that really gets this feeling of the West into his work, who will produce music that is distinctly American. It will be interesting to see whether this spirit which is so evident in the way Mr. Hadley has undertaken his duties as conductor will find expression in his compositions.

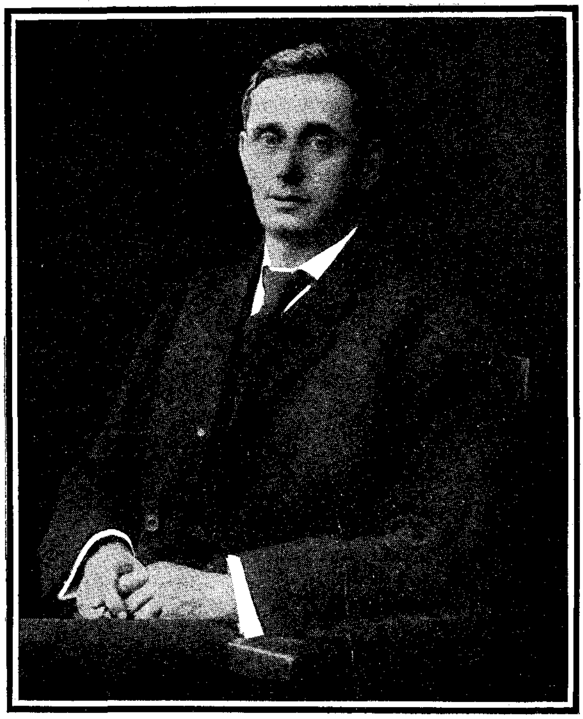
The Socialist Congressman

Just one member of the Sixty-second Congress will be a Socialist, and he will be the first man who was ever elected to Congress on a Socialist platform. Victor L. Berger, of Milwaukee, remarked after his election that he did not "expect to revolutionize the country single-handed;" but his victory is one indication of a rather surprising increase in the Socialist vote, and Mr. Berger's fellow-believers point out that two or three other Congressional candidates on their ticket came close to election, while Minneapolis very nearly followed Milwaukee's example, set last year, of electing a Socialist Mayor. Mr. Berger is a man of great force as a leader, and his personality is a remarkable one. Six months ago he was described in The Outlook by Mr. Frederic C. Howe, in an article relating to the Socialist victory in Milwaukee, as the soul of the Socialist movement for a quarter of a century. Mr. Howe added this lively and interesting description of Berger's life and character: "He is a bundle of physical and nervous force. He seems to know no weariness, no discouragements, no failure. His only thoughts are grouped about the working-class movement. Yet he has been as roughly bruised by his fellow-workers as by the capitalist press. He has even been 'fired' from the party that he created, the party to which he gave all his worldly savings to promote. He has seen Socialism rise and sink to nothingness on a number of occasions. Time and again he gathered the fragments together for a new start. For twenty-five years this has been his only interest. And he is still poor. He has never made a dollar out of politics. Berger is a student. He gained his knowledge of Socialism through books." Mr. Berger, apart from his official position in the organization of the Socialist party, has been a member of the International Socialist Committee and editor of the "Social Democratic Herald," a weekly printed in English and German, with a circulation of nearly forty thousand. A friend of The Outlook, writing from Boston, throws light on Berger's methods and character by telling the following incident: "A conference on Socialism was held in Boston about two years ago, and Victor Berger was one of many speakers. Said an open-minded hearer: 'He is the one man of the lot who makes Socialism taste good in the mouth.' It was not only his German *Gemüthlichkeit*, the good-natured levelheadedness that stamped his personality, which produced this impression; it was his sagaciously tolerant attitude towards the rest of the world. In the course of the conference

VICTOR L. BERGER

there was vehement denunciation of men and institutions. But Berger, while not lacking in vigorous arguments in behalf of the faith that was in him, indicated that it was Socialism rather than 'Socialistism' which he had most at heart. He cared more for the principles he was devoted to than for the instruments designed for achieving them. While he believed in a Socialistic party as the most effective means for agitation for the ends in view, his main concern was for the ends themselves; if they could only be realized, it was a matter of minor import as to how it was done."

An Attorney for the People



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Newspaper reputations are due very often to fortuitous circumstance. The newspaper correspondent with a keen sense for the striking or spectacular notes a chance saying or incidental phrase that possesses some dramatic quality, and in a few hours the speaker's name is in the headline of every newspaper in the land. This has happened in the case of Louis D. Brandeis. At a hearing before the Inter-State Commerce Commission Mr. Brandeis quoted a statement one of the witnesses had made in a book, that by the adoption of certain principles of management the railways might save three hundred million dollars a year. Mr. Brandeis's clear and illuminating exposition of these principles was not widely noted; but this saying to which he happened to refer was telegraphed all over the country with his name attached; and Mr. Brandeis suddenly became a National figure. Of course to many newspaper readers Mr. Brandeis's name was not unfamiliar because of the attention which they had given to the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy, in which Mr. Brandeis represented one of the participants. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that even that important controversy, although it figured so largely in the daily press, and though it brought Mr. Brandeis's name before the public repeatedly, did not do so much to make Mr. Brandeis a National figure as this reference to the statement made by another man. There is something peculiarly ironical in this fact, because Mr. Brandeis's public services have been of a remarkable character and have extended over a number of years. As he explains them, these services have been in the nature of a fad or hobby. Some men find diversion in the collection of rare vases; Mr. Brandeis explains his activities by saying that he substitutes for the making of collections the practice of taking cases that involve the public interest which a lawyer would not find remunerative, and arguing on behalf of the otherwise unrepresented public. Thus in Boston, where he is a member of a law firm, he took up the question of the gas rates, presented the facts so that the people of the city could understand them, and, after the matter had become an issue between the consumers and the gas company, he devised a system by which both the consumers and the company received benefits that they had not received before, and at the same time established between the two a relationship of fairness and equity. What this system is The Outlook has heretofore recounted. It is enough here to say that it was a plan according to which the company was allowed a higher rate of profit as the rates to the consumer were reduced. He carried on a propaganda on behalf of savings bank insurance which would work to the advantage especially of wage-earners, and finally secured its adoption by the State of Massachusetts. When a law of the State of Oregon limiting the hours of labor for women in factories was called in question by a suit in the Federal Courts on the ground that it violated the Constitutional right of a woman to make a contract—even though it was contrary to her own interest—Mr. Brandeis, on behalf of the National Consumers' League, presented to the United States Supreme Court a remarkable brief, laying before that august body of judges an array of facts which persuaded them that the welfare of the race depends so much upon the vigor of its mothers and its mothers-to-be that the State was justified in exercising its police powers for the limitation of the hours of women's work. Again, being persuaded that the people's property in the public domain was in danger, he undertook to act as attorney for Louis Glavis before the Pinchot-Ballinger Investigating Committee, and thereby made an impression upon public opinion that is likely to be effected in lasting legislation. Now that the question of raising railway rates is before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, Mr. Brandeis, recognizing that the great body of consumers lacked the organization to present their side of the case, agreed to act as an attorney of certain shippers in order that he might defend the public interest. In this case, as in other cases, he is receiving no remuneration. When a number of Western railway presidents telegraphed him that they would give him employment at any salary he might name if he would show them how to save a substantial portion of three hundred million dollars a year, he replied that he would gladly arrange for a conference, and suggested that invitations to the conference be sent to Eastern railway presidents, but said that he must decline compensation for the same reason that he had declined compensation from the shippers he was representing, "namely, that the burden of increased rates . . . will ultimately be borne in large part by the consumer through increasing the cost of living mainly of those least able to bear added burdens." He is a sort of legal knight errant, so it would appear; and it is evident that he enjoys his jousts on behalf of those who are not in position to defend themselves. Mr. Brandeis, who is fifty-four years old, is a native of Kentucky, received his education in the public schools of Louisville, studied further in Dresden, was graduated from the Harvard Law School, and has received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University. America is rich in idealists, but it is rare to find one whose idealism is, like Mr. Brandeis's, not only aggressive, but also practical and efficient.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

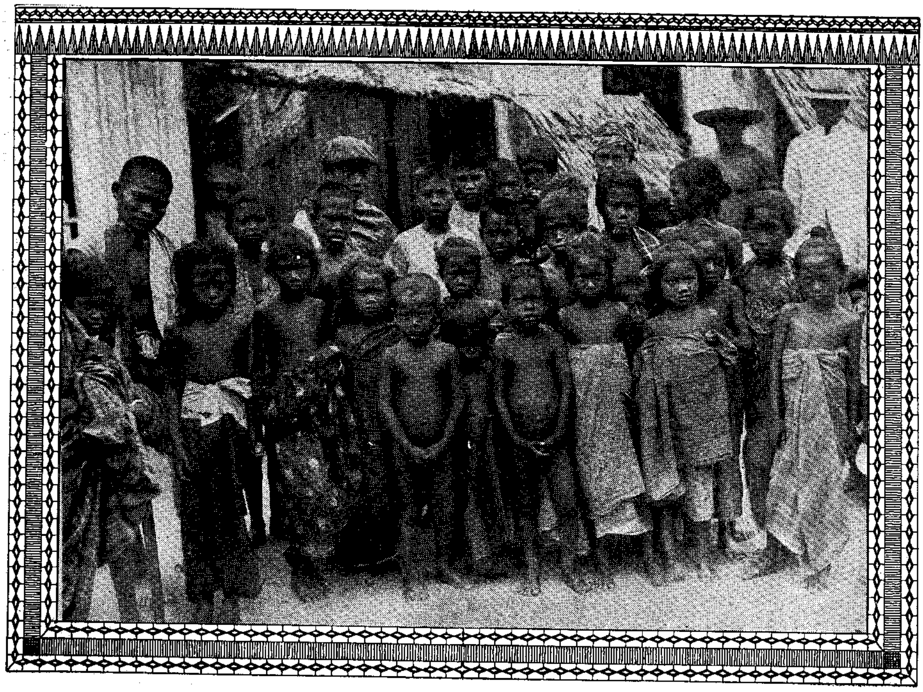
BY J. M. W.

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."—John i. 12.

Our feeble clay, our sin-dimmed mind,
Is powerless to clasp or find
A heavenly Father's grace.

Jesus, 'tis thine to bring the ray
That turns our darkness into day
Before our Father's face.

Come thou to us, Immanuel,
Reveal thy power in us to dwell,
God with us, all our days.



TURNING SAVAGES INTO CITIZENS

By

Atherton Brownell

The unique and unprecedented experiment of turning savages into citizens by business methods described in this article was undertaken when Major-General Leonard Wood, now Chief of Staff of the United States Army, was Provincial Governor of the non-Christian territory of the Philippine Islands, and under his sanction. The following extract from a letter to the author of this article is used here by permission:

> Governor John P. Finley's work in the establishment of the Moro exchange has been of the greatest value, and is little appreciated except by those who are familiar with the difficulties he has successfully met and overcome. He has been hampered by men who were not capable of looking at the work he is doing in the broad way which the results entitle it to. Finley has done great good, and what you have written will be of great value in strengthening his position, and, incidentally, in bringing to the attention of our people one of the most valuable pieces of work that has been done by any one in the islands. LEONARD WOOD.

A SURPRISING situation was met by Secretary of War Dickinson at the city of Zamboanga on the island of Mindanao, one of the Philippine group, in August last, when two hundred enthusiastic Moros presented a petition asking that, in the event that the prayers of the Filipinos for independence be granted, this particular island be annexed to the United States.

One of the leading journals, more than usually well informed on Philippine conditions, saw in the petition something that savored of the grotesque—"not so much because independence is so remote that provisional assent would have meant little or nothing, as because the Filipinos would be incapable of subduing and governing the fierce Mohammedans to whom the Spaniards gave the name of Moros. . . .

The Moros have not been tamed, their morals are unregulated, and they remain Mohammedans, hating the Christians. Their desire for annexation to the United States when the Filipinos secure independence, as that desire was tumultuously expressed in the presence of General Dickinson at Zamboanga, was merely a crafty rejoinder to the petition of the Christian Filipinos."

Such a view of the Moro country, as that section of the Philippines is called, and of the Moros, is fully borne out by every history in existence; and yet, to one who has seen a native Moro village within the district of Zamboanga, with every *nipa* hut flying an American flag above its thatched roof, the news that these Moros have asked for annexation to the United States will not come wholly as a surprise. It is not that the flying of the American flag betokens a deep patriotism, or even understanding of its meaning, for its symbolism to these savages was originally far different from that which was intended, and the incident of the introduction of these flags is in itself illuminative of the methods that have been used and the difficulties that have been met in reaching the minds and sympathies of these people.

When General Leonard Wood took command of the Moro province of the Philippines, it was with a firm determination that the people should be won, if possible, by kindliness, sympathy, and the creation of mutual understanding rather than by force of arms. One of the first steps taken in assuming control of their towns was to distribute American flags among the people, as a visual evidence of the Government that meant to protect and guide as well as rule them. The expressions of joy and delight with which these gifts of red, white, and blue bunting were received convinced the Americans that a great stroke of diplomacy had been made. A few days later black looks had taken the place of smiling faces; murmurings were heard; discontent and almost open revolution were in evidence, all traceable to the distribution of flags. Through interpreters it was presently learned that a terrible blunder had been committed. Each native receiving a flag had gone away happy and had eagerly and proudly displayed it, but then it was discovered that the flags varied in size and that in this distribution the size of the flag and the relative importance of the recipient in the community had not been considered, hence the discontent because of the violation of traditions running back to time immemorial. The knot of this difficulty was happily cut by many pairs of shears, which were employed to trim all the flags down to the same size, thus giving the savage Moros the first practical lesson in the theory that all men are created free and equal.

Another instance of the character of these people and the tactful and resourceful methods of reaching their understanding came about through an effort to gather many of their head men, or dattos, into one council for consideration of methods for the improvement of their condition. After the exercise of much patience and diplomacy, a considerable number were brought together, only to find that the object of the meeting was apparently nullified by the fact that between many of the dattos a coolness existed that, to put it mildly, prevented any intercourse, and that but for the presence of the Americans would perhaps have led to bloodshed. Here, again, investigation revealed the cause. Many years ago this datto's grandfather had raided, with an armed force, that datto's grandfather's land and helped himself to three carabao, as the draft cattle of the islands are called. In turn, this datto's father had raided the father of another datto, and so on around the circle. One of the district governors —according to General Wood, it was Governor Bolton, of Davao—hit upon the expedient of creating a clearing-house for the settling of ancient grudges and feudal claims. These were all assembled and reduced to terms of carabao, whatever was the offense, and when they were all adjusted it was found that one carabao was sufficient to clear all of the indebtedness.

I instance these two cases to illustrate something of the salient character of the people, in opposition to the more generally noted characteristic of savagery. The latter instance, however, leads directly to the initial impulse of the work of Major John P. Finley, Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, District Governor of Zamboanga, in

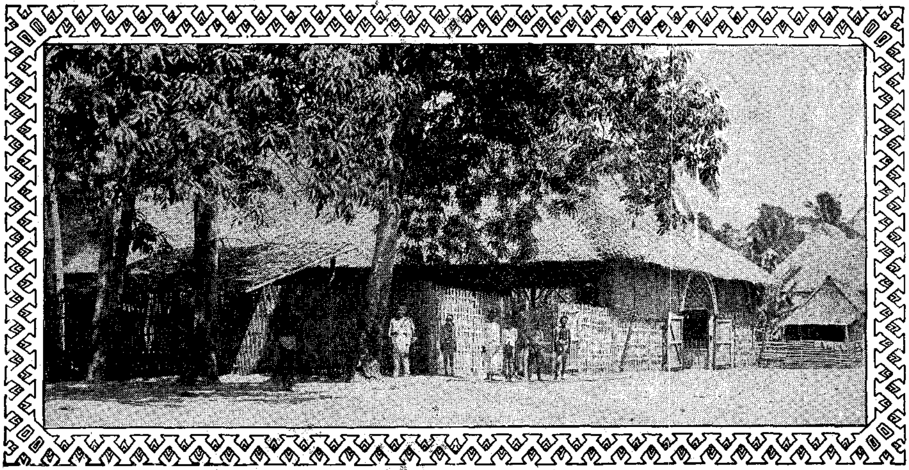
A MORO WARRIOR

elaborating the impromptu clearing-house idea into the permanent establishment among the savages of an institution based upon the idea of the New York Produce Exchange, as a method of educating these people and of leading them from their ways of savagery into the walks of peace—possibly the most unique of all experiments in the history of the civilization of native tribes. If the sight of the American flag flying from every native hut in Zamboanga tends to create a belief in the possibility of winning these savages, then to watch them buying and selling and conducting their affairs in the Moro Exchange, in the place of the custom of murder and pillage of a decade ago, confirms the belief that their request for annexation is something more than " a crafty rejoinder to the petition of the Christian Filipinos."

Five years ago in these columns I reviewed the first steps in this unique experiment of an army man to prove that, if swords can be beaten into plowshares, savage Mohammedans can be molded into peaceful citizens living amicably with their Christian brothers. Possibly Secretary Dickinson met with the first tangible evidence of the fruition of this experiment, and to understand its greatness and its import it is necessary to look for a moment at the conditions met by the American army officers when they undertook to carry our civilization into the southern Philippine Islands.

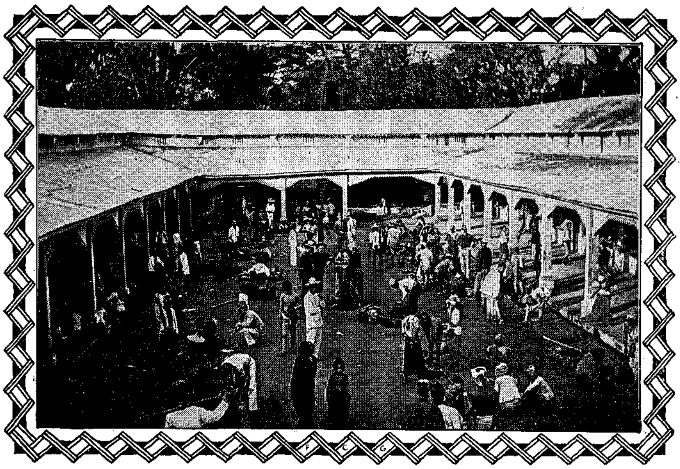
Draw a line across the map of the Philippine Islands from east to west, cutting off the upper portion of the island of Mindanao, and you will, roughly speaking, have divided the archipelago into two groups, the northern of which may be called the Christian islands, and the southern the non-Christian. It is with the latter that we have to deal, occupied by a people who are as different from those we call the Filipinos as the Filipino himself differs from the American.

Throughout the northern islands one has heard music in a minor strain, soft, plaintive, appealing, and pathetic. Cross this line, and at once the major note is struck in the native music, dominant and thrilling and characteristic of the people. The Filipino beats his pony, but cringes to his superiors. The Moro towers physically on a level with the American, meets him squarely in the eye, and gives a curious sense of brute force as his smile reveals teeth filed to sharp points, while from his lips runs the blood-red juice of the betel-nut, which he continually chews.


THE MORO EXCHANGE AT ZAMBOANGA

Three hundred or more years ago an Arab with his Koran reached these islands and preached his philosophy to the people. He found favor with them, and he established himself as a sultan, while from him have descended the many sultans who have ruled in various parts of the non-Christian archipelago. Mohammedanism became their religion, and, to a large extent, the customs of Mohammedan countries began to prevail. A feudal system was finally established, with a loose kind of federation and allegiance to the various sultans, but the tribes were each under a leader, or datto, comparable, in a way, to the feudal barons of old. Combined, they carried their warfare against Christians even to the gates of Manila. Between themselves they fought, murdered, and pillaged. Spain sent expedition after expedition to conquer them, but, save for a few isolated spots upon the shores, gained no foothold. And these islands were ceded to us under the treaty with Spain.

There was fighting in plenty in the first days of our occupation, but the keynote of the policy established by General Wood was that confidence must be established; sympathy, if possible, created. How well that has been done throughout the entire Moro province, regardless of the various fierce encounters at arms with the natives, the whole future history of the movement will tell; and in that history there will be—as was said on another occasion—glory enough for all. Standing out prominently then will be the work of the district governors—Major Scott at Jolo, Van Horne at Cotobato, and Bolton at Davao, the last of whom is considered as sharing with Governor Finley the credit for work of remarkable efficiency.


JOLO MARKET

Finley approached his work with all the intensity of two hundred and fifty pounds and six feet four of the best type of American soldier, big-hearted, sympathetic, earnest, and fearless. His bulk alone won the savage eye at first sight. His endurance upon the march compelled respect, and his physical strength made him something akin to a god. Against the advice of more experienced men, Finley placed his safety in the confidence of the people he knew he was to win—not to fight—and alone and unarmed visited their camps and mingled with them. On more than one occasion fanaticism would have made way with him, for the Mohammedan faith teaches that it is a virtue to kill a Christian.

Thus at first hand Finley studied his people, their needs, their habit of thought, their point of view, with the patience of a father humoring a child, in order to learn what policy should be followed in their regeneration. His intimate study of the people and their customs had impressed upon him the necessity of a basis, familiar to them, upon which a better plan than the old could be constructed. All wild peoples, he reasoned, had resorted to barter and exchange. These islanders had, by common consent, selected convenient places for conducting this exchange of raw and manufactured native products. Located near the mouth of some water stream, or under the wide-spreading branches of a banyan tree, or in some sheltered cove, the "hill people" and the "shore people" had met and traded. When no meeting took place, the man from the sea hung his fish upon a convenient limb and departed to catch more or attend to other business. Before long the man from the hills came by and exchanged his little bark bag of potatoes or betel-nut for the string of fish, and returned to his hut rejoicing. The man from the sea was also contented, for he had secured for his physical needs that which the sea did not produce for him.

THE MARKET OF CIVILIZATION

The sea pirates soon discovered these secluded trading-places, and lay in wait near by to rob and kill their timid and unsuspecting victims. Finally, some of the trading-places became the permanent haunts of ladrones, and the pirates settled down to a systematic robbing of the laboring people. The "hill people" sought the highest and most inaccessible places in the interior of the islands, and built their houses in trees or upon tall poles, to make good their escape from the coast pirates and their agents. These "hill people" became the native farmers of Mindanao, and also the slaves of the Joloanos, Samals, and Magindanaos, the "shore people." The latter became expert and daring sea rovers and pirates. They roamed the sea from the Malay Peninsula and Borneo to the northern shores of the Philippines. They established the vicious *pamuka* system of taxation, by which the "hill people" became the perpetual slave debtors of the "shore people." These debts descended from father to son, and they were virtually compounded each year.

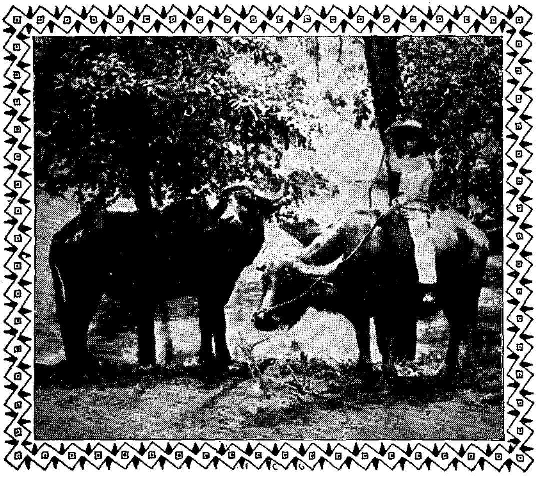
GOVERNOR FINLEY'S INTERPRETER AND THE NATIVES

Such a system of governing and the customary laws resulting therefrom stifled and destroyed all ambition and progress. Poverty, ignorance, slothfulness, disease, distress, and ladronism followed. The "hill people," goaded to desperation, in some instances retaliated, but in most cases accepted an inevitable fate and cultivated and labored only for the most pressing needs. The Spanish Government demanded a tribute from the hierarchy, and questioned not how it was "ground out" of the *taos* and *sacopes*.

Here was a general condition to be met. These people were skilled at handicraft. Their native talent was of a high order. Their skill at weaving and embroidering, at metal-beating in silver, gold, and brass, was remarkable. Their woodcarving on their war *vintas*, or boats, showed them to be capable of a high degree of development as artisans. The hills produced game, fruits, and vegetables. The waters were filled with fish. But among them there was no method of exchange except that of the stronger taking that of the weaker. Add to this that their slaves must be taken from them, and they must turn to honest work themselves; that their arms must be given up to remove from them the possibility of fighting and killing, and they must pay taxes to an alien government—they who had never before acknowledged any sovereignty—and the revolutionary and herculean nature of the task can be slightly appreciated. To-day, eight years from the beginning of this task, it may not be said that all the Moros are peaceable and voluntarily good citizens. At Jolo and on other islands there is an armed peace. In the fastnesses of the interior of Mindanao the natives perhaps do not know that an American exists, and at various points fanatical leaders are the cause of frequent disturbances; but so far as the influence of the Moro Exchange has been extended there has been nothing short of a revolution of savage customs and manners, modes of living and in dealing with each other and with the Government; and it was at the center of this influence—Zamboanga—that the petition for annexation was enthusiastically presented.

Governor Finley has recorded the laborious process of the initial steps in winning the confidence of these people in order that their most cherished institutions might be set aside to be replaced with something more in keeping with our ideas of civilized life, all of which was embodied in a new and elaborate code of laws under which a new system was to be established in place of the old. In that record he omits reference to his own apparently foolhardy comings and goings to and fro among the villages, seeking their leaders and winning their confidence. The laws prohibiting slavery must be enforced, the taxes levied must be collected, the indiscriminate taking of human life must cease and property rights be respected—no mean task in a land where a human life could be valued at six spittoons and where property rights had never existed. To accomplish this meant depriving the natives of their firearms, cherished perhaps even more than their slaves.

When the new laws were passed and shown to the people, they were startled and frightened, because they were revolutionary and not understood. How could they accept these new and peculiar doctrines of society, they asked, so far removed from their mode of life for centuries? "If you take away our slaves," said they, "how can we live? You do not understand the institution of slavery. If you destroy our customs, what can you give us in place of them? Your laws may be good, but our people are brought up differently."


THE CARABAO

Public meetings were called at Zamboanga and in other parts of the district. At first the people did not wish to come, fearing it might be a ruse on the part of the Americans to kill them. Never before had they been called together to discuss public questions in which all of the people participated. Timidly at first, but with gradual growth of confidence, they learned to come to the conferences, to speak, to ask questions, to explain their troubles, and ask for relief.

To their contention that the Americans did not understand the institution of slavery, the story of the Civil War was the answer. The story of that war, told simply by one whom they had come to respect as a soldier, harked back at once to the oral teachings among all savage people, the method of the narrator, and it had its effect. It was also explained to them that their rude system of government tolerated excesses which were destructive to the best interests of the people; that they had no control over epidemics which destroyed their people because of the want of cleanliness and of a knowledge of the proper mode of living. They were shown illustrations of the great and prosperous cities of the United States, the richly cultivated fields, the wonderful railways and their equipments, the huge steamships, the great factories, and the like.

Throughout these meetings and conferences there had been kept before the minds of the people the idea that their Governor, whom they had come to respect, then to love, had a plan in mind for the first step towards reaching similar conditions, namely, the erection of buildings where the people could meet and exchange, each with the other, that which was needed; where the shore tribes could get the product of the hill tribes without theft and the hill tribes could get their fish without fighting for it. The Government would assist in the erection of buildings, but the people themselves must lend a hand, since those things that cost some effort and sacrifice to acquire are most appreciated. It was explained that all contributions would be voluntary and not enforced; that all labor would receive its due reward; that all participants would be protected, by force if necessary, against hostile tribes. The call for funds—for subscriptions to stock in the most unique stock company ever formed—were so generous that it required weeks of time and labor to bring in the returns in the bulky currency of the country. Collections were made by natives assigned for the purpose and duly recorded; the necessary legislation was obtained, and the institution launched upon a career that has grown steadily from its inception.

As the work of construction proceeded the enthusiasm of the natives grew. Preconceived ideas of Moro unwillingness to labor were exploded. If Governor Finley, impatient at some delay, took up tools to hasten the work, they were taken from his hands, since the "big father" must not perform manual labor. That the opening day should not be postponed because of the incompleteness of the buildings, voluntary night labor went on, and on September 1, 1904, the exchange was opened, amid wild rejoicings and great festivities. The hill tribes flocked in to be met by the shore tribes. The military bands joined with the native orchestras to make the occasion a merry one, and that date may well be set as the beginning of the real upbuilding of the entire Moro province.

The original exchange buildings at Zamboanga consist of a main structure divided into ten equal compartments on either side of a fifteen-foot passage through the center. Outside of the main building are the fish stalls, cattle sheds, tool-house, wood and lumber yard, chicken pens, goat pens, latrines, dormitory, and water supply. The entire buildings and wood-yards are surrounded by a high bamboo fence, which is provided with gateways that can be locked for sure protection against possible hostile raids. The dormitory provides shelter and bamboo beds for about one hundred and thirty people, and thus affords a much-needed accommodation for out-of-town traders and farmers, some of whom come a distance of one hundred and fifty miles with their produce. This was a necessary adjunct to put it out of the power of the local traders, Chinese as well as native, to drive hard bargains with the hill people through their inability to remain several days in town.

The Mohammedans at first strenuously objected to doing business at the same place with Christians. These people are all of the same color and general appearance, and there exist no insuperable obstacles, as between whites and blacks, to social equality and harmonious commercial and political relations. This feeling of antipathy is being overcome by the influence of the exchange system, for in this business association the natives realize, as never before, their dependence upon one another, entirely aside and apart from their religious scruples. The possibilities of legitimate trade begin to appear, and the savage member of the Moro province finds that he has a place to occupy alongside of his Christian and pagan brothers, and that together they can work harmoniously and accomplish an immense amount of good for themselves and the communities in which they live.

The Moro exchange system has had to meet with many great obstacles. The people are only gradually being convinced that American rule will continue in the islands, and they have feared to espouse the new system lest, upon the withdrawal of the Americans, they should be left at the mercy of the Filipinos, who would not be permitted to govern them, and thus they might expect reprisals from the leaders of the old régime which is slowly giving way. This feeling may account for the petitition for annexation from those who have become satisfied that our way is the better and who desire to see it continued. This alone would spell success for the Moro exchange system, but that is also shown in its growth and in terms of dollars and cents.

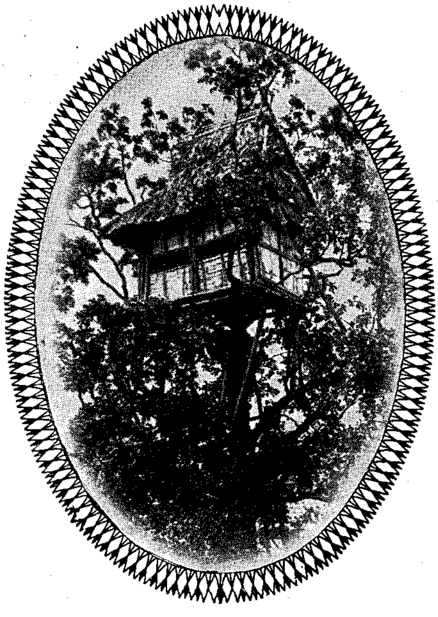
Starting with a single mart at Zamboanga, there are now thirty-two of these exchanges in western Mindanao, mostly in the district of Zamboanga and on the island of Basitan, each, with a single exception, under a native superintendent and managed by natives. During the first year the total volume of business amounted to nearly $120,000, doubling during the following year, and reaching high-water mark during the next year, when the total business amounted to nearly $400,000. During the last two years it has been about $250,000. This falling off was due entirely to local conditions of crops and general business, and is not to be

THE SULTAN'S HOME AT JOLO

taken as an evidence of any cessation of activity or interest.

At about this time a useful as well as profitable work was necessarily abandoned by reason of the Act of the Legislative Council. In 1906 this Council authorized a loan of 1,000 pesos to the district governor to enable him to purchase in connection with the exchange work non-perishable products, thereby enabling the native to sell his produce quickly at current market rates and return at once to his work, rather than to remain to haggle and bargain. A small boat with a Moro crew skirted the coast, reaching many Moros who could not visit the nearest exchange because of lack of transportation, and in this way the influence of the exchange was extended to the more remote districts, continuing the system of Moro education and making it easier and safer to earn an honest living than to resort to ladronism and piracy. In 1908 the Legislative Council discontinued this work and required the return of the loan of 1,000 pesos. Aside from the great value of this work in broadening the influence of the exchange system, the return of the loan brought with it a cash profit of 2,547.08 pesos, exclusive of other gains and assets.

The full influence of the Moro exchange system cannot, however, be estimated entirely in dollars and cents or in pesos and centavos. Its moral effect is the factor of greatest value, and this is shown in the strengthening of influence in the handling of the natives in other directions. Governor Finley himself considers the disarming of the people as the greatest factor for peace. This work began as early as 1903, when, at large public meetings held in Zamboanga in October and November, 1903, the Moro chiefs were informed that the district governor did not recognize the authority of themselves or their people to carry weapons. It was pointed out that the Government at great expense maintained an army, navy, scouts, constabulary, and police, armed under the



A MORO HOME IN A TREE

law, for the purpose of protecting the people from an invasion of their rights in life and property, and that there was no just occasion for the carrying of weapons by natives. The attitude of the Government was that those who carried weapons because of *custombre* were disinclined to work and make an honest living, and therefore, sooner or later, joined bands of ladrones and became outlaws, which the Government forces would be obliged to pursue and destroy. From October 23, 1903, to the present time Governor Finley has persistently and consistently confiscated and captured the weapons of Moros and pagans and of many Filipinos. Some have been taken in a peaceful way and others have been taken in bloodshed and death. The Moros and pagans gladly pay enormous prices for firearms and ammunition because of the inherited influence from the old warrior class or clan, which measured the qualifications for rank and leadership by the number of weapons possessed. In the early days a chief always displayed his weapons where every visitor could observe the size and strength of the arsenal and gauge his obeisance and submission accordingly. Under American rule the vigilance of the Government has been so great and persistent that the native no longer displays his weapons, but conceals them by every device within his power.

It has been necessary in some instances to use stern measures to enforce the peace work of the governors, in the breaking down of resistance based upon fanatical superstition and in the breaking up of raiding parties led by these irreconcilables or fanatics. In his campaign against the Joloano Moros in the island of Basilan Governor Finley led his troops more in protection of the peaceful natives than in a desire to punish and wipe out the fanatical leaders and their followers. Small raiding parties of Moros from Jolo made unexpected descents upon the peaceful Basilan Moro settlements, carrying off women and property, the continuance of the old customs which have been replaced in so many centers by the Moro exchange system. The success of such raids meant the supremacy of the old system over the new. These Moros, once their raids were made, usually took refuge in some of the numerous islands of the Sulu group, of which there are more than fifty. Governor Finley laid a number of traps for them, assisted by the army and the native Moro constabulary, and eventually wound them up.

Similarly, in the last months of 1909, and in January, 1910, it became necessary to send an armed force into the northern part of the district of Zamboanga, in the sub-district of Dapitan, to protect the peaceful Subanos against the machinations of certain Mohammedan pirate chiefs and pagan and Christian outcasts. They had planned to gather the hill people into the almost inaccessible portions of the country, and advantage was taken of the customary gathering for atonement and thanksgiving to drive these people by false prophecies, violence, and rapine into pens or camps where they could be more easily controlled. Trade became disorganized, and the support and faith of the peaceful people in the power and strength of our boasted supremacy was almost shattered. Their superstitious fears had been played upon to weaken their adherence to our rule, and the first effort of the constabulary and soldiers to dislodge them resulted in a disastrous defeat for our force, one of the Moro priests being heard to exclaim, as, armed with short hog-spears, they surrounded our men, "Now we will destroy our enemies and ascend to heaven."

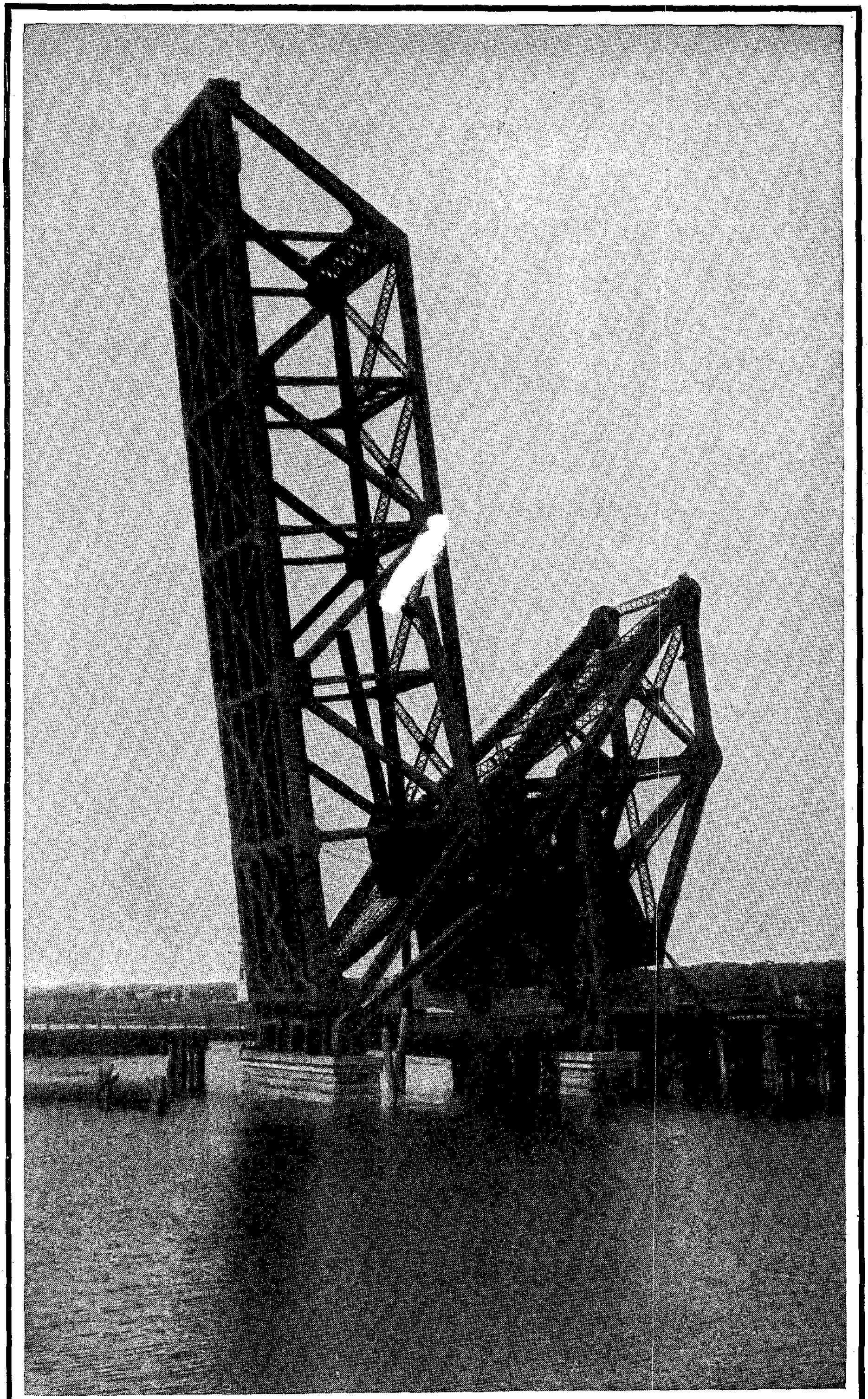
Governor Finley headed an expedition against these fanatics, and succeeded in capturing all of the leaders and scattering their force. The purpose of the expedition was not alone to break up the raiding force. Its main object was to rescue the Subanos and to restore their confidence. Terrorized as they were, filled with superstition and the preaching of their fanatical leaders, the presence of the troops only added to the terror and increased the demoralization. This unique campaign, therefore, introduced a new element, and caused it to become a part of the duty of the troops to make friends as they marched after their enemies. Written instructions were issued how to deal with the natives, long halts were made to give the people a chance to meet the troops and feel their friendliness, and, as they moved on, the Subanos in the rear came forth from their hiding-places and returned to their farms.

This disaffection spread over approximately six hundred square miles of inaccessible territory, and the fanatical camps affected twenty thousand natives. Of these, at least fifteen thousand attended the camps during the period of the disturbance. The situation contained possibilities that might easily have grown into an insurrection such as that which was created by the followers of the Mahdi prior to the tragedy at Khartum. Out of the first expedition of eighteen men sent against the fanatical leaders ten were killed and two wounded. Thereafter, under command of Major Finley, fourteen expeditions, consisting in all of two hundred and seventy-three men, scouts, and constabulary, met with no loss. With a minimum of bloodshed—thirty-five natives out of twenty thousand—the fanatical camps were destroyed, their leaders captured, and the fifteen thousand disaffected returned to their farms and their homes.

No better estimate of Governor Finley, aside from his accomplished work, could be obtained than from this extract from his report covering his work to the close of the year 1908; for, though he does not speak of himself, it discloses his mind and his purpose, and it seems to be the enunciation of a principle wrought out of great earnestness from a long and sympathetic experience.

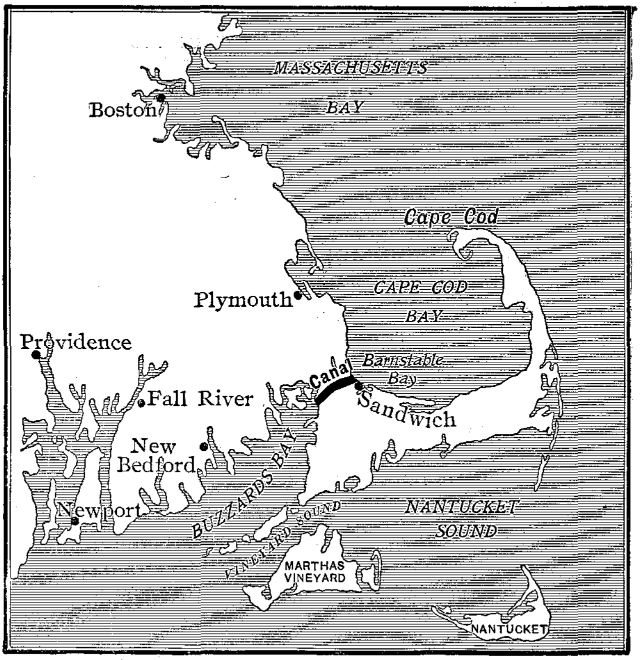
"It seems proper to say," he writes, "that if we would succeed in our control of the non-Christian we must appreciate his ignorance, superstitions, limited opportunities, and barbaric simplicity as measured by modern standards. We must adapt ourselves as closely and wisely as possible to these foreign conditions, not in accordance with a purely theoretical scheme of distress and of difficulties, no matter how simple and ludicrous they may appear, according to our standard of thought and action. To them they are vital, and, if we are to be their leaders and heroes in behalf of a better life, a greater degree of prosperity, and a more effective co-operation in the development of the country, we must seek to know the real soul of the people and treat them in accordance with that knowledge."

THE HILL TRIBES COMING INTO ZAMBOANGA



BUZZARDS BAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE CANAL

Lifted with little exertion by a weight of 1,200 tons of cement suspended at the other end



Cutting Cape Cod

By Sylvester Baxter

UNTOLD ages have passed since cosmic forces amputated the "Right Arm of Massachusetts." To-day the hand of man repeats that colossal operation in geologic surgery. The slow attritions of wind and weather and the wear of water took centuries to complete what now is wrought in a few swift years that are but as the flash of a scalpel in comparison. Creative man, served by elemental powers and making the historic Cape Cod peninsula once more an island, outdoes Dame Nature at her own handiwork.

The march of time restored to the continent its lost member, but the scars left behind taught man just where to proceed with his own island-making. So, curiously enough, the great power dredges and steam-shovels that represent the surgeon's knife in this task are now following precisely the lines taken by the rude instruments of nature when they severed the peninsula from the mainland.

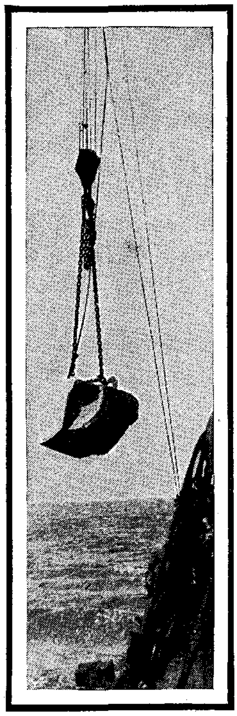
Cape Cod has mightily affected the course of history. At its tip end the Pilgrims of Plymouth first set foot upon the New World's ground. They had left good friends behind among the Dutch in Holland, and now they were bound to New Amsterdam to settle in the neighborhood of compatriots of these. But here at Cape Cod their course was diverted to bleaker shores. Otherwise New York and Boston might have been one. But since they were two there has grown up the greatest coastwise trade between two great cities anywhere in the world. Long Island Sound is the pathway for this trade. Added thereto is the enormous intercourse between the more southerly ports—Chesapeake Bay and beyond—and all along the New England coast north of Cape Cod. Coastwise commerce, as a rule, never makes short cuts across the sea out of sight of land. It hugs the shore for the sake of the facile guides to navigation that the landmarks and the lights afford. At present its northward course carries it through the narrow Vineyard Sound, across the shallow Nantucket Sound, with its shifting and tortuous channels, along the back of

Cape Cod, over the boisterous waters and the most dangerous lee shore on the coast, and thence into Massachusetts Bay.

The sheltered water-path of Long Island Sound prolongs itself in a general direction of about northeast-by-south through Block Island Sound and across the interval of open sea off Point Judith and Newport into Buzzards Bay, normally the easterly end of this great inclosed waterway. With Cape Cod again an island, a thronging commerce will course now lonesome waters, and Long Island Sound will practically be extended into the fairly sheltered expanse of Cape Cod Bay, the distance between Plymouth Harbor and Boston Light the only remaining stretch of open ocean.

To a commerce that now, in round numbers, amounts to twenty-five million tons a year this will save a distance of sixty-six miles, besides the still more valuable consideration of avoiding costly delays in waiting for favorable weather to round the Cape, and averting the dangers that, according to incomplete records for sixty years, have wrecked at least 2,131 vessels and caused the loss of something like seven hundred lives.

Since the days of the Pilgrims there have been numerous projects for a canal across Cape Cod. But on June 22, 1909, actual construction was begun by the Boston, Cape Cod, and New York Canal Company. On that day Mr. August Belmont, as president of the Company, turned the first shovelful of earth. It may be noted that, in addition to the financial attractiveness of the project, there was for Mr. Belmont a sentimental motive. On the maternal side, that of the Perrys (being a grandson of Commodore M. C. Perry, who opened up Japan to the modern world), Mr. Belmont is a lineal descendant of the pioneer settler of Cape Cod, Edward Freeman, Governor of Sandwich. And the spot where Mr. Belmont started the work with a silver shovel, near the Bournedale railway station, had been a portion of the extensive domain of his ancestor.

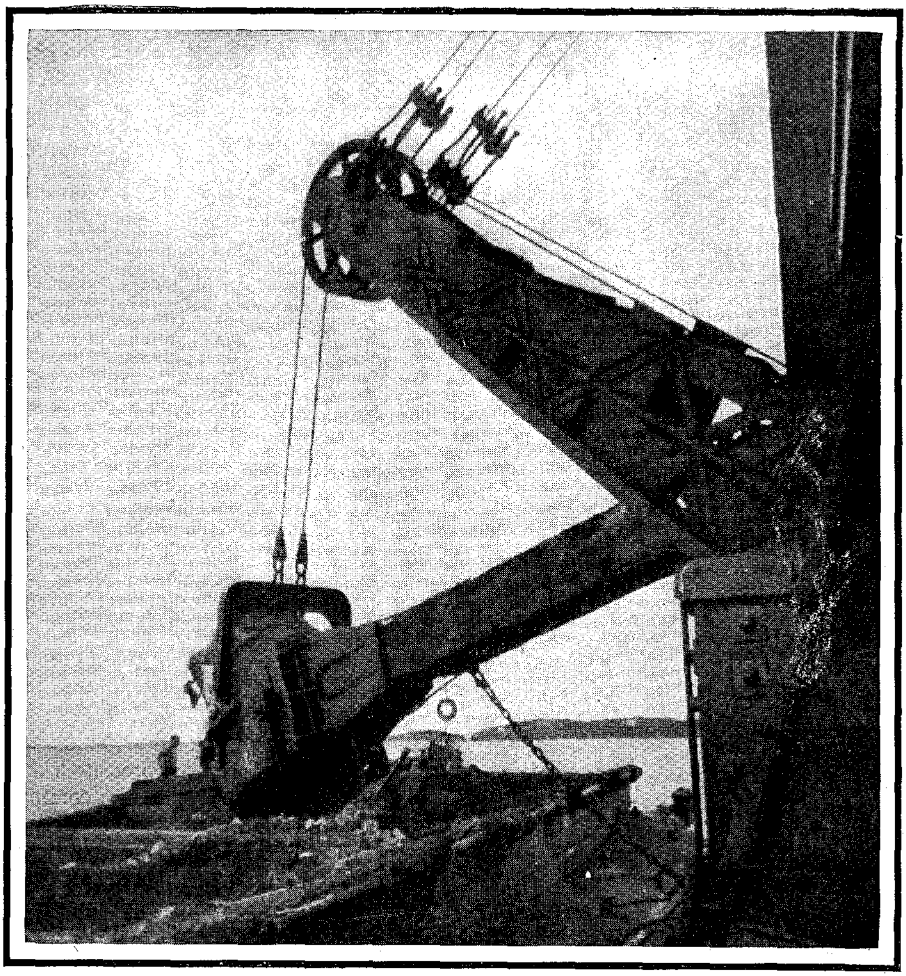


PLACING THE FIRST STONE ON SANDWICH BREAKWATER

Commercial conditions now encourage, and even demand, the construction of the canal where formerly they might have made it of doubtful value. Engineering progress now makes the project financially feasible, although the mechanical resources of the eighties and early nineties might have made it a doubtful proposition.

The chief engineer selected for the work was Mr. William Barclay Parsons, who built the New York Subway. There is a difference in height of the tides to the north and south of Cape Cod; the tidal rise on the north side is from nine to twelve feet and more; on the south it is only four or five feet. With all that difference in water-levels, would there not be such a violent flow through the canal as to make navigation very largely impracticable? But there are three hours between the periods of slack water on the two sides of the Cape. Flood tide on the north, for instance, comes three hours later than on the south; when it is high water in Buzzards Bay it is mean tide in Cape Cod Bay. Under these conditions a canal of the length and cross-section planned for will have for the mean tide a current of about two and one-half knots, or marine miles, an hour, flowing now northward, now southward, according to the stages of tide at the two ends. This will be the maximum current at or near the points of high and low water, running at that rate for a very short time, and then decreasing to slack water. Thereupon the flow will gradually increase in rate, turning to the opposite direction. The longer period of flow will be in the southerly direction, in consequence of the higher stages of tide on the north side. Such a current will not at all interfere with navigation. Indeed, vessels going against it will have a better steerageway.

Will it pay? A prompt subscription of $12,000,000 seems a sufficient answer. Were it a



THE DREDGE ONONDAGA EMPTYING ITS NINE-YARD BUCKET

Government undertaking this aspect might seem of minor account.

Quite remarkably, the Cape Cod Canal is the only great waterway enterprise in recent years undertaken by private capital. All the great canals of the world, with two exceptions, are either government affairs or have been taken over by governments. The Suez and the Manchester Canals are the exceptions. Both were built by private corporations, but the majority of the stock in the Suez Canal is now owned by the British Government, and that in the Manchester Canal by the city of Manchester. The Suez Canal proved from the start a highly profitable enterprise, and the indirect profits from the Manchester Canal justify it as a municipal investment. But the disastrous French investments at Panama gave waterway undertakings a bad repute with capital. The great ship canals of the United States and Canadian Governments at the "Soo," with a traffic enormously in excess of that of Suez, would have been remunerative as private enterprises.

The situation at Cape Cod is analogous to Suez conditions; a great existing traffic awaits its realization, with prospective new traffic encouraged by the facilities offered. Careful figuring as to assured uses made a gratifying exhibit for the Cape Cod enterprise.

Ten or fifteen years ago, when so great a proportion of the coastwise commerce was conducted in sailing craft, the financial outlook might have seemed dubious. Now even sailing vessels, under the inducements of low towage charges and a saving in time, would very largely use the canal. But sailing craft are to-day giving place to steam more rapidly than ever. The company that owns the largest fleet of sailing colliers on the coast—huge schooners with five or six masts—lately built two great steam colliers and announced that it had built its last sailing vessels. Regularity and frequency in trips have turned the balance for economy and profitable returns in favor of steam. Ten years ago 5,259 coastwise cargo-carriers arrived at Boston. The proportion of sailing vessels was 26 per cent. Last year the arrivals were 5,187, and only 14 per cent carried sails. The proportion is now only 12 per cent. With a slight decrease in the number of arrivals the commerce actually increased enormously in the ten years, the gross tonnage being nearly eighty per cent greater.

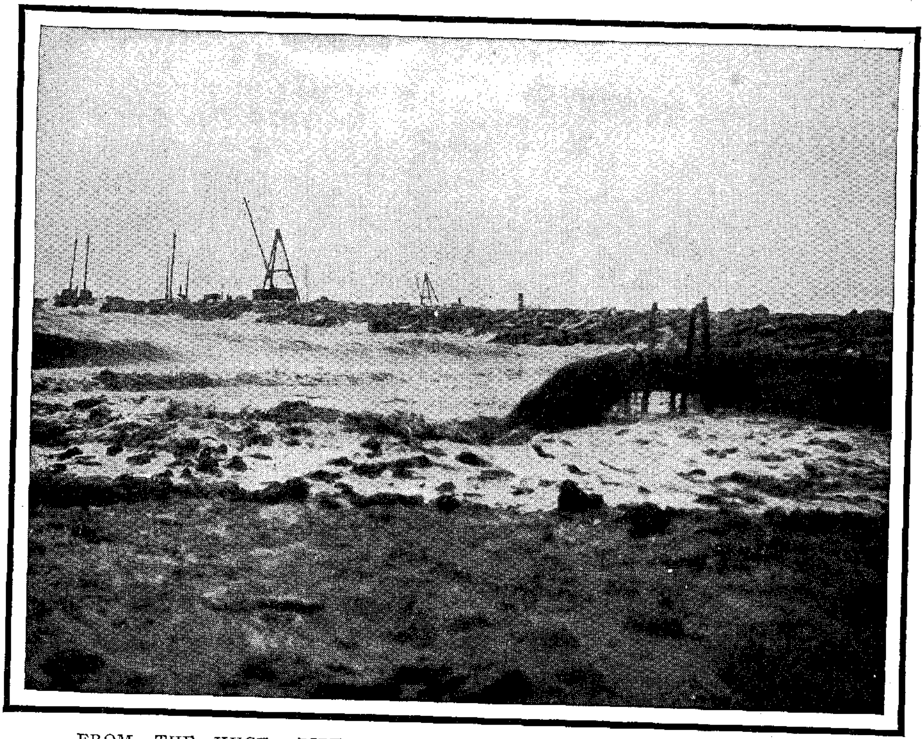
Besides its service to commercial shipping, an appreciable value of the canal is for the multitude of pleasure craft along the New England coast through the summer. The tendency towards motor vessels in yachting is as great as that in commercial navigation from sails to steam. The canal will make the pleasant sheltered waters south of Cape Cod safely available for the thousands of motor craft around Boston, while New York yachtsmen will gain easier access to the picturesque shores of northern New England.

Coal to the amount of 9,000,000 tons is now carried around the Cape every year. The greater part of this trade goes either in steam colliers or in large barges towed by powerful ocean-going tugs. The newer barges are specially built for the trade, and have enormous carrying capacity. The trade is conducted either by large transportation companies or by the great coal-carrying railways. The latter own big fleets of barges and towboats, and endeavor to make their trips on schedules as regular as possible. This policy is sadly deranged by the necessity that keeps tows lying storm-bound or fog-bound at Vineyard Haven or at Provincetown. Several days often pass in waiting for a good chance to round the Cape. The danger is great; insurance rates are correspondingly high. It makes a great difference in profits whether a fleet can make two or three round trips a month. Much new traffic should be created because of the canal; it will encourage towing by extending the stretch of sheltered waters along the coast. The canal projectors conferred at the start with all the great coal-carrying interests and were assured that they would certainly use the canal.

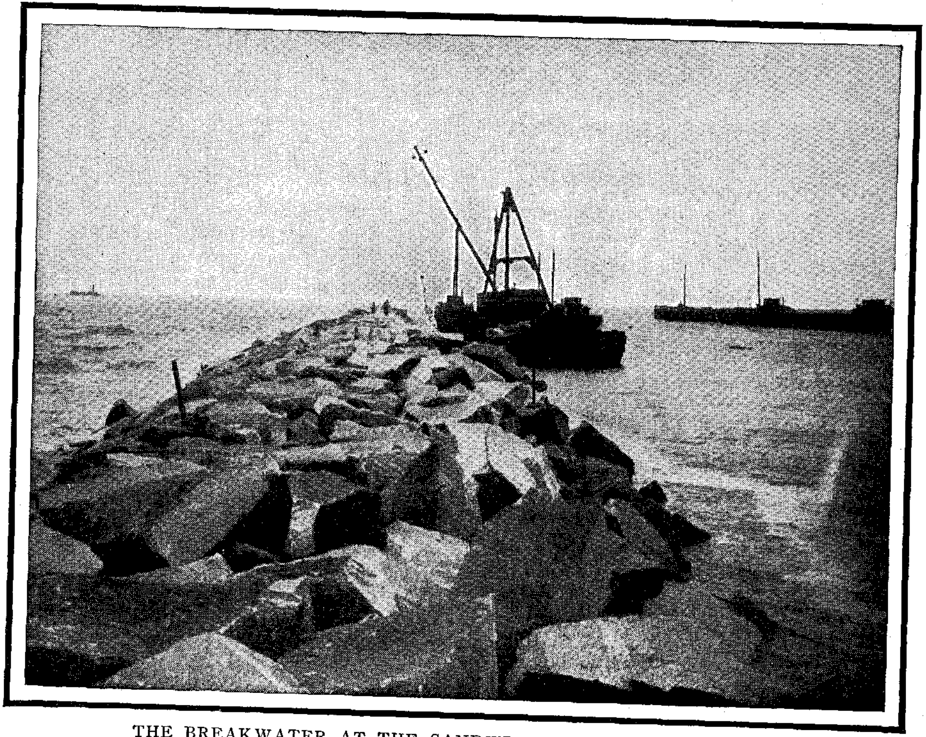
Another main source of revenue is the passenger traffic. Nearly five hundred thousand people annually now journey by water between New York and Boston, or points beyond the latter city, and between Boston and southern ports. All this traffic will go by canal, and travel by water should greatly increase with the enhanced comfort and convenience. The great boats of the Fall River line will run through to Boston. This change should promote new pleasure travel between both New York and Boston and Cape Cod. A highly disagreeable feature of the eastbound steamboat travel from New York is the necessity for changing to the trains at Fall River or Providence extremely early in the morning—much of the year before daylight. To arrive in Boston, as well as in New York, directly by boat, and without the affliction of dust, smoke, and cinders, will be greatly appreciated.

The stranger who holds the commonly accepted idea of Cape Cod scenery will find the landscape along the route of the canal in striking contrast to the waste of sands and barren, wind-swept moors that he looked for. The valley cut by the prehistoric channel runs narrowly for several miles between steep wooded hills on either side—hills that would look fairly high anywhere inland in southern New England. At places there is barely more than room for the highway and the railway track beside the pleasant stream—the gentle Chagres of our little Panama—that flows its rapid way towards Buzzards Bay, its limpid flood kept surprisingly full even through a midsummer drought from the leeching of the waters from nature's sandy reservoirs back in the hills. This is the Manomet River—miscalled the "Monument" through the false hearing that has perverted a historic Indian name.

It seems a pity to destroy such a charming valley. Looking at the pretty stream, it is pathetic to think how it now matters little that its admirable name has been distorted, since in a few months more the Manomet will have vanished for good and



FROM THE HUGE PIPE POURS A *FLOOD* OF SAND AND WATER PUMPED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL BY THE SUCTION DREDGE



THE BREAKWATER AT THE SANDWICH ENTRANCE, BUILT OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF GRANITE BROUGHT FROM MAINE all throughout its entire course, swallowed up by the wide canal whose salt current will take over unnoted the sweet waters that percolate from the bordering hills. Only the estuary, hitherto always navigable in a small way, will remain, though transformed to a canal section by deepening and straightening. One fancies how the big craft will soon be passing through this idyllic Old Colony valley that now betrays as in a faint aroma the history that saturates it; the stately Sound steamers with their snowy sides and towering superstructures, the big steamships, the trains of tugs and barges, the warships, and the countless little craft—all running where fields and woods and roadside old Colonial homesteads now lie. And one thinks how picturesquely interesting these hills will look to the passengers—yet how changed from now!

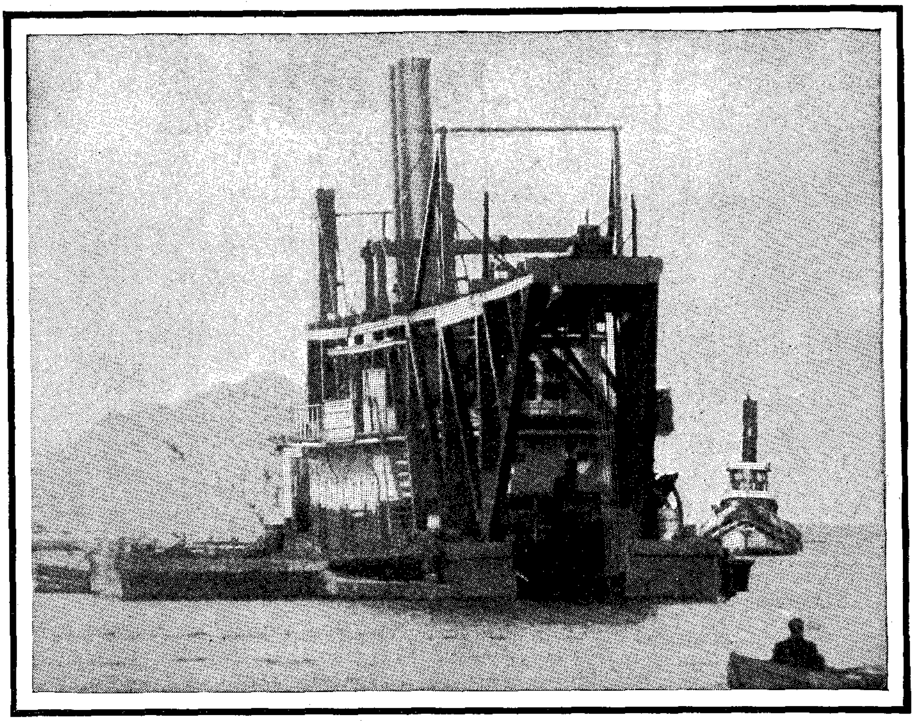
Through this valley, and across the wide levels near the shores, the line of the canal makes the figure of a Cupid's bow upon the map. A straight course would take the canal through the hills, where the problem of a Cape Cod Culebra would make the cost prohibitory. The mile or more added to the length of the canal is immaterial; the line curves gently all the way, with no abrupt bends. There is always a clear view ahead for vessels.

Construction is proceeding actively at both ends. Upon the spectator the visible progress most impresses itself at the north end. On the south the dredges are chiefly at work upon the long approach channel through the shallow waters at the head of Buzzards Bay—practically an underwater prolongation of the canal about four and one-half miles long, such as in Panama Bay on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. On the north the submerged section of the canal runs out from the shore to the same thirty-feet depth only a little more than half a mile. Here a breakwater three thousand feet long is under construction. This will guard the approach from the washing of sand that scours down with the current along the mainland coast. Otherwise a strong northeaster might completely obliterate the channel in a few hours. Already the line of the breakwater runs far out into the sea, making a safe roadstead for the fleet of stone-laden craft here congregated.

Never before has such animation been seen in these hitherto lonesome waters. Heretofore commerce has always given this part of the coast a wide berth. The present spectacle slightly forecasts the aspect when here will run a main track of it. Barges and tugs are always coming and going, laden with rocks from the coast of Maine, where stone superabounds. Every week, for more than a year, thousands upon thousands of tons have been dumped to form this breakwater, whose jagged summit bites the waves like a long row of gigantic black teeth. Floating derricks are at work upon a good job of stone dentistry, plugging the crevices in the artificial reef with chunks of granite to make it wave-proof, and then laying a level course of capstones to give the whole structure a presentable engineering shape. Inland the line of the canal runs through the wide marshes, already completed past Sandwich village and rapidly approaching its entrance upon the hill section of its course at Sagamore, in the township of Bourne. For a mile at the northward end the canal has a bottom width of three hundred feet, the extra hundred feet added to give north-bound barges mooring room along the bank for making up the tows out into the bay.

History is repeating itself along here. Cape Cod, long addicted to cranberry culture, and now one of the great summer pleasure-grounds of America, is seldom thought of in connection with manufacturing. Yet two generations ago the now vanished salt-works of the Cape represented an investment of $2,000,000. And well past the Civil War there flourished at Sandwich one of the oldest glass-works in the country. The now tranquil village, its beautiful streets shaded with tall elms, was then the busiest and the roughest place on the Cape, its tough young foreigners the terror of peaceable Yankee boys in other villages subject to their occasional raids.

Industry is now booked to return to this section upon a vast scale. Already the modest car-works established a half-century ago at West Sandwich, now Sagamore, have lately expanded into one of the largest concerns of the sort in the country, making Sagamore a busy little incipient city. These works border the railway track on one side and the line of



THE BIG SUCTION DREDGE GENERAL MACKENZIE, WHICH EXCAVATES BY PUMPING SAND AND WATER FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL, SENDING IT IN HUGE PIPES TO THE MARSHES, WHERE IT FORMS LEVEL GROUND FOR INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

the canal on the other for a length of about a mile, and a branching out into other important lines of manufacturing is planned for. Already the first commercial utilization of the canal is at hand. Sagamore is booked to become an active seaport within a few months, opening up with a considerable commerce at the very outset.

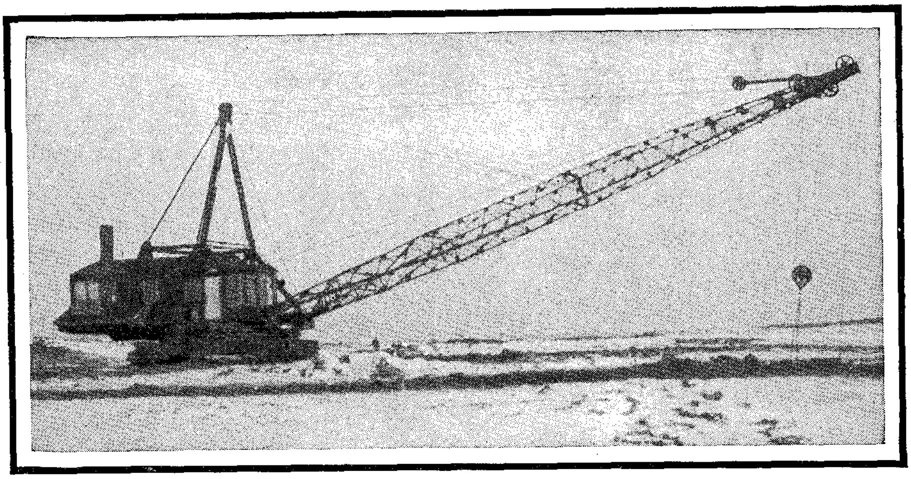
Out in the completed section of the canal the big dredges are steadily, and with remarkable celerity, gnawing their way inland through the soft, sandy ground that underlies the marshes and the meadows. Occasional boulders dropped by the glaciers and distributed through the sand like plums in a pudding are the only obstacles to smooth progress. Not a few of these boulders weigh many tons, and they have to be dynamited out of the way.

With their galleried superstructures and their twin smoke-stacks at the bow, these dredges look like Mississippi River steamboats. A casual beholder passing in the train may fancy these dredges lying idle, for there is no movement of great scoops in connection with the massive framework at their bows. But the dredges are of the suction type. All the time they are drawing up the water and sand and discharging the resultant thick liquid mixture through large conduits laid to the bank. There it flows over the ground in shallow lagoons, steadily and uniformly raising the level in a uniform mass of firmly settled sand. A good distance ahead steam-shovels form an advance guard along the line of the canal, breaking out the way for the work of the floating dredges, stripping the surface layer, and piling up the material in banks that securely retain the sand pumped in behind them. The canal as it grows thus belts itself with wide margins of level ground well suited for whatever occupancy may be called for. The marshes at either end are thereby lifted well above the tidal level and converted into valuable terra firma. Here high dikes are constructed out of the tough sods from the surface along the canal front. The steep-faced wall thus built along both banks makes a substantial fabric that effectively retains the pumped-in sand and keeps it from washing back into the canal. These dikes are built far enough back to allow the deepening and corresponding widening of the canal when required.

As they advance, the powerful suction-dredges leave the canal finished behind them to its full depth of twenty-five feet at low water, and its corresponding completed bottom width of two hundred and fifty feet, as planned. At the car-works in Sagamore the canal expands into a capacious dock where the largest vessels can lie at the quay to discharge and load, and wide enough to provide a turning-basin where they can be warped around. The work progresses so rapidly under conditions so favorable for excavation that by the spring of 1911 the great car-works will be getting all their coal, lumber, and other heavy material directly by water, the most of it coming from the southward, and therefore brought around the Cape until the two ends of the canal meet.

Incidental to the canal, but in importance and possible magnitude second only to that enterprise, is the opportunity in city development presented along its borders. The indications are that here will grow up a great industrial center, probably the most notable example east of the Alleghanies of the deliberate creation of an extensive manufacturing city almost *de novo*, from the ground up. In its possibilities the task seems comparable with the building of the new city of Gary on the Indiana lake shore by the United States Steel Company. It is doubtful if anywhere else on the Atlantic seaboard can conditions so uncommonly favorable to that end be found. The site is directly in the track of a vast commerce. It is the point where that commerce converges in its passage between the two greatest ports of the coast, and almost at the threshold of the second of them. There is transportation both by rail and deep water. Along the double water-front of sixteen miles manufacturing plants may be so located that both water-borne and rail-borne freight can be handled to and from ships, and on the other to and from cars, in the most economical way, saving all costs in rehandling. Raw material, including ores if desired, can thus be brought in large cargoes from all domestic and foreign ports; manufactured products can be shipped by rail or water to all parts of the country. Among the hills that border the canal on either side are extensive sources for water supply.

From early days southeastern New England has been an important industrial region. It was the seat of the first extensive iron-works in the United States. To-day it is one of the most rapidly growing manufacturing sections of the country. Almost at the southern entrance of the canal, on the mainland side of Buzzards Bay, lies the great textile center of New Bedford. So, with the uncommon advantages of this location, the competent city planner should find a rare opportunity for the practice of his art. The problem should be attacked comprehensively, and with due regard to the several factors in the problem—commercial, industrial, residential. Thorough planning, with a far-sighted view to convenient and economical development, would in itself go far to assure the building up of a large city here. Around the southerly end of the canal the shores of Buzzards Bay have been developed for the highest class occupancy by summer homes. Historic Gray Gables, long President Cleveland's summer home, lies just south of the canal entrance. The immediate neighborhood of the canal will not be likely to be attractive for the best residential purposes. While the incessant movement of commerce will have a fascinating interest as a spectacle, there will naturally be much smoke and a great noise of steam whistling. But among the wooded hills bordering the canal there are fine opportunities for first-class residential uses, enhanced by the convenience of access provided by both water and rail transportation facilities. In the immediate neighborhood of the canal there should be good provision for a large industrial population. With due foresight, the surroundings can be given an attractiveness that will go far to assure health, contentment, prosperity, and a corresponding economic efficiency. The improvements already made at and around the railway station at Sagamore indicate admirable possibilities for continuing that sort of development on a generous scale. To this end there should be a cordial co-operation in planning for intelligent growth between the canal and railway



THE GIANT EXCAVATOR AT WORK

companies, private property-owners in general, and the local authorities.

The first developments for industrial uses in the "canal zone" will naturally be in the extensive level section between the existing nucleus at Sagamore and the northern entrance of the canal. This will tend to react upon Sandwich village close by, and revive in larger implications its old-time industrial character. Something like a square mile of salt marsh, owned by the canal company, has been filled in with over two million cubic yards of sand pumped out of the canal in the course of construction. It is proposed with the completion of the canal to set the big dredges at work upon cutting a series of transverse canals through this land, thus providing ideal sites for factories, water transportation, and railway facilities at their doors. This waterway and dock development will largely increase the commercial water-front offered by the main canal itself.

The canal work has caused the relocation of several miles of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company's track. Ordinarily such a proposition, together with a prospective loss of traffic diverted to the water route, would have aroused intense antagonism to the project on the part of the railway. Indeed, this was looked for by the canal people. So they were not a little startled when Mr. Parsons reported upon his interview with President Mellen of the New Haven. The comments of the latter may be taken as typical of the modern enlightened railway attitude towards water transportation, as voiced, for instance, by James J. Hill in recent utterances. President Mellen said in substance that his railway's prosperity depended upon that of New England; New England's prosperity depended largely upon that of its mills; these had to look to other parts of the United States for their raw materials, such as coal and cotton, while mills in other sections had both great staples almost at their doors. The railway could not profitably carry such low-grade freights at sufficiently cheap rates. Hence they must go by water. Whatever cheapens water communication benefits the New England mills, and correspondingly the railway. For that reason he favored building the canal.

The relation of the Federal Government to the undertaking has some notable aspects. Canal construction is legitimately a government function. But since the Government has signified no disposition to enter upon this project, its remunerative possibilities make it a proper subject for private enterprise. The low-water depth of twenty-five feet is sufficient to meet all the normal demands of commerce. The largest of ocean liners would have no occasion to use the canal. The depth is also sufficient for all war-ships except those of the largest size, the battle-ship class. It would, however, be of the greatest strategic value to have the canal available for battle-ships. With the

North Atlantic coast threatened at any point by a hostile fleet it might make all the difference between victory and defeat were a short cut through the canal possible for our own battle-ships. The cost of one battle-ship would probably be sufficient for deepening the canal to the extent necessary. Another consideration lies in the circumstance that the Federal Government is about to undertake extensive operations to improve the Pollock Rip channel in Nantucket Sound, now tortuous, shifting, threatened with obliteration, and a most dangerous menace to navigation. But since the improvement and maintenance of this channel involve a cost of some millions, and since with the completion of the canal there will be little use for it, it may be questioned if the money might not be expended with greater profit upon assuring a battle-ship depth for the canal. Being a private and purely commercial undertaking, the canal company has no call to provide a depth greater than is warranted by the demands of commerce. Nevertheless, to guard against excessive cost and the engineering difficulties involved in reconstruction work of such character, all the bridge foundations, piers, etc., have been designed with reference to an ultimate low-water depth of thirty-four feet, and all the canal work has been planned so as to allow an easy widening to the three hundred feet that such a depth would call for.

The equipment of the canal for safe and convenient use involves some interesting questions. As a great commercial highway its unimpeded navigation at night as well as by day will be required. It is a water street, and will be brilliantly lighted. Gas buoys at frequent intervals will mark a safe passage for vessels in the approach channels. Throughout the eight miles of the canal itself the way will be made clear by a succession of high-power electric lights, perhaps of the searchlight type, thus producing a succession of brilliant spots of light on the water surface. To this end a considerable power-plant will be called for. The electricity thus generated will operate the drawbridges, and may be available for other purposes—perhaps furnishing power for factories throughout the canal region.

According to present calculations, the canal will be finished in the fall of 1912. Momentous changes in the paths of coastwise commerce will then occur. Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, now thronged with shipping, will revert to practically deserted waters. The now lonesome expanse of Buzzards Bay will undergo a change as marked as that witnessed upon the Red Sea with the opening of the Suez Canal. Historic Plymouth, always an out-of-the-way port, will lie upon the track of coastwise trade, and will be correspondingly accessible—to its great possible advantage as an industrial community.

Mr. Parsons, the builder of the canal, in his capacity as a member of the Advisory Board for Panama, favored a sea-level project. Here he is realizing a sea-level waterway of his own. And, coming about three years ahead of the completion of the great work at the continental Isthmus, the exercises at the opening of the canal at Cape Cod may properly be treated as a sort of dress rehearsal for Panama.

THE HERDER'S BEST FRIEND

The Sheep-Herder

By Randall R. Howard

THE sheep-herder, in his strange, lonely life on the range, almost wholly beyond the reach of civilizing influences, is not thought of as a wealth-protector or a wealth-producer. Yet this little-known, less understood sheep-herder of the interior is a vital link in a great Western industry. He is the sole protector, during the greater part of the year, of an estimated 31,000,000 sheep, valued at $108,500,000. It is doubtful if any group of workers in the West have such a large amount of wealth so exclusively under their control for such long periods of time as do sheep-herders.

The sheep-herder applies to the Western sheep baron for a job. He may be tried out for a few days, and then he is given charge of a band of probably 1,500 or 2,000 sheep, valued at from $6,000 to $10,000. He may be assisted for a short time, until the sheep reach a good grazing section, and then the camp-tender leaves a supply of "grub," bedding, and a camp outfit, and the herder is alone with a bleating, surging mass of wealth. And it will be at least a week, maybe two weeks, and possibly a month or more, before the sheep-herder sees another human being.

What might happen if the herder decided to take a day off, or if he should get sulky and stay in camp, or if he suddenly quit the job?

His sheep would scatter; coyotes and cougars would kill hundreds, other hundreds would never be found; and probably the band would wander on to poor range, and the tallow profits of the summer be lost.

However, the sheep-herder is usually an extremely faithful man. He is out of his blankets at daybreak to point the sheep toward the chosen range of the day. The sheep are hungry after eight or ten hours in the corral or on the bedding-ground, and they will feed for two or three hours without needing any care. The herder then returns to camp for breakfast. He has walked miles through the loose sands of the semi-arid region, or scrambled over the logs and waded through the dew-covered vegetation of the mountain range. Hence he has an appetite. It won't be any trouble to build a fire, for red coals can nearly always be found in the hole that has been scooped out to answer as a stove.

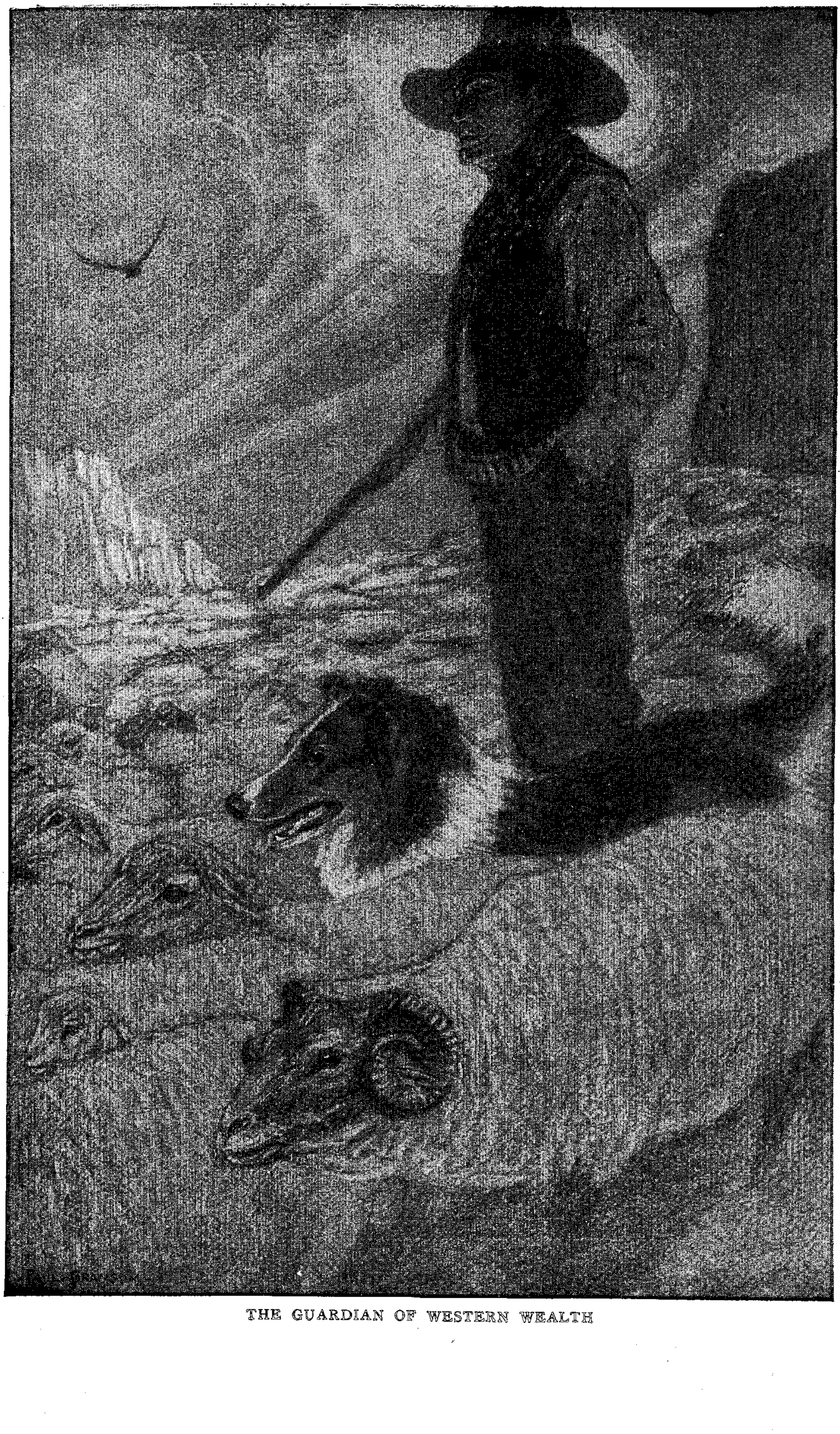
The coffee-pot is soon boiling, the beans are warmed up, bread made, and meat cooked. And all sorts of canned luxuries are at hand, for the owner of the sheep has learned that one of the cheapest ways to keep the herder satisfied with his work is to supply his every whim as to food. Indeed, the sheep-herder often enjoys many table luxuries that the owner would feel too poor to use. So if the herder, far out on the desert range, or up in the mountains sixty miles from the railway, wants honey, canned pineapple, or chocolate for his breakfast, he will probably have it. And if such supplies are not to be found among the canned goods in the corner of the tent, they will be there as soon as the camp-tender can get them. Happy is it, however, for the sheep-owner that the sheep-herder's stomach usually craves little but such substantials as meat, bread, coffee, beans, syrup, and dried fruits.

Having finished breakfast—not forgetting the dogs—and having put the various pots to boiling over the fire, the herder goes back to his sheep. He will very likely find them a little scattered, or maybe turned away from the range of the day. Then it is that the skill and the willingness of the dogs are used. The one marvel of the work of the sheep-herder in handling a thousand or two thousand sheep is the almost human intelligence of his dogs. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to handle sheep without dogs. And if it were possible, three or four times the number of herders would be required, for a dog, under direction, is capable of doing fully as much as a man, and doing it much more easily and quickly.

The herder walks to a high point, and seemingly the dogs do the rest, for with a single motion one dog has gone one way and a second in an opposite direction, and the sheep are being turned or rounded up. The herder shouts his commands as far as his voice will carry—and this is much farther than a man would hear and understand. Then the voice is supplemented by motions. Beyond hearing and sight, the dog executes the last command as he understands it and returns. Thus it is that sheep scattered over a square mile may be rounded up almost sooner than a man could walk to the farthest point, the dogs racing around the lead sheep and barking and nipping at just the right time. And so it is that a herder driving sheep through a lane may station his dogs ahead at the cross-roads and prevent a great amount of racing and confusion.

The sheep feed until they are satisfied, or until the heat of the day, and then they want to lie down. This is the signal for the second break in the sheep-herder's day. He knows that the sheep will not stir for several hours, hence he is free for a time. This is the period for a couple of hours' nap, or reading, or the cooking of dinner—should the camp be not too far away. The sheep are again astir in the middle of the afternoon, cropping the grass with a quick side and upward motion of their heads, since nature has not supplied them with any upper front teeth. In feeding across the range they cut the grass remarkably close and clean, giving the surface almost a mowed-over appearance, and leaving the imprint of hundreds of sharp hoofs that have been crowded into a compact, gliding mass. Because of this compact grazing and short cropping, horses and cattle will not feed where sheep have grazed, hence the inevitable conflict between the sheepmen and the cattlemen when open range becomes scarce.

The herder plans to get his sheep to the night bedding-ground just before dark. And when they settle down into a white, cud-chewing mass, they are, normally, of no more care until the new day. It is often necessary, however, to bed the sheep out on the open, though a temporary corral is a good investment, affording a certain amount of protection from predatory animals and preventing the sheep from being stampeded and scattered by wild beasts. There are two chief dangers to a herd of sheep that the herder must guard against. First, there are certain poisonous weeds that at times cause great losses. The localities of these weeds soon become marked, and that portion of the range is avoided or an attempt made to kill the



THE GUARDIAN OF WESTERN WEALTH

weeds out. Some years these weeds, often bright-colored, seem especially enticing to the sheep, and hundreds of the flock will be lost.

The other chief danger to the herder is from wild animals. In fact, the protection of his herd from coyotes, cougars, and mountain lions is one of the chief duties of the herder, especially during the months when the sheep are being ranged in the mountains. With every precaution, this danger cannot be wholly eliminated, and it is counted as one of the fixed expenses of the business. From its earliest lamb days the sheep is in constant danger and in constant terror. When the spring lambing cannot be carried on behind coyote-proof fences, then the range is dotted with waving scarecrows, and each new-born lamb is flagged for the double purpose of protecting and locating. During the lambing season the herder usually has a helper, and the two divide time during the night to walk about the herd, shoot off guns, and keep up a string of bright fires.

Several hounds and bear-dogs are usually on hand to answer the barks of the hungry coyotes and to give chase to the more bold of the ravagers. The coyotes, if allowed, will pick off one lamb or sheep at a time, but the total will tally a big loss, due to the large number of the coyotes usually to be found on the sheep range. On the other hand, a vicious mountain lion will not stop with one sheep, but may kill a dozen in a single night. It is impossible, too, to fence against these animals. So, if the herder is awakened in the middle of the night by the growling of his dogs and the rushing and stampeding of his sheep, he takes it for granted that a battle is on with a mountain lion. He can't expect much help from the dogs, as a rule, since painful experience has taught them that they are no match for this king beast of the woods. The sheep-dogs and hounds know their places and keep still. The bear-dogs may sally out and show fight, but they are no match for the mountain lion in strength or swiftness. The hope of the herder is to get a chance shot at the beast or to encourage the dogs to run it up a tree. These mountain lions are vicious and a danger to human as well as animal life. They have been known to follow a band of sheep for days, to the constant terror of the herd, the dogs, and the herder.

Considerable pains are taken by the sheep-owner and the camp-tender to keep the herder satisfied with his life. It is one of the wonders of the man of civilization that the herder can endure his isolated life—that he can live alone for days and weeks without seeing any other form of animate life than his dogs, his sheep, and an occasional wild beast. It is doubtful if such a life would be tolerable if the herder were entirely alone, and if he were not constantly active, even though his duties are simple. His dogs become almost human in their companionship, the herder talking to them and sharing all of his simple comforts. If the herder is a bit of a philosopher in his crude, unlettered way, then it may be—as some one has said—"that a great man is never less alone than when he is alone."

The sheep-herder's life is certainly a capital one for the man who wants to get away from civilization and back to primal nature for a period. Likewise for the man who has a grouch at the world and wishes to see no more of it. If the brands were removed from the backs of the sheep, the man's rough clothing changed for skins, and the canned goods in the corner of the tent replaced by grains, roots, fruits, and other foods that could be gathered from the woods, then the sheep-herder could well imagine himself one of the old patriarchs of Bible times, if it suited his fancy to do so. It is not uncommon to find surprises among sheep-herders—for example, that the man has proud blue blood in his veins, an A.B. or Ph.D after his name, and from three to six languages at his tongue's end.

The average herder, of course, has merely drifted down-grade to the life, or has started here because there seemed nothing better to do. His enjoyments are likely to be more physical than mental, hence the study of those above to keep him satisfied. He is supplied with everything that he wants to eat, is given a good camp outfit, and plenty of bedding. The camp-tender helps him to fix up the half-dozen or dozen camps where he will stay during the grazing season. He will have log chairs for stools, a rough table, etc. I remember that one of the most noticeable things about a camp that I visited in the Cascade Mountains was the comfortable camp equipment and the large number of late magazines in the cozy tent of the herder. I was with a forest ranger at the time, and the herder was away from camp with his sheep. "We will stop and make ourselves at home and get some dinner," said the ranger, "for everybody is expected to help himself to all that he wants to eat whenever he hits a sheep camp at mealtime."

The healthfulness of the work of the sheep-herder also tends to keep him satisfied with his life. His duties are simple and regular, since he has no choice but to follow the sheep, who know no whims but the ever-repeated routine of food, water, and rest. He is almost always out of doors, and must walk miles over the hills every day. His constant walking is excuse for the heavy-soled, peg-nailed, "sheep-herder" shoes that the housewife and the hotel-keeper do not like to have on their floors.

The life of the sheep-herder is not without its danger to health, however. Naturally enough, the greatest danger is a mental one. It is said that there is to be found in our Western insane asylums a larger percentage of former sheep-herders than persons from any other calling. This is due to several reasons. Naturally, a number of men are found herding sheep because the work can be grasped by the simple mind. And, owing to the lack of mental stimulus, the mind will gradually weaken and waver, until some day the camp-tender will reach the grazing-ground to find the herd scattered; and the herder may be overtaken in the streets of the village through which he thinks he is driving his band, his hands waving commands to his shamefully following dogs, his legs carrying him back and forth across the streets, and his voice constantly calling to the dogs and weirdly shouting: "Sheepie! sheepie! sheepie!"

There is no doubt that certain temperaments can never adapt themselves to the life of the sheep-herder, and, if circumstances should continue to force them to spend their days alone with the bleating sheep on the range, it would be only a matter of time before they would find their home with the keepers of the insane. Seeing this approaching fate, there are also those who can use the last shred of their reason to put a bullet through their brain during a mood of remorse. Hence it is that the ratio of suicides is comparatively high among the sheep-herders of the interior. The practice of secret vices is another of the grim nervous and mental destroyers of the sheep-herder, and perhaps this cause has brought more of them to the asylum than any other.

The sheep-herder's life is naturally almost wholly without diversion and recreation. It is not strange, then, that the herder is known as a profligate spender when he goes to town—about twice a year, as a rule. Having had no way to spend his wages except for the occasional article of clothing or supply of tobacco that he sends for by the camp-tender, he has a fat purse when he is paid off, perhaps every six months. He has been getting perhaps forty or sixty dollars a month, and he has saved four-fifths of the amount. And the average herder sees no value in this money excepting that it will enable him to "have a time." So he arrives in town with from $200 to $700 in his pockets. His sense of economy does not permit him to spend much of this for clothing—for of what use will extra clothes be when he gets back to camp? If his time has been well planned—and he has had months to plan it—he will taboo booze and gambling until the second day, and go in first for the bowling-alleys and the simple diversions of the town, supplemented by fruits and lemonades.

He usually jumps into his "time" head first, however. And the joint-keepers and the gamblers are ready to receive him, since he and his kind are the life of their business in the interior range town—or at least were before the days of local option and prohibition. The fleecing of the sheep-herder has approached an art in some of these places. One of these herders, after he had somehow got back to the camp, was congratulating himself on his progressiveness in the ways of the world. "Why," he said, "it took them guys in town three days to skin me this time! I never lasted more than a day and a half before."

Many of the sheep barons of the West have started in the business as sheep-herders. One of the largest taxpayers of Wallowa County, Oregon, when he reached that State from the Middle West, twelve or fifteen years ago, sought a job as herder. He herded for wages a year or two, then he got a flock of sheep to herd for a share of the increase. After a couple of years he had a small flock of his own. He took up a homestead, and, with the aid of two good years, soon became an independent stockman. His herds of sheep and his lands gradually grew, until he is now rated as the second richest man in the county, and has been elected several times to the Legislature.

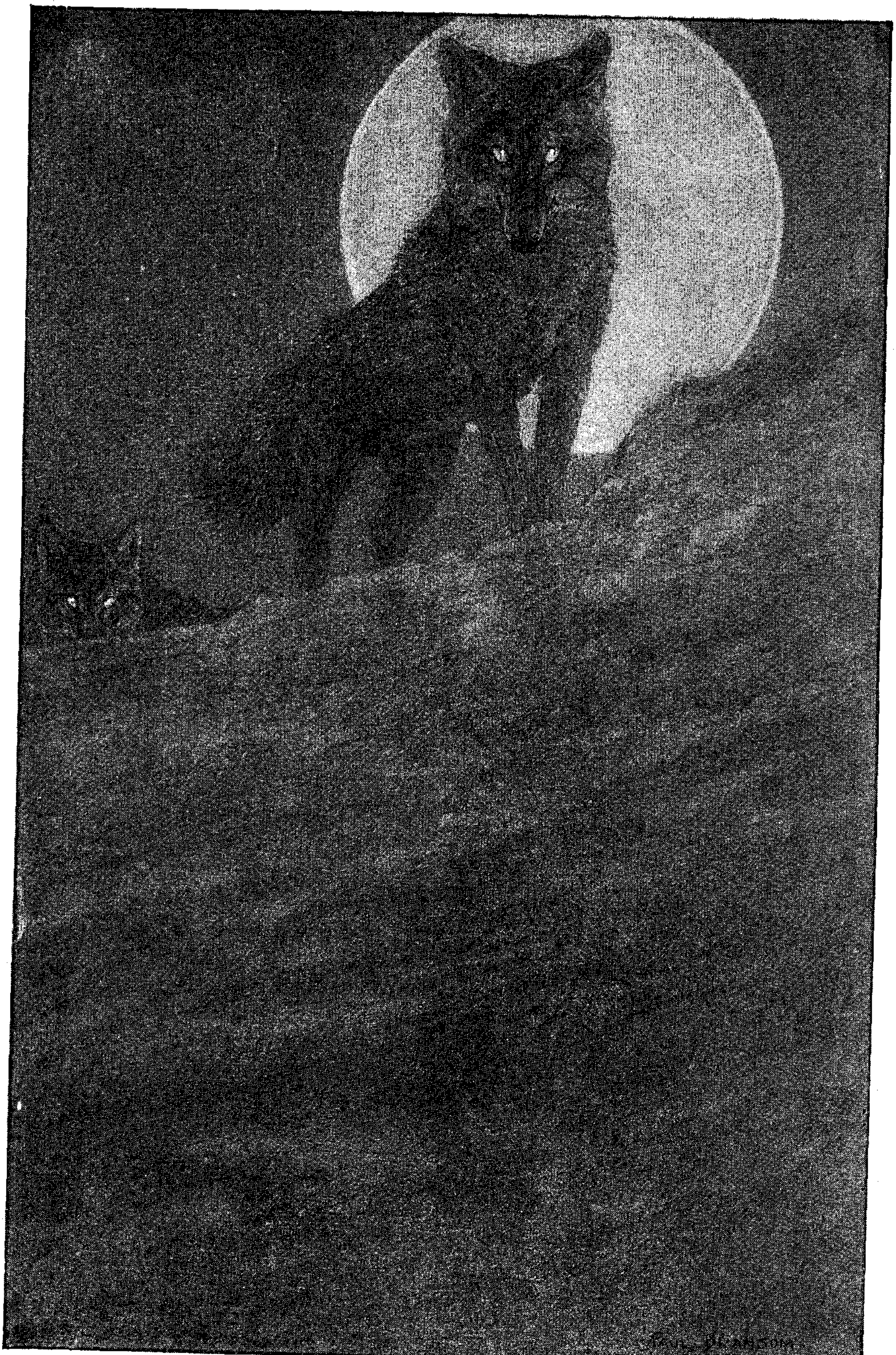
The life of a young man who came from Wales as a poor stowaway and got a job herding sheep in interior Oregon had still another turn. To him herding sheep was a chance to begin—a chance to get a little money ahead, and to get acquainted with the country. After a little time he paid for a correspondence course in stenography and bookkeeping, and used his spare time on the range and in camp to read his text-books and to practice making hooks and to work on his trial balances. After a little time he put aside his hob-nailed shoes and his slouch hat, and came to the city. At the time that I first met him he was teaching in one of the business colleges, and he later became an expert salesman.

The story could be told of another sheep-herder who, through his knowledge of the Cascade Mountains, found a position with the United States Forestry Service as ranger and grazing expert. Another former sheep-herder of central Oregon is now one of the prominent county officials of the section. Others are school-teachers, professional and business men, and so on. Herding sheep is a very popular calling for some of those persons who have come from the East in broken health. A few months or years out on the range with the sheep will do what no sanitarium will do, and at the same time there is a chance to save more money each month than the average city man saves from his higher wages.

In some sections of the West there is still intense hostility between the sheepmen and the cattlemen over the division of the range. The limit of both industries is the amount of open range. As range has become more scarce, owing to the great areas taken by the homesteader, the conflict has become more vital. Wherever there is such a conflict, the sheep-herder, more than any other man, must be in the center of it. The cowboy is mounted, and he appears on the range only during the spring and the fall round-ups, and he does not herd his cattle while they are grazing on the range.

With the sheep-herder it is different. He must be with his herd every day, and almost every hour. Also he is not mounted, is easily found at any time, and has no chance to get quickly out of rifle range, as may the cowboy. So the sheep-herder must expect to be in the fight if there is any warring. It should be acknowledged that sheep-herders are at times decidedly "pestiferous," especially to the rancher and the small stockman. For example, the herder may drive his sheep entirely around the rancher's homestead, allowing the flock to nip off the blades closely and tramp out the roots of the grass that the rancher thought rightfully belonged to his milch cows and his horses. Still worse, the herder often is careless and may allow his hungry little charges to slip under the barbed wire and help themselves in the grain-fields or the meadows.

The great conflicts are for the control of the vast areas of range. Sometimes the cattleman is the first comer, sometimes the sheepman. Each class resents the intrusion of the other. The sheepman may, in driving his herd toward their accustomed summer range, come across a "dead-line" sign. In one case in the Northwest a sheepman who crossed the dead-line had his corrals burned and then received an anonymous letter reading as follows: "If you consider your scalp worth more than a coyote's scalp, do not come back." In another case the sheep-herder was met one day by a horseman who slapped him without a word of explanation. The sheep-herder pushed on regardless, but one night his camps were burned and hundreds of sheep shot. These cases of conflict are less common to-day



THE ENEMY

than they were a few years ago, since the range is being tacitly divided, and each warring class is respecting the rights of the other.

The chief summer range for sheep in many parts of the West is in the National Forests, and the range here is divided up among the different applicants. Before the days of forestry there was almost as great a conflict over range in the forest as outside. The war was then largely between the sheepmen, and the brunt of it came on the herder. Each sheepman and each herder wanted to get the best of the range. Hence all sorts of strategy were practiced. Sheep were driven into the mountains while much of the ground was still covered with snow-drifts, in order that they might be first on the ground. The herder must then be constantly on the alert to keep his band from mixing with a strange band. With the greatest precaution his band was apt to get mixed once or twice during the year. And then there was nothing for the two herders to do but either to declare neutrality and herd together, or to build large corrals and a separating chute and run the entire band through.

The sheep-herder of the West will always be needed. His herds will gradually become smaller as the range is taken up for dry farming and for large irrigation projects, but there will always be enough open range—especially in the mountains—to support thousands of sheep. The herder will get to town more often than he has in the past, and he will be nearer to the railway, nearer to civilization, and he will see more human beings in the course of the year. He will still drive his bleating herd to the mountains in the spring. His sheep will have the same regular, almost monotonous habits of feeding, watering, resting. And his life will be the same free, open, strange, companionless life that it has been in the past.

A MOTHER'S ECSTASY

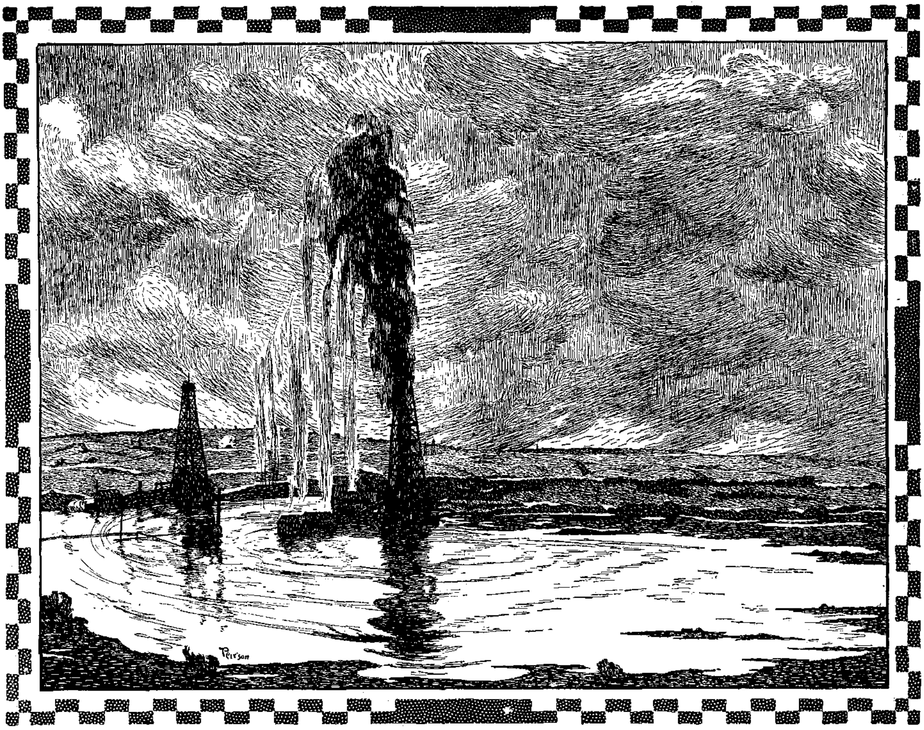
BY CLARA GRIFFITH GAZZAM

With ears attuned to heavenly strains
   And mind surcharged with holy thought,
   A mother, her whole being fraught
With thankfulness, forgets her pains
   And, leaning o'er her sleeping Babe,
   Sings fervent praises—undismayed.

What though the sordid manger bare
   Cradles this Child of matchless birth?
   His baby hand shall give to earth
All of a God-born Saviour's care.
   And so, with happiness elate,
   His mother stands immaculate.

The star-lit firmament above
   And all the choirs of highest heaven
   Join in her song of homage, given
This baby King—whose name is *Love;*
   While hoary sages bend the knee
   And shepherds laud His majesty.

Far in the east one radiant star
   Refulgent gleams, and journeys straight
   Toward the low manger where in state
This Child and Virgin mother are
   Enthroned upon a stable's boards,
   The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords.



THE LAKE VIEW GUSHER, NEAR MARICOPA. THE LARGEST OIL WELL IN AMERICA, DISCHARGING 40,000 BARRELS A DAY

Petroleum and the Placer Claim

By Walter V. Woehlke

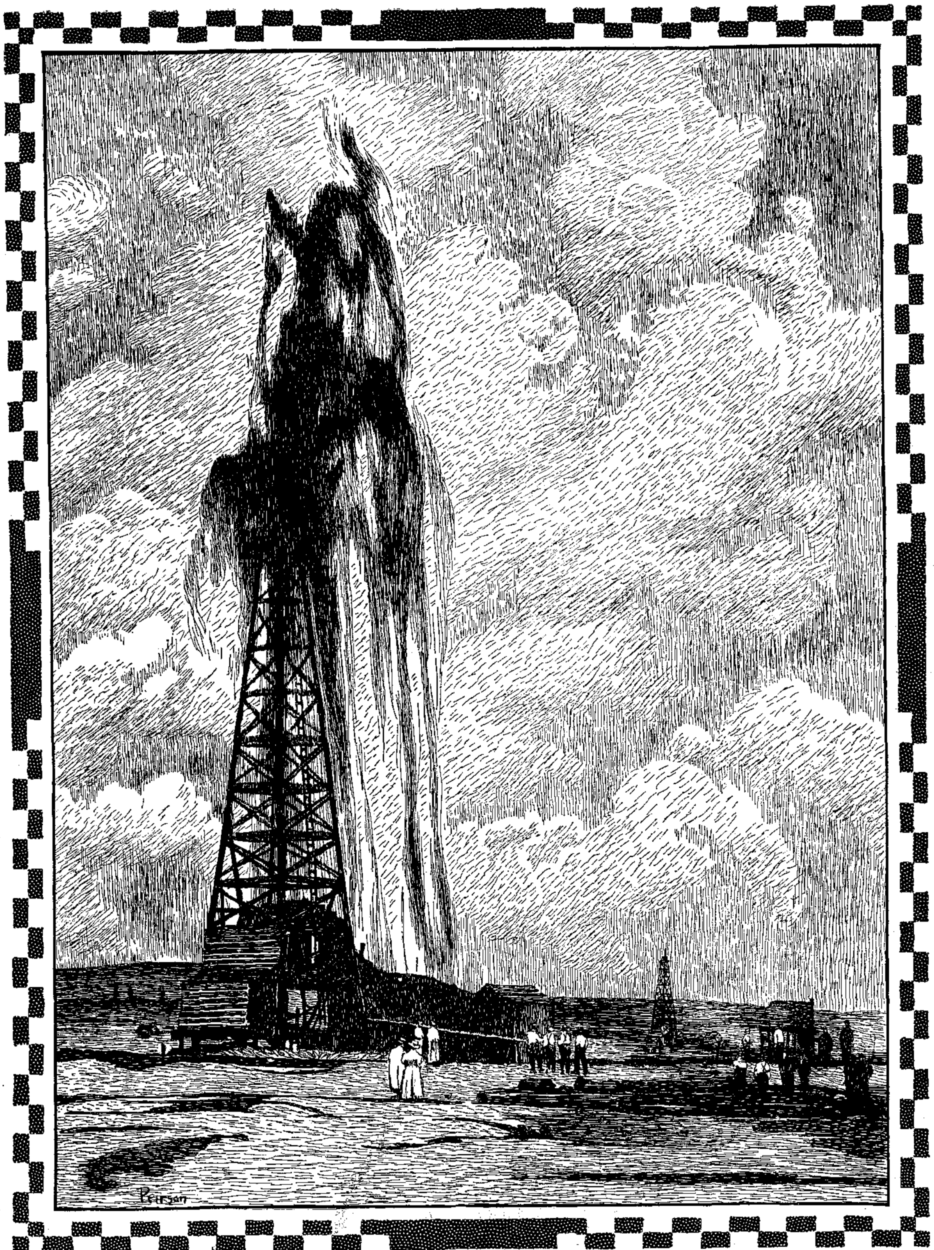
LIKE everything else in this world, the great valley of the San Joaquin has two sides. The east side, rising from the low center to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, is a land of milk and honey, where the vine and fig tree flourish, where scores of rivers and brooks leap from the glaciers into irrigation canals, a fat country traversed by steam and electric lines that connect hundreds of thriving towns and villages surrounded by millions of fruit trees, deep-green alfalfa patches, and nodding wheat-fields. The west side, climbing from the river bottoms to the crest of the Coast Range, is the lean side, where for three hundred miles not one stream, not a drop of perennial water, reaches the San Joaquin River—a desert so dry and bare that sheep starve in it and jack-rabbits perish. According to the recent Census, there are but two living trees on the ten thousand square miles of the lean side—two pepper trees which stand in front of Bill Hart's hotel at Maricopa, a straggling, dusty settlement whose board shacks and corrugated-iron shanties belie its euphonious name. It is said that Bill, having freighted the two young shoots forty-five miles by team across alkali flats and grim plains, at a time twelve years ago when potable water was worth a dollar a barrel, and scarce at that, used to rinse his glasses in the bottled products of Milwaukee and Louisville during the frequent delays in the arrival of the water-wagon, reserving the scant store of warm moisture in the tank for his beloved trees.

Hot, whitish hills rise behind the lonely trees. Their slopes and folds are round and smooth as the contours of a skull, bare and hard as bone. Mile after mile the monotonous, flinty hills fill the wavering horizon without one green spot to rest the eye. Even the lavender shadows lurking deep in the barren folds seem to quiver with the heat from which there is no escape. At the base of the hills, over the satiny expanse of sage-brush that drops evenly to the valley's floor, the wind devils of the desert wander aimlessly, erratic eddies in the atmosphere that raise spindly columns of whirling, biting dust high into the air, mocking the promise of the vast blue lake on the horizon, a rippling body of water so out of place in the desert that it requires the testimony of grotesque pelicans, of slow-winged cranes with dangling legs, of plumed herons and snake-necked loons, to establish its reality. Far to the north, in the saddle of a ridge overlooking the lake, a pale jet of flame dances and flickers in the glare, the tortured ghost of a will-o'-the-wisp that died in the desert æons ago, to be resurrected as a gas well by the drillers of Standard Oil.

Beneath the vast, empty distances of these plains, under the smooth folds of these hard hills, lies crude petroleum, the only store of fuel available in the Far Southwest—a priceless treasure in the region without coal. This treasure was the magnet that drew men from the smiling green side of the valley into the gray solitudes of the Coast Range flanks, upon the land considered so worthless that even sheepmen did not want it. They came slowly at first, these pioneer oil-seekers who had to wrestle with the stubborn desert for years before it would yield its black hoard. They were but the vanguard, the scouts upon whom fell the trying, toilsome task of spying out the lay of the land, of furnishing at their own risk proof of the existence of petroleum. When they had supplied this evidence, the great rush of the oil prospectors began, three years ago. Unlike the slow-moving pioneers, these up-to-date prospectors bucked the sage-brush in fast runabouts and comfortable touring cars. Instead of pick and shovel they carried check-books as the chief part of the prospecting outfit, supplementing it with a liberal supply of location notices.

They made excellent use of this equipment. By mineral locations, by purchase, or by force, practically every square foot of the public domain suspected of containing oil fell into the hands of the automobile prospectors. Goaded by the rising value of the claims, tempted by the example of the late arrivals, who did not hesitate to poach upon the early birds' preserves, the locators began to fight among themselves for possession of the public's property. War in these coldly calculating days is usually won by the party with the longest purse and the best organization. In the battle for the California oil lands a coterie of perhaps a dozen large corporations and wealthy individuals obtained the lion's share of the spoils. Section after section, whole townships slipped into their capacious pockets. They took what they could, and when they could not take they bought, paying the prospector for his services in locating and holding the land, though his remuneration was pitifully small compared to the benefit that would accrue to the public had the lands been leased by the Government on a royalty basis for systematic, rational exploration and development.

From oft-repeated experience the West is familiar with the mad rush of men to the scene of the gold strike, with the bloody feuds over strips of land containing precious metals, but never in the stirring annals of mining has the West looked upon an epidemic of wholesale, universal claim-jumping comparable with the mob's wild scramble for the oil-bearing sagebrush lands of California. Everybody jumped or was jumped, and those in the verb's passive state retaliated by daring leaps and hops upon neighboring territory. Regardless of prior rights, jumpers appropriated, or attempted to appropriate, the first and best claim they could enter upon, perhaps only to be dispossessed by a third set of claimants. The age-old, painfully acquired respect for property rights seemed to break down when it contemplated the grabbing that preceded the jumping. The sacredness of Mine and Thine melted away in the fever of greed, might became right, and armies of men with loaded guns appeared upon the claims to defend them against invasion. In one district an association of claim owners at one time employed a thousand guards to keep jumpers off. In the naked gulches and cañons of a range of barren hills many miles from the near-



THIRTY MEN HAD TO GUARD THIS WELL AGAINST CLAIM-JUMPERS WHO TRIED IN EVERY WAY TO STOP THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK

est producing well the forces of two large corporations battled for possession of barren land upon which not a drop of oil was in sight. Chaos reigned supreme. On hundreds of quarter-sections claims and counter-claims had been filed by three, four, even five, sets of locators, when the Government suddenly pulled the ground from under the feet of the contestants by withdrawing from entry every acre of unpatented land supposed to be oil-bearing.

Though the stake was gone, the game continued without interruption. As late as July of this year, when there was no land either to jump on or off, when the original withdrawal order had been confirmed by Congress and reinforced by a second withdrawal, locators and jumpers continued the fight for land to which neither had more than the shadow of a right, hoping that by some slip, by the well-known inclination of the Land Office to recognize the rights of those in possession, a portion of the contested ground worth from five hundred to five thousand dollars might stick to their fingers in the confusion.

In the extent of the land involved, in the great economic and cash value of the prize, the richest oil territory in the country, the claim-jumping in the San Joaquin was unprecedented. And it was unique in another remarkable feature. Despite revolvers and rifles, despite the armies kept in the field for fighting purposes, despite the value of the spoils involved in the controversies, despite the prospector's deep-rooted hatred of the jumper, despite all the fine chances for the coroner's services, not a drop of blood was spilled, not one man on either side bit the alkali dust, for both parties knew that they were springing the most gigantic bluff ever worked in a game of chance in which the people's property was the jackpot.

The basis upon which rested the bluff behind the guns of the guards, which made it possible for a few corporations and individuals to obtain control of at least one-half of the Pacific Coast's supply of liquid fuel, which gave the poor prospector a chance to acquire oil land worth millions only to take it away from him again, the cause of all the grabbing, claim-jumping, fighting, and waste, was the placer claim. Through the application of the placer claim to oil land, through the confounding of free gold and crude petroleum, both the public and the prospector lost, to the ultimate benefit of speculators and corporations.

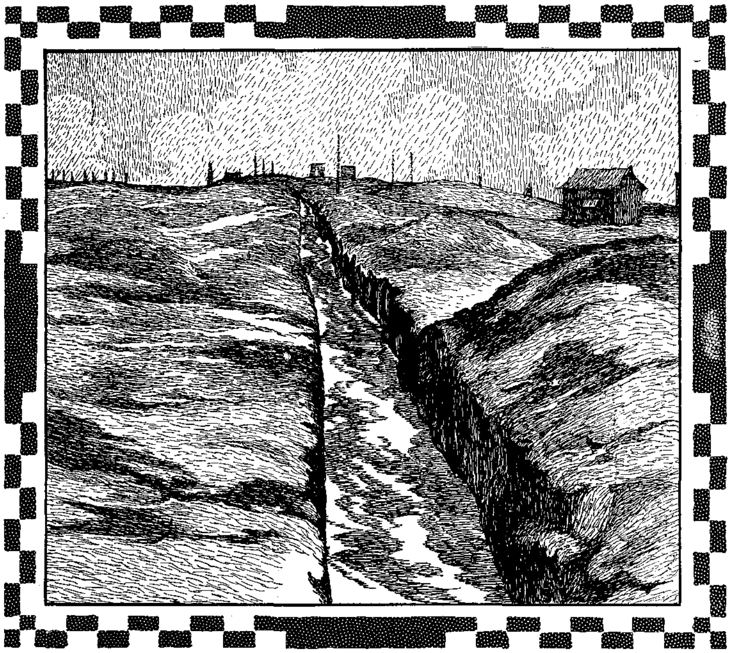
The placer claim is a bad habit acquired by the early California miners in an effort to devise a rough-and-ready method for the division of land containing free gold. Like the water laws growing out of the customs of the forty-niners, the placer claim stayed and expanded until it became a vice. In its present form the placer claim is a plot of mineralized ground not larger than twenty acres belonging to the public and claimed by a private individual who may take possession under certain conditions. No limit is placed upon the number of claims that may be staked out by an individual or a corporation, provided at least a hundred dollars' worth of improvements tending to develop the mineral resources of the land are made on each claim annually. By a separate expenditure of five hundred dollars per claim and the payment of a fee of a dollar and twenty-five cents per acre the claim is patented and becomes private property. If the prospector is so inclined and has no competition, he may keep on staking out claims until he or the mineral land is exhausted.

Should the process of locating twenty acres at a time be too slow, the indulgent law gives the poor prospector the right to use the names of seven dummies—of men, women, and children who need not know of or consent in advance to the use of their names—to locate a consolidated claim of one hundred and sixty acres. Upon this quarter-section he need perform the annual assessment work entitling him to possession on only one, instead of on eight, twenty-acre plots, and he may take up as many quarter-sections as he can find lying around loose. Neither does the law prevent him from selling his interest in the claims before the ink on the location notices is dry.

As a crowbar with which to pry off large pieces of the public domain the placer claim is ideal. It has been worn smooth and shiny in the grabbing of all kinds of land. Of particular service it was in separating the public from placer land that was gold-bearing only after the trees growing on it or the rights to the water running through it had been transmuted into yellow metal. But the full possibilities of the consolidated placer claim were realized only after petroleum was discovered under the public land of the San Joaquin Valley. Whoever doubts the efficiency of the placer claim for grabbing purposes need only glance over the maps of the valley's oil-fields. Upon one section after another he will find inscribed the names of a few corporations and individuals, even though not a well has been drilled upon scores of these sections.

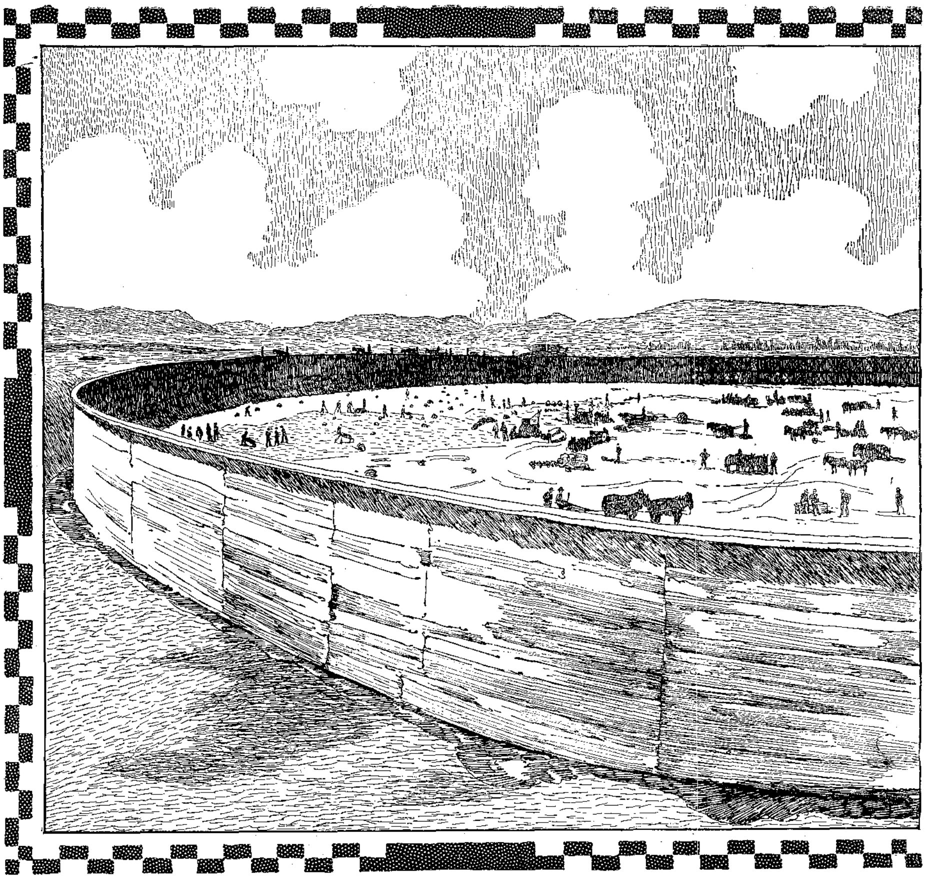
The grabbing started in 1899 with the discovery of the Kern River field, a few miles from Bakersfield, on the green side of the valley. In that year the four McCutchen brothers, together with W. G. Wallace, F. M. Graham, and some other friends, all men of small means, hitched up, filled their canteens, and drove across the valley on a locating expedition. They staked out placer claims covering more than eight square miles of desert, organized three or four companies, and began drilling on a small portion of the land, holding the rest for future use. Most of these and other operating companies launched by similar groups of locators died in the desert when the cash gave out before oil was struck. Lack of water on top and too much water below the ground, lack of transportation, lack of knowledge concerning the proper technique of drilling, defeated many of the men who had staked their money and years of their life against the stubborn resistance of the parched slopes. Even the more fortunate ones who succeeded in striking oil and proving the territory only postponed failure by their initial success. They met their Waterloo two or three years later, when the field price of crude petroleum dropped to twelve cents a barrel, below the cost of production, while drinking water cost twenty-five cents a barrel.

While the California oil industry had the measles the early locators would gladly have parted with some of their claims, but buyers were few and far between. When one J. W. Jameson offered an association of prospectors two dollars an acre for a section that seemed promising, they assented joyfully, provided Jameson would take an adjoining section off their hands at fifty cents an acre. A few years later Jameson sold the promising section for fifteen dollars an acre and chuckled when he had the easy money. In 1910 a million and a half was paid by a British syndicate for the six hundred and forty acres for which the public received nothing but a registration fee of eight hundred dollars.



AN OIL DITCH CARRYING OUTPUT OF GUSHER INTO A DEEP RAVINE CHANGED INTO A RESERVOIR BY CONSTRUCTING A DAM SEVENTY FEET HIGH. THE LOSS FROM THIS SORT OF A RESERVOIR IS TEN THOUSAND BARRELS A DAY

The majority of the locators, however, hung on to the land, faithfully performing the perfunctory assessment work every year. They and the new crop of automobile prospectors would be holding on to this day, not a square foot of oil-bearing land in California would be left in posses-



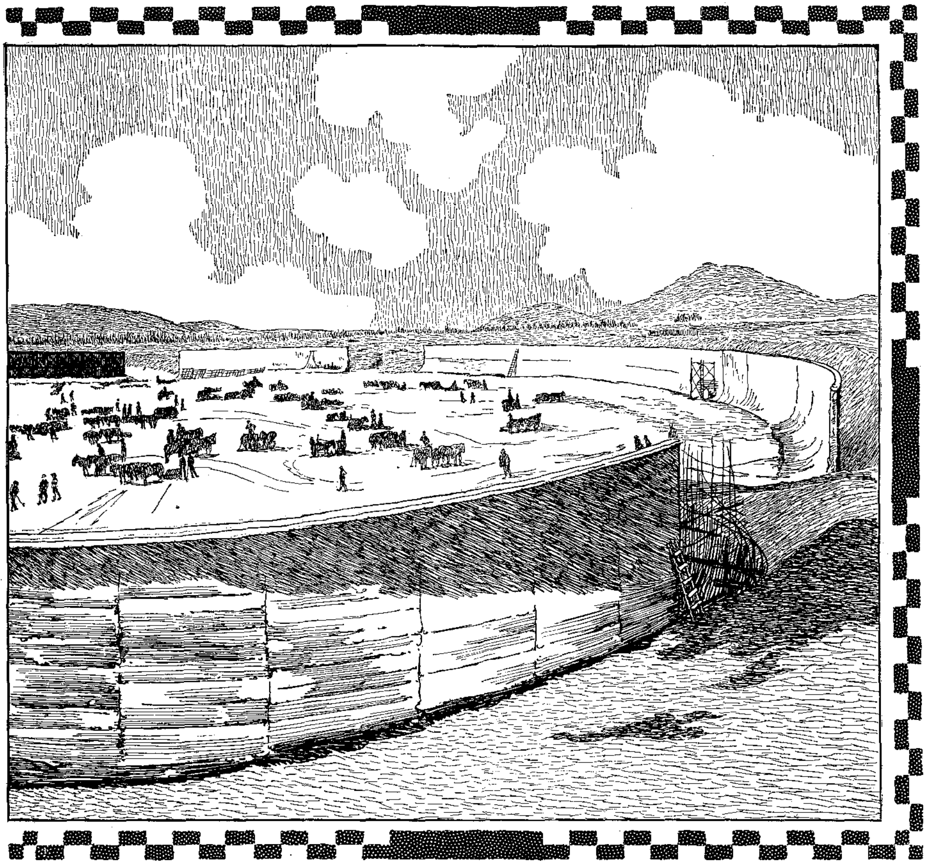
THE MILLION-BARREL CONCRETE

sion of the public, and the withdrawal order of the President would have found nothing to conserve, were it not for a short but pregnant clause in the United States mining laws.

This saving clause says: "No location of a mining claim shall be made *until the discovery* of the lode or vein within the limits of the claim located." And further: "Claims usually called 'placer' . . . shall be subject to entry and patent under like circumstances and conditions."

This clause, establishing the necessity of a bona-fide discovery of oil before the land could be grabbed, saved the people an empire suspected of containing petroleum.

As interpreted by the prospectors in the early days, a discovery was made if the locator found an oil seepage, a small spring oozing out a few drops of water mixed with oil, a fossilized oyster or a prehistoric shark's tooth, oil-stained rock, or similar sign-posts pointing to the presence of petroleum. But the courts refused to accept these surface indications at more than their face value. They insisted upon being shown a real, actual discovery of oil before confirming any rights based upon the conjectural, hypothetical, or constructive presence of petroleum. They reminded the prospector of the fact that the discovery of the empty bag does not entitle the finder to the reward offered for the return of the missing jewels. Thus rudely shattered was the dream of the man who had expected to enjoy the undisputed possession of thousands of acres of public land for an indefinite time solely by virtue of a location notice followed by the construction of a little shack or by scraping a few holes to receive the oil, as the annual assessment work on each quarter-section. Since assessment work is of value only *after* a discovery, and since no discovery could



OIL RESERVOIR AT SAN LUIS OBISPO

be made except by drilling a well at an average cost of fifteen thousand dollars, the haphazard assessment work might bluff a tenderfoot, but it could not keep the experienced jumper off the other man's dormant claims, especially if the jumper had the backing of a strong corporation anxious to add the land to its holdings.

Mere jumping, however, did not give title, just as a location notice without diligent work toward a discovery would not give possessory rights. Neither did jumping always dislocate the other claimant. A quarter-section offers abundance of room for two, even if they do not dwell together in sweet harmony. Who should have the land claimed by both? Who had the better right, the locator who did no work or the jumper? "The one who makes the first discovery gets the land," decided the courts. Therefore, jumper and jumpee having an equal lack of possessory rights in the premises, the contest resolved itself into a race between rival drillers, for he whose well brought up the oil first would receive patent to the quarter-section. Several of these underground races were run, usually between the drillers of strong corporations. The decision in one of these close races, almost a dead heat, is still under consideration. In this case the ownership of a hundred and sixty acres, valued at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, depends upon the question whether natural gas can be classed as a mineral. One of the two contestants quit the race involuntarily when his drill entered a gas pocket of such pressure that the string of tools, weighing more than a ton, was hurled out of the hole high into the air. Making the best of the situation, the gas-finder immediately applied for patent, alleging that he had made discovery of a valuable mineral deposit, as required by law. A few days later the rival's drill entered the oil sand and jubilantly the second claimant asked for patent to the land, basing his application upon the prior discovery of oil. The lawyers, of course, are doing their best to make a clean job of picking the bone of contention.

The sixty-acre plot upon which the spectacular Lakeview gusher, with its production of three million dollars' worth of petroleum in five months, is performing, had a career full of ups and downs since the time, twelve years ago, when the McCutchen brothers located a claim upon it. They leased the land to a company which sunk ten thousand dollars into a hole seven hundred feet deep, accumulating experience, wisdom, and a deficit, but no oil. At a sheriff's sale the sixty acres brought five dollars, but were abandoned by the new owner. One Conly relocated the land, but likewise abandoned it. In the spring of 1908 Barrett & Dunn, carpenters and derrick-builders, plastered a location notice on the plot and sold an interest in the claim to several outsiders, leasing the ground to the Lakeview Oil Company. With half a dozen others, Barrett & Dunn extended their operations over the adjoining section, numbered thirty-four. Like every square foot of territory for a hundred miles, section thirty-four had been located before, but, as the locators had failed to make a discovery on three-quarters of the section and were not even trying to make a discovery, the land was wide open to entry. The new entrymen at once began the erection of rigs on each of the quarter-sections to establish possessory rights to the square mile.

One sizzling day in August a white speck, a small tent, appeared in the center of the imaginary sage-brush square. The old locators had returned to reassert their ancient rights, only to be warned off as trespassers by the new claimants, who, however, attached small significance to the jumping, considering the jumpers financially unable to drill the wells needed for a discovery. The jumpers developed unexpected strength. Within a few days three cabins had been erected by them on the contested land, and the cabins were followed in rapid succession by four carloads of lumber and other material needed for drilling, the convoy being guarded by a dozen armed men. Material, guards, and ammunition were furnished the jumpers by a corporation with a capital of twenty-five millions, it developed.

Rapid action was necessary if the land was to be saved from the corporation, against which the locators had small chance to carry on a successful contest. Force being out of the question, strategy was decided upon. A few days after the arrival of the enemy's material a long procession wound its way through the sage-brush. At the head marched two solemn attorneys with stately tread, bearing impressive yellow-leather, red-backed volumes and flourishing legal documents. Next came a platoon of five men armed with grim determination and rifles and followed by four six-horse teams, flanks and rear protected by three additional platoons of five guards.

Where the cabins of the jumpers stood the procession halted, the attorneys bared their heads, and in a loud voice, opening the law books and presenting the legal-looking documents, commanded the trespassers to leave forthwith, on pain of earning the penalty as prescribed in the statutes for these cases made and provided. Awed by the sonorous tones of the command, bewildered by the legal phraseology of the order, impressed by the volumes of Blackstone, the jumpers and their men stood open-mouthed, irresolute, their hands behind their ears instead of clutching the butts of the guns. Taking advantage of the opportunity, the new owners hurriedly loaded the enemy's material upon the wagons, pulled down the cabins, and dumped the lumber far outside the section limits.

Queer situations followed the doctrine that a discovery of petroleum in commercial quantities must be made before the claimant acquires possessory rights to the oil land. In the Coalinga district the Home Oil Company was defending its lease of eighty acres with three successful wells against adverse claimants when an enterprising jumper attempted to take advantage of the dispute and run away with the prize. In the dead of night he sneaked upon the land, put up a previously prepared location notice, took a hasty look at the oil running out of the wells of the Home Company, and engaged an attorney to push his claim. This attorney pleaded eloquently before the Supreme Court of the State, asking that his client be awarded the land because he had made a valid location followed immediately by a discovery of oil. The treatment accorded this jumper by the Supreme Court forever ended any attempts to " discover " oil in the other man's well.

The coming in of the phenomenal Lakeview gusher enhanced the value of the land for many miles around the well and increased the demand for it. It also increased the land appetite of the Lakeview locators, who cast covetous eyes upon fractional section thirty, a short distance east of the gusher. Section thirty contained a hundred and twenty acres estimated to be worth half a million dollars. Though the land had been located and relocated several times, the last set of locators having leased it to a San Francisco attorney, the leaser was not working on the claim when the Lakeview people inspected it. Since the law construes the old miners' maxim " Dig or get off the dump " to mean that no one can hold possession of oil land unless he is diligently engaged in an effort to make a discovery, delay in starting the drill was dangerous. When the leaser finally got ready to put a discovery well down, he found the Lakeview crowd in possession, a derrick up, shanties built for the drillers, and a dozen guards on the lines to keep other jumpers off. A show of force failing to dislodge the occupants, the leaser employed a ruse. Quietly slipping across the valley to Bakersfield, the county seat, he swore out warrants charging battery against all the eighteen men on the section. Scarcely had the constable departed with his flock of angry prisoners when the smiling leaser appeared upon the scene, bringing with him ten teams and a dozen fighting men, who at once proceeded to tear down the derrick and the cabins.

Unfortunately, the San Francisco attorney had not considered women and motor cars in his carefully planned campaign. While he was busy directing the demolition of the derrick the wives of two of the guards under arrest were frantically trying to call the little oil town four miles distant to get assistance. Their calls brought no response. With an eye to details, the leaser had not forgotten to cut the wire leading to the town, but he had overlooked the wire of a private line running in the opposite direction to the headquarters of the Union Oil Company, on a section far out in the sage-brush. Over this wire the women managed to send out word of the invasion to the men claiming an interest in the valuable ground. Within half an hour of the leaser's arrival two automobiles were kicking up the yellow dust in thick clouds as they tore through the sage-brush at top speed, heading in straight lines across gulches and ravines for section thirty.

" Come along, boys! You can get a much healthier view of the comet over yonder, " called out one of the leaser's gun artists as a dozen determined men piled out of the motor cars and came running toward the invaders. One by one the hired fighters melted into the sage-brush, leaving the attorney to argue vainly with the men who were willing to risk their skin in defense of what they considered their property.

The executive order, issued in September, 1909, withdrawing from entry two and a half million acres of supposedly oil-bearing land in California, threw cold water upon the feverish aspirations of the speculators, but in the fierce heat of the dry valley the water soon evaporated and the scramble continued in unabated fury.

As the oil-land withdrawal of September, 1909, included every acre that had not yet gone to patent, the Pickett Bill in its original form would have confiscated the property of many men and companies that, on the date of the withdrawal, were unable to obtain patent because they had not yet made a discovery, though they had spent thousands of dollars in drilling. The Lakeview gusher ground, for instance, would have been lost to the owners, who, in September, 1909, had expended thirty thousand dollars in drilling, though they did not make a discovery and strike oil until six months later, after the land they had been working on was withdrawn from entry. By energetic protests the oil men succeeded in having the Pickett Bill amended so as to protect the rights of all those diligently engaged in drilling or in preparations for drilling at the time of withdrawal.

These amendments, however, did not take care of the grabbers who had put their hands upon more oil land than they could develop or even explore for petroleum at once. Neither did the amendment recognize the shadowy rights of the men who entered upon Government land after they had been told to keep off. To add to the discomfort of the speculators, the Land Office promulgated a new rule, under which only the original locator could obtain patent to petroleum claims, thus making it impossible for the poor prospector to transfer his land to wealthy corporations immediately after staking out the claims.

The Southern Pacific, through early land grants, owns every alternate section in large portions of the oil belt. "What is to prevent the railway from drilling on its section lines in order to take away the conserved oil?" ask the anti-conservationists who allege that the future of the California oil industry is menaced by the withdrawals. On its face the argument looks reasonable. The railway might get away with the oil if the Government land were to stay withdrawn for a hundred years. Even the vast resources of the Southern Pacific would be taxed to the utmost should it attempt the task single-handed to explore in a shorter time three thousand square miles of desert for oil and drain the immense territory. A much greater danger to the oil land still owned by the Government exists in the activity of the rich corporations whose representatives manifest anxiety concerning the fate of the withdrawn land. The reality of this danger is shown by the maps of the rich gusher territory of the Midway field. According to the map, the Southern Pacific owns forty-nine sections in this field; six other parties (the Standard Oil Company; the Chanslor & Canfield Midway Oil Company, affiliated with the Santa Fé; the firm of Barnsdall, Drake & Yancey, millionaire oil operators; the Honolulu Oil Company, organized by William Matson; the Recruit Oil Company, a subsidiary concern of the Associated Oil Company, which, in turn, is managed by the Southern Pacific; and the Union Oil Company) control sixty-six square miles, besides additional territory under contract with individual locators.

According to an estimate of Ralph Arnold, formerly a member of the Geological Survey, the proven petroleum territory in California comprises eight hundred and fifty square miles, practically all of it in private hands. The total number of wells is about six thousand five hundred, or eight to the square mile. Allowing one well to every five acres, it would take more than a hundred thousand wells fully to develop the proven area. In 1909, a boom year of unusual activity, the number of new wells barely exceeded a thousand. At this rate the oil men would be kept busy a full century developing the territory already in their hands.

California's crude petroleum plays an important part in the economic life of the Pacific Coast, in a region which produces so little coal that Australia is frequently drawn upon for a supply, while the navy sends to the Virginia mines for its fuel. California's oil moves the trains west of the Rockies, drives the steamers that carry the commerce of the Pacific, and is digging the Panama Canal, besides taking the place of coal for industrial and domestic purposes in the Far Southwest. To meet this ever-increasing demand California must husband its petroleum resources even though the supply at present visible seems to be sufficient for many decades. To stop the extravagant waste attending the unrestricted scramble for the Southwest's most valuable fuel deposits was the primary reason for the withdrawal. When the gates to the withdrawn land are thrown open again, they will not admit the placer claim. Even the oil men admit that the placer claim was not a satisfactory tool in the distribution of oil land. They expect that the territory, instead of being given away, will be leased on a royalty basis by the Government, and they will be satisfied if the method of leasing the land will give every one, weak and strong, with and without a pull, an equal chance of obtaining a slice of the ground on reasonable terms.

Mark Twain as a Newspaper Reporter

By Frank Marshall White

IN 1897 I was the European representative of an important New York newspaper, and it occurred to me that it would be legitimate journalistic enterprise to engage Mark Twain, who was then living in London, to report the Diamond Jubilee procession that was to be the feature of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, to occur in June. Perhaps I might not have ventured to make the proposition to one whom many regarded as America's first man of letters had I not believed that money would be an object to him, for it was soon after the failure of the publishing firm that involved him in financial disaster, and he was then engaged in the courageous struggle that resulted in his paying the debts of the concern single-handed and acquiring another fortune.

Although this was about the time that the rumor was circulated in America that the great humorist was dying in poverty in a London garret, he was living with Mrs. Clemens and their two daughters in a comfortable home in Chelsea, was in good health, and working ten or twelve hours per day. It was a house of mourning, however, for only a few months before death had removed the oldest daughter from the family of five, of whom each had been singularly dependent one upon the other and one upon all (and of whom only one now remains), and the visitor felt a prevailing sadness in the atmosphere, in the subdued voices of the servants, in the silence of the darkened rooms. Mrs. Clemens had not left her own apartment for many days, and her daughters were constant in their attendance upon her. In the greater tragedy that had come into their lives, the pecuniary calamity was realized only by the head of the family.

Nevertheless, although his face was lined with care and sorrow, Mark Twain was as whimsical as usual when I made my errand known. I told him, to start with, that the exigencies of the situation were such, with a greater amount of work devolving upon telegraph wires and cables in every direction from London during the Jubilee than had ever deluged them before, that he would be compelled after the procession had passed to "rush" whatever he might write with the utmost speed in order to insure its transmission to New York.

"That's only one reason why I don't like to write for newspapers—the hurry," he drawled, shaking his shaggy head that was just beginning to turn gray. "I wrote something for a New York newspaper not long ago, and made up my mind not to write for one again. They asked me to write a humorous article, and I thought it was humorous when I sent it in. It may not have been that, but at least it was more humorous than when it appeared. They put words into my mouth. I'd rather they had put street sweepings there. I want to see proofs of things I write before they are published."

Upon being assured that he might depend on anything he might write appearing word for word as he wrote it in the columns of the sheet I represented, although the correction of the proofs was impracticable in the circumstances, since the process would occupy some three weeks, he had another objection to present. "You see," he said, "with the great crowds there will be in London during the celebration—on the day of the procession probably the most tremendous crowds of all—I couldn't possibly get home to write my report in time."

I told him that I proposed to secure a seat for him to view the procession on the Hotel Cecil stand, and that I would also get him a room in the hotel in which he could write his article.

"But I couldn't have my wife there," he protested. "I wouldn't think, in her condition, of asking her to leave the house."

Observing that I was puzzled, he explained in all seriousness: "Ever since we have been married I have depended on my wife to go over and revise my manuscript. I have written scarcely anything in twenty-five years that she hasn't edited. Not but that I can do the spelling and grammar alone—if I have a spelling-book and a grammar with me—but I don't always know just where to draw the line in matters of taste. Mrs. Clemens has kept a lot of things from getting into print that might have given me a reputation I wouldn't care to have, that I wouldn't have known any better than to have published."

"I'll tell you what to do," he suggested, solemnly, with the inevitable drawl. "Instead of my writing about the Jubilee procession, you cable something about the book I have just finished, and I won't charge you anything for it. I have written my travels in Australia and New Zealand and India and South Africa, and I'm trying to make up my mind what to call it. I had thought all along of naming it 'Another Innocent Abroad,' but have almost decided finally on 'The Surviving Innocent Abroad.' My wife says that that will not be an accurate title, because there are several of the Innocents of the first book still alive in various parts of America, but I tell her that I can fix that. So I am going to preface the book with an explanatory note pointing out the fact that, while there are still in existence some eight or ten of the pilgrims who went on the Quaker City excursion some twenty-eight years ago, I am the only surviving one to remain innocent. In fact, that the title 'The Innocents Abroad' could only be strictly applied to two even at the time it was written, and the other is dead."

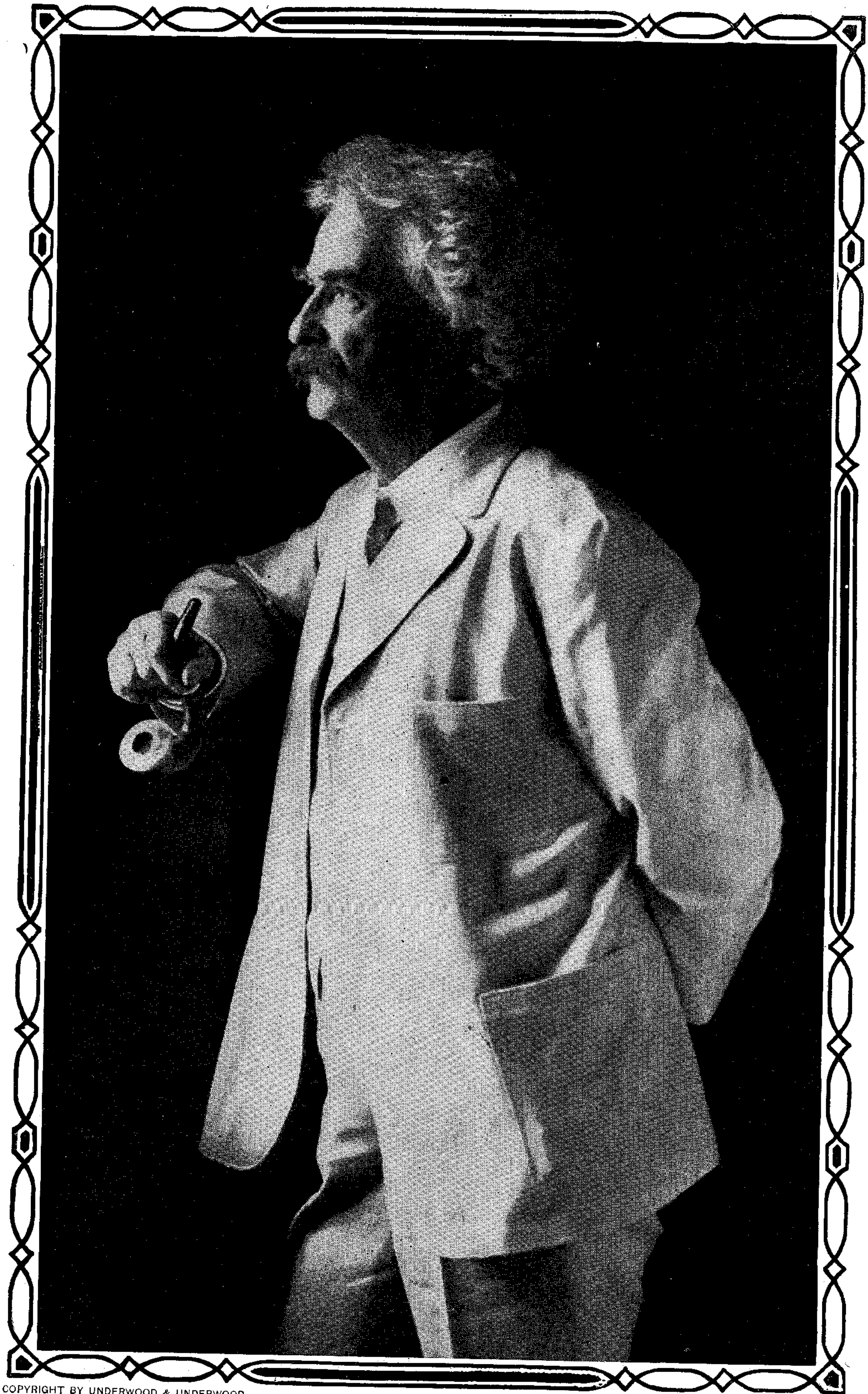
On being brought back to the subject of the proposed Jubilee article, the humorist suddenly became businesslike—and he had the reputation of being an efficient man of business, although he did pay his debts when he might have shuffled out of it through the bankruptcy courts. "Of course," he said, "I prefer to write for the magazines rather than the newspapers, and to take my time about it, and have my wife censor it, and correct my proofs. However, we can't always consult our preferences. Now, if you can offer me a sufficient inducement, I might consider writing a newspaper article in a hurry, without my wife seeing it, and allowing a cable operator to have the first hack at it, with the printer to mangle what the operator left of it."

I named a sum larger than I had ever heard of any publication paying for an article of the nature and length I had suggested to Mark Twain. He shook his head. I doubled the amount. He nodded.

It was early in June that I made the bargain with Mark Twain (which, by the way, was not secured on either side by so much as the scratch of a pen), and he did not stick to the strict letter of the agreement, but gave more than he had agreed. On an occasion when I had called on him about another matter, he remarked: "I have decided to illustrate that Jubilee article. I think that appropriate illustrations would be portraits of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Bourbon, King Henry V, and myself, and I have almost finished them, so that you can send them by mail, to be ready when the cable article comes along."

He handed me four sheets of manuscript, each containing what he termed a description of one of the forthcoming portraits, fair illustrations of his own peculiar vein of amusing nonsense, which ran thus:

> Duke of Orleans.—I have represented the Duke of Orleans in the battlefield. He is looking surprised at the way things are going. I got that effect by waving his hair and working up his eyelashes. At first he was looking too much surprised, but that was because his coat tail was too long. I took off a little and rounded the corners; this makes him calmer. I got that look of regret which you see in him by putting those shoes on him, which are too small for him.
>
> Duke of Bourbon.—I have represented the Duke of Bourbon in the act of trying to escape from the Tower of London disguised as a gentleman. I tried to make his handkerchief stick up a little more out of his coat pocket, so as to express horror and surprise, but there was not enough white paint left when I got to that part. But it is no matter. I got it in another way; by striping his pants. I gave them that trembly look and got the same effect.
>
> Henry V.—In the original the king had a crown on. That is no kind of thing for a king to wear when he comes home on business; he ought to wear something he can collect taxes in. You will find this representation of Henry V accurate and full of feeling, full of sublimity. I have painted



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MARK TWAIN

him looking over the field of Agincourt and studying where to begin.

Mark Twain, by Clemens.—I do not wear whiskers, but I painted them on to get that look of purity and elevation you see in the picture, so as to give the general scheme of the portrait a look of courtliness and wealth.

I got the "portraits" a day or two later. I had supposed that he would send nonsensical sketches by his own hand. Perhaps he had attempted something of the sort, but what he sent me was three dummy figures from a tailor's advertisement, labeled respectively "The Duke of Orleans," "The Duke of Bourbon," and "King Henry V," and a newspaper cut of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew to represent "Mark Twain, by Clemens." A note accompanying these works of art said: "The President of the Royal Academy thinks that if I should throw these pictures up life size and put them in the National Gallery they would attract attention, but perhaps that is because of his good heart."

The week before the Jubilee was celebrated there was a rehearsal at daybreak of the big procession over the route from Buckingham Palace to the Tower, and across London Bridge and back over Westminster Bridge, in order to insure a smooth performance for the actual event. The entire street programme was carried through, without the participation of the principals, of course, the Queen and attendant royalties with the other guests of the occasion being represented by dummies. Mark Twain thought that it would be worth while to see the rehearsal in order to gain an idea beforehand of what he was going to write about. He had received a "tip," from what he considered a reliable source, as to the morning the earlier show was to take place (a profound secret), and I had agreed to call for him early that day and drive him over the course. During the week I received the following note from him:

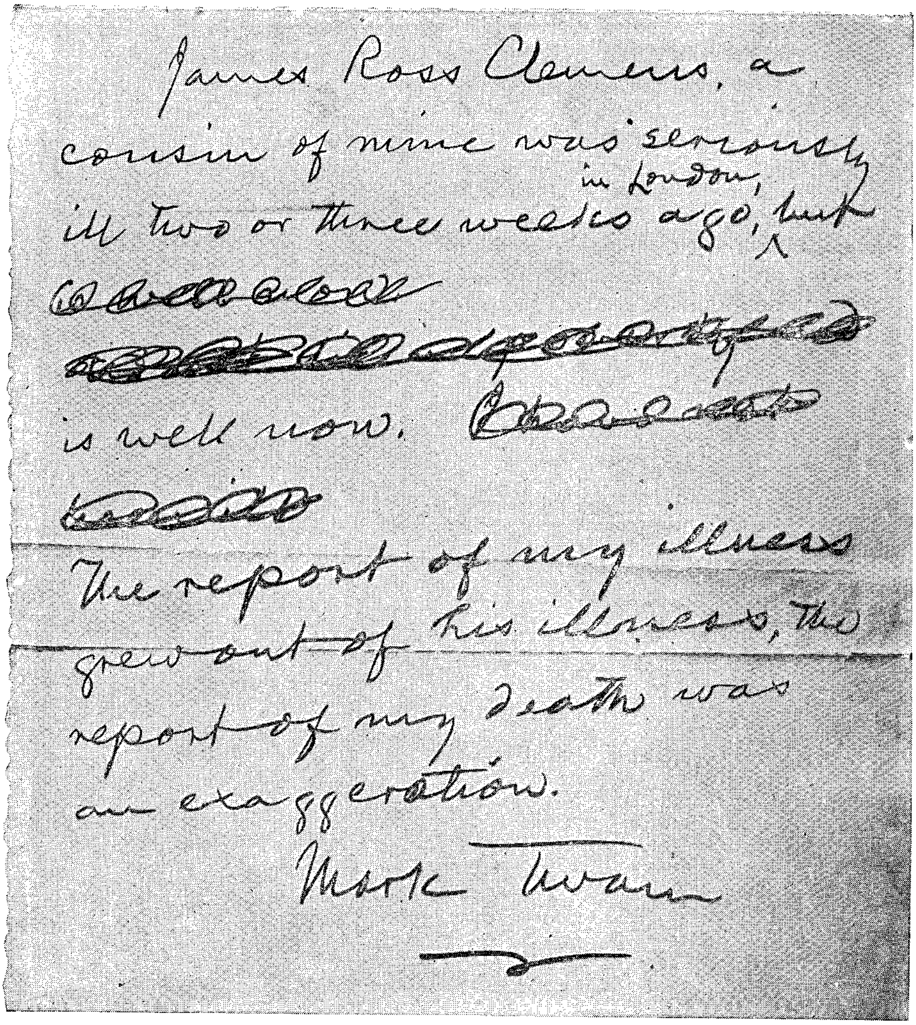
Dear Mr. White:

Do you think there will be room for my two daughters to go with us the morning of the 19th? If there should be room & no objection they might be useful to me in helping notice details.

I called at the Clemens residence at half-past three o'clock (the hour of sunrise in England in June) on the morning of the 19th, and the four of us drove up and down between Buckingham Palace and the Tower for two or three hours, but no sign of a processional rehearsal could we discover. Many picturesque and complicated aspersions did the humorist cast upon the character of his informant as to the potential occurrence of the morn. Playfully chided by his offspring as to the futility of losing his temper, which he really had not lost at all, he drawled, pensively: "I don't know about that. Sometimes when a man is in a thoroughgoing temper he finds things to say that are worth preserving."

On the day of the Jubilee procession, Wednesday, the 23d of June, Mark Twain had one of the best seats from which to view the show along the entire route, the front corner seat facing the head of the line of march on the stand erected before the Hotel Cecil in the Strand. There was the greatest crowd in London on that occasion that has ever got together in the history of the world, something like six or seven millions of people being gathered in the streets in an area of four or five square miles. Seats along the route of the procession sold for from five to thirty guineas; a hundred guineas was a moderate price for a room with two or three windows and a chance for a dozen persons to get a peep at the show, and as much as a thousand guineas was paid for one day's use of a box seating twenty or thirty. At some places along the line speculators had agreed to replace old buildings with new ones for the privilege of erecting reviewing stands for the single day of the procession. Heavy barriers were erected at various points where the throngs were likely to be greatest, to prevent the continuous swell of a possible panic wave; and after nine o'clock in the morning vehicular traffic was entirely suspended throughout central London.

As our star reporter was not particularly robust, and we could not afford to take any chances on his becoming lost or incapacitated, I had appointed a member of our staff, Dr. Graham Dewey, as his escort and body-guard, and he brought him safely from Chelsea by the underground road and through the Embankment Gardens into the rear entrance of the Hotel Cecil. Dewey had the next



James Ross Clemens, a cousin of mine was seriously ill two or three weeks ago in London, but is well now.

The report of my illness grew out of his illness, the report of my death was an exaggeration.

Mark Twain

“ AN EXAGGERATION ”

seat to his charge on the Cecil stand, accommodating two or three hundred, which—the hotel being filled by guests from the various parts of the British Empire—was occupied by representatives of many nations, most of whom knew our famous humorist by reputation and recognized him from portraits they had seen in distant lands, and it was all that his companion could do to prevent his being mobbed. In fact, Dewey declared that Mark Twain attracted more attention in his immediate vicinity than did the procession itself. He sat with a large pad on his knee and made many notes. He was cordial to the English reporters who tried to interview him, but firm in his refusal.

“No, no. You mustn't ask me to talk,” he said to them. “We reporters mustn't quote one another.”

He relented, however, after the procession had passed, so far as to remark: “I was not dreaming of so stunning a show. All the nations seemed to be represented. It was a sort of an allegorical representation of the Last Day, and some of us who live to see that day will probably recall this one—if we are not too much disturbed in mind at the time.”

A group of English and Australian notables now formed a guard about the distinguished American writer and cheerfully helped Dewey to fight a way for him across the Strand and to a friend's chambers in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Here he deftly turned out his copy, which reached the cable office and eventually the newspaper in ample time.

Later in the same year Mark Twain did some journalistic work in Vienna, where he attended many of the stormy sessions of the Reichsrath growing out of the German-Czech controversy in the fall and winter, being, indeed, dragged out with the others when the soldiery arrested Dr. Wolff and cleared the Parliamentary halls in November. His permanent record of those events is to be found in his article in "Harper's Magazine" for March, 1898, entitled "Stirring Times in Austria," but he also sent occasional despatches to American newspapers. That the perfidious editor of a contemporary had the audacity to employ his services, disregarding priority of claim on my part, is indicated by the following letter I received from him in January, which also presents his views as to where the line should be drawn between a literary correspondent and a mere reporter:

Vienna, Sunday night.

Dear Mr. White:

There is nothing to telegraph to-night—I sent it to the "World" last night. I expected a request from you, but the "World's" request reached me 17 hours ahead of yours.

There is nothing new to-day but Badeni's resignation, but I should not care to telegraph an ordinary and foregone event like that, & it wouldn't pay you to have me do it anyway.

The other time that you wanted a telegram it was good magazine matter if detailed fully, but in condensed form it was merely matter for a reporter.

I was sorry I didn't hear from you this time, & was half minded to send you 500 words anyhow without waiting.

Yrs sincerely,
S. L. CLEMENS.

You see, it was a *special* occasion. I haven't any use for the telegraph on any *but* that sort.

I am answering your telegram, you see—although you didn't show that grace to my letter, you remember.

The letter referred to bears upon another phase of Mark Twain's life during the months of which I have been writing—the struggle to rid himself of the burden of debt that others had unloaded upon him. The letter had been written from Vienna in November and sent to me in London while I was in Spain, and the fat-headed Briton I had left in charge of my office had forwarded it to me without acknowledging its receipt to its author or notifying him of my absence. The letter did not reach me in Spain, and, following me thence, had been delayed somewhere, so that I did not know of its existence until I received the further communication from its writer in January. The letter was as follows:

(Permanent Address)
Hotel Metropole, Vienna, November 4, 1897 (6 P.M.)

Dear Mr. White:

Yesterday I mailed the enclosed to Bliss of the American Publishing Co., Hartford. If it's worth your while to cable it or its substance, good. If not, maybe the Associated Press might be willing to send a couple of sentences of it over.

My pockets are full of ham sandwiches—I am going to attend what is expected to be another all-night sitting of parliament.

Yours sincerely
S. L. CLEMENS.

My yesterday's cablegram to Bliss was: "Pure lie. Wrote no such letter. Still deep in debt." (And that is the truth. I wish it wasn't.)

The fat-headed Briton before mentioned had not cabled the inclosure mentioned in the letter, nor had he offered it to the Associated Press—he had only lost it.

It was on the last day of May, 1897, that my paper had cabled me from New York the information that a report was current in the American press that Mark Twain was dying in poverty in London. I had seen him only a day or two before, and knew that he was in good health and living in comfort; but the following morning I sent a reporter to his house to show him the cable from New York. He was writing in bed that day, and a servant took the cable to his bedroom, whence he sent down the following note, out of which grew one of the most famous of his later witticisms. The note read:

James Ross Clemens, a cousin of mine, was seriously ill two or three weeks ago in London, but is well now.

The report of my illness grew out of his illness; the report of my death was an exaggeration. MARK TWAIN.

I called on Mark Twain later in the day, when he told me that he did not know whether to be more amused or annoyed by the New York rumor. "Of course I'm dying," he said; "but I'm not dying any faster than anybody else. I can understand perfectly how the report of my illness got about, but the report of my poverty is harder to deal with. My friends might know that unless I were actually dying I should not live in poverty when I am receiving offers to lecture by every mail. The fact is that I was under contract to write the book I have just finished, or I should have accepted these offers."

I sent a despatch about Mark Twain's financial and physical condition to my paper that night, in which I embodied in his own words what he had written about his cousin in the morning. The operator who cabled it left out all punctuation marks, as is usual unless they are specifically marked for transmission. The copy editor in New York, preparing the despatch for the printer, began a paragraph with the last clause of the second and last paragraph of the note Mark had written in bed, "'The report of my death is an exaggeration," and this by process of repetition became, "The reports of my death are grossly exaggerated."

A couple of weeks after sending the above-mentioned despatch I received the following note:

> *Dear Mr. White:*
>
> Come down, now, & let us see if we can invent some way to repair the enormous damage which your cablegram has done me. Sincerely, CLEMENS.

I might have been surprised, had I not the same morning received a telegram from my paper to the effect that the New York "Herald" had started a subscription for the pecuniary relief of Mark Twain, and asking me to ascertain whether he approved it. As I surmised, this movement having brought him a mass of cablegrams from all parts of America inquiring if he was in need of financial assistance, he had attributed the sensation to something in my despatch of a fortnight before. The "Herald" had evidently not informed the object of its prospective beneficence beforehand that it was about to raise a subscription for him, for he was taken entirely by surprise when I showed him the cable from the office of my paper. He also was very much pleased, and said: "You can say in reply that if it is true, it is pleasanter news than I have been accustomed to receive for some time past. I was expecting a monument by and by, but if my friends wish to pay my debts I will do without the monument."

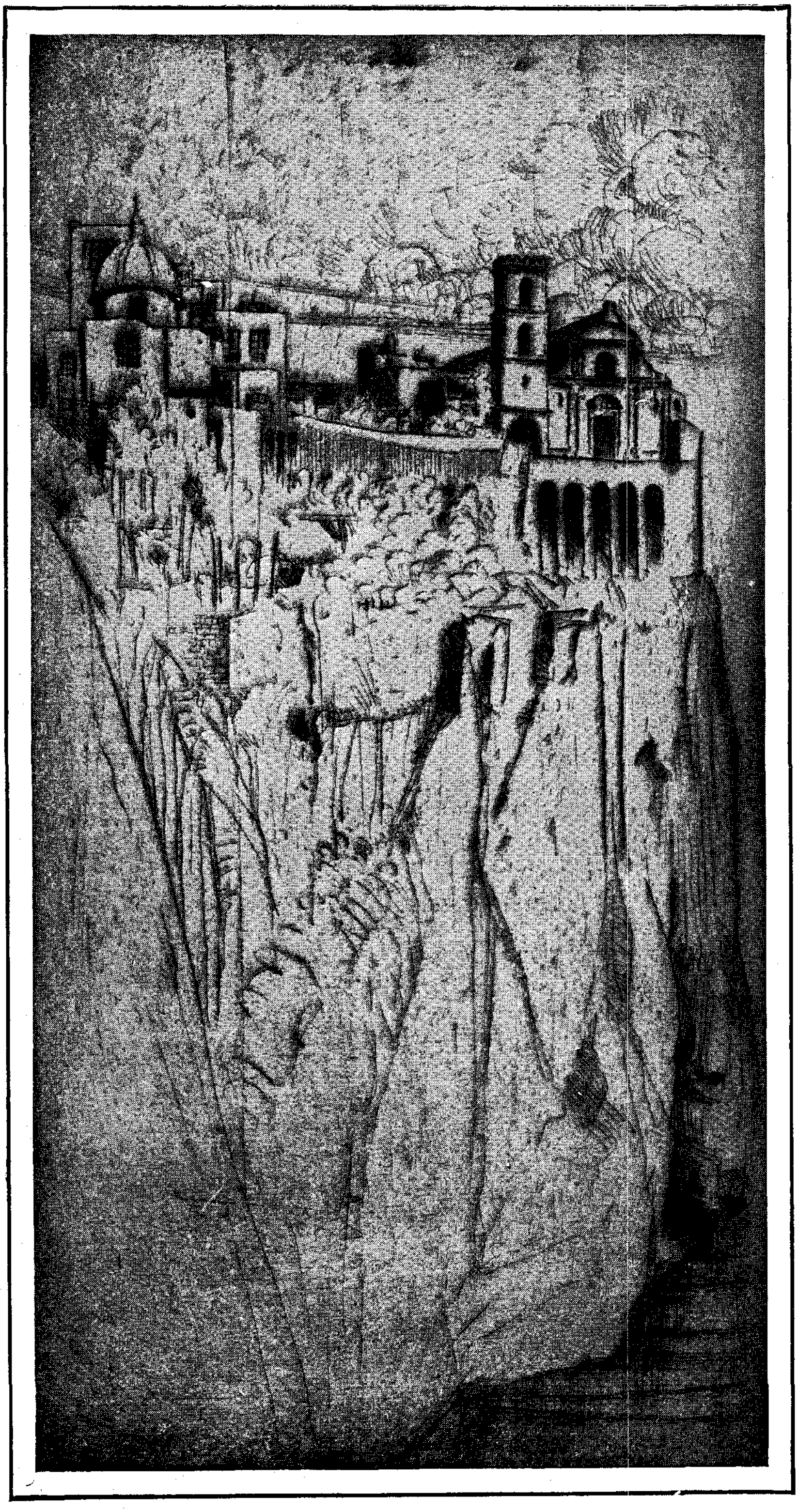
Mark Twain might not have objected to having his friends pay off his debts. It was when the "Herald" announced that the fund it proposed to raise was to meet his personal necessities, and not for the relief of his creditors, that he put a stop to the project.

The humorist was writing a play when he left London for Vienna that fall, and the following January I wrote to him to suggest that the work might be suitable for publication as a literary supplement to the newspaper I represented. He replied as follows:

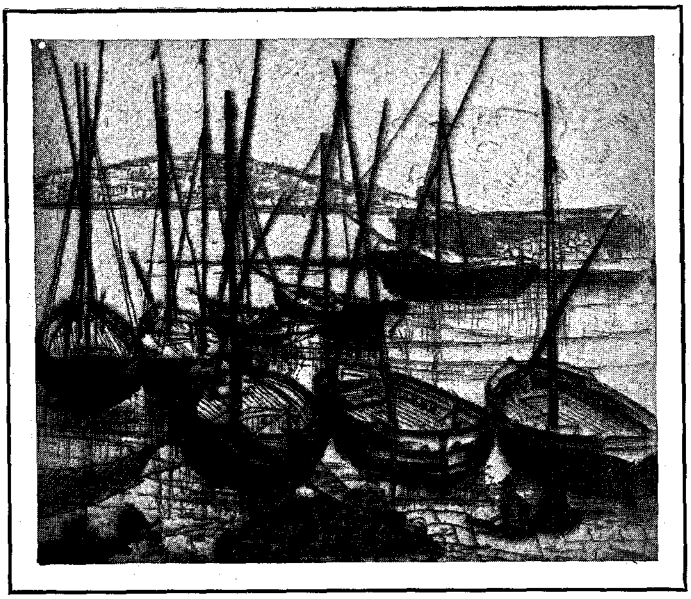
> Hotel Metropole, Vienna, February 4, 1898.
>
> *Dear Mr. White:*
>
> It wouldn't do to print the Comedy, because it would destroy the stage-rights in England & could damage it in America.
>
> That would be rather sorrowful, after all the work I have put on it. I don't mean that I have done such a power of work in writing the Comedy, but in trying to cut it down so that it will play inside of a week. I am still at that—chopping off at one end & adding on at the other. I have got it now where one end is short enough, but I am in more trouble than ever about the other. There seems to be something wrong about my method. However, I shall manage it.
>
> Sincerely yours, MARK.

This letter was marked "Not Private," but I have not had occasion to publish it before.

The title "Mark Twain as a Newspaper Reporter" should not convey the impression that the only newspaper reporting our famous humorist ever did was on the occasions related above. Two of the best chapters in "Roughing It" are devoted to his experiences as a real reporter (with the title of City Editor) on the Virginia City, Nevada, "Enterprise," in 1862.



VICO EQUENSE



PORTICI

Some Italian Marinas

By Mary Heaton Vorse

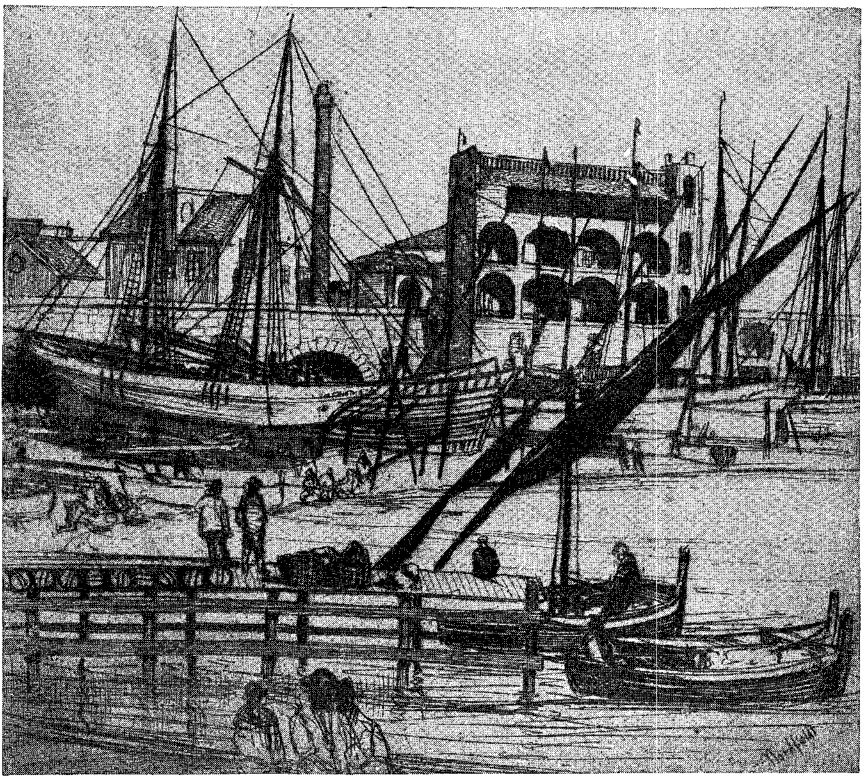
With Etchings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

THERE is a Corniche road as beautiful as any in the world that runs along the coast of Italy from Castellamare to Sorrento, cuts off a corner of the peninsula to get quicker from the Bay of Naples to the Gulf of Salerno, and progresses with the rhythm of music to Salerno. Sheer and stark above it rise the mountains, and the sea calls from the cliffs below.

Along the road, like clusters of jewels on a white ribbon, are a series of lovely little towns. Now they perch perilously on the very tops of hills capped by an adventurous church; now they clamber in agile fashion up the sheer mountain flanks. Other towns again—less adventurously inclined towns—like San Annello and Sorrento, spread themselves on the plains, and still others, like mysterious Priano, hide themselves altogether from the road high up beyond terraces of lemon and olive.

Over this highway passes a ceaseless procession of tourists in open carriages, "taking" the famous Sorrento-Amalfi drive; and so diversely lovely is the spectacle that the road unwinds before them, and of such miraculous clearness the water below, that one cannot blame them altogether for thinking of it and talking of it as if mountains and towns and water altogether were just scenery whose function it was to attract foreigners, instead of a real country lived in by real people.

It isn't difficult at all to spend weeks here and go away knowing as little of the South Italians as any Tuscan. You can easily depart with all your prejudices concerning them unimpaired, thinking them a set of lazy but picturesque scoundrels. In this you will be helped by the Italians themselves—on the one hand by the *vetturini* and boatmen and such others as minister to the wants of tourists, and on the other by the indifference of the real inhabitants of the country to the visitor. For it is a double-faced country; at first sight, as seen from the carriages, as obvious in its loveliness as the reality of deep-bosomed, bare-legged, glad-eyed girls that you meet on the way or see



TORRE DEL GRECO

picking among the lemon groves, forming themselves into groups such as the *genre* painters of the South of Italy have always loved to depict.

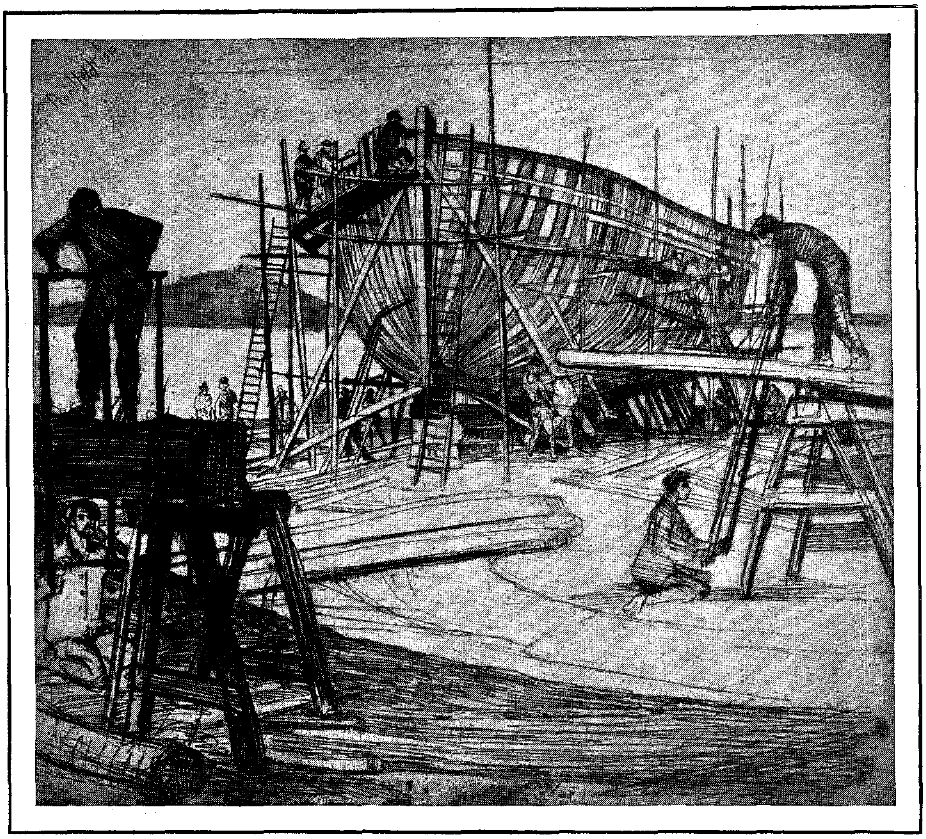
Yes, if you look no farther than the surface, you will know just as much about this southern country as you have read in books; you will see, just as you expected, handsome girls picking pale golden fruit in the sunshine, and handsome, jaunty, good-looking scoundrels lounging in the *piazzas* of towns to bamboozle your pocket-money from you, and nothing more.

But the real Italy is always within your reach. All you have to do is to walk a little bit and be ready to talk to those you meet on the way, and have the vision to see a little beyond the expected beauty.

For instance, each one of these towns has its own little *marina*, or water-front—a little village within a village, for, while the *marina* of Amalfi is a big affair and the town clusters about it lovingly and you cannot escape it, and while Salerno sprawls along its water-front, there are a dozen *marinas* from Torre del Greco around the peninsula invisible from the road, each with its own especial loveliness, its own character, and its own legends.

If you wish to see this country, go humbly on foot, and from the first you will be lured from the beaten road. It was near Vico Equense that a *salita* leading to orange and lemon groves beckoned us. We dived down it, following first the little olive *salita*—a beaten trail from one olive terrace to another, the banks sweet with clover and dotted with wild poppies—finally gaining the main *salita*, a sheer but well-paved road with high stuccoed walls on either side shutting off the gardens.

At one of the garden doors stood a woman spinning flax on a distaff, for the women of this country have their hands always busy; when they are not carding wool, when they are not spinning linen



BOAT-BUILDING

within their doors, then you may be sure their knitting-needles are busy, or else they are twirling flax into linen thread. She nodded us a courteous "Good-day," and we stopped for a moment's chat.

"What is the name of the village?" we asked, pointing to the little group of pink and saffron-yellow buildings huddled at the bottom of the cliffs.

"Its real name," she answered, "is the Marina of Sejano, but we who live here call it Equa."

"And why is that?" I asked.

"Formerly," she told us, "in very ancient times, there was here a great town by the name of Equa, so they said. Then, at the time that Pompeii was buried and Herculaneum, or thereabouts, there came a great earthquake and the town of Equa was broken off, much of it, and fell into the sea, and the villas upon the hills came tumbling down the side of the cliff as a boy might throw a stone over a cliff, and lay in heaps upon the *marina;* and though to-day they call it the Marina of Sejano, we who have always lived here call it Equa, after that ancient town which fell into the sea."

I give this for what it is worth. Perhaps she referred to the earthquake which destroyed so much of Pompeii in the year A.D. 63, and most likely her town of Equa is Vico Equense. I am no antiquarian; I give this as a simple piece of tradition told me by a woman whose people "had always lived there," as she spun her linen thread.

Then she asked:

"From where do you come? New York?"

"Yes," I answered.

Her face brightened into a wide smile.

"I, too, I lived there." Then in English: "Twenty-sevent' Street an' T'oid Av'noo. In two months I go back. I have three sons there." She twirled her thread industriously.

And there, it seems to me, one has

in very little space a sort of summary of this lovely coast and its people. A series of little *marinas* with glad-colored houses clinging at the foot of high cliffs; behind them terraces of orange and of lemon and of olive; the memory of the ancient Roman towns still living in tales handed down from father to son and mother to daughter, the women carrying on their hand industries in their own houses, the men building new terraces on sheer mountain-sides where they shall plant more olives and more oranges, or making boats upon the water-front, after the manner of their fathers; and everywhere women and men who have either lived on "Twenty-sevent' Street an' T'oid Av'noo," or whose sons live there, or whose daughters live there. For, as the old Roman days and the Italy of to-day live close together, as the eager industrial spirit of the north has penetrated into this southern country, so New York has influenced this whole coast. I say "New York" advisedly; I do not mean America, I mean New York and Brooklyn.

While we were chatting with the woman at Equa, however, it seemed a picturesque and pleasing anomaly that a woman who spun flax at the door of an orange garden should have lived at "Twenty-sevent' Street an' T'oid Av'noo;" but as we continued our way past groups of lemon-pickers and returned to the Italy of guide-book and song again one of these lovely daughters of the south, stalwart and bare-footed and glowing, flashed past us—a girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen—and opened her mouth to cry, in perfectly good New Yorkese:

"Frank, Frank, Momma wants yah!"

Once on the beach we paused to rest. The little *marina* had cliffs behind it, and seemed infinitely cut off from the world. It seemed that with one good storm the waves would lick across the black sand—and where it was that Lamartine found the "yellow sands of Sorrento" on this coast one would like to know—and engulf the little pink houses once for all and carry off forever the gayly painted boats lying upon the shore.

As we sat there and tasted this feeling of aloofness from the world we knew, the little boy of the party busied himself in looking for shells, and in this he was helped by some other little boys, ragged and bare-legged, and with large eyes of soft brown. And when at last it was time to go, he protested:

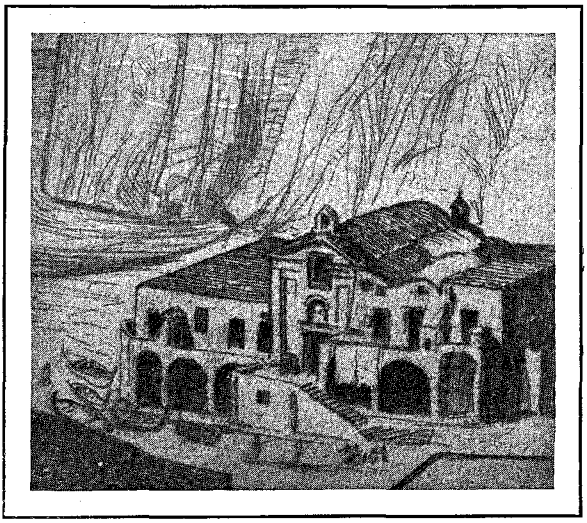
"I don't want to go. I'm playing with the kids; I'm playing with Frank and Charlie."

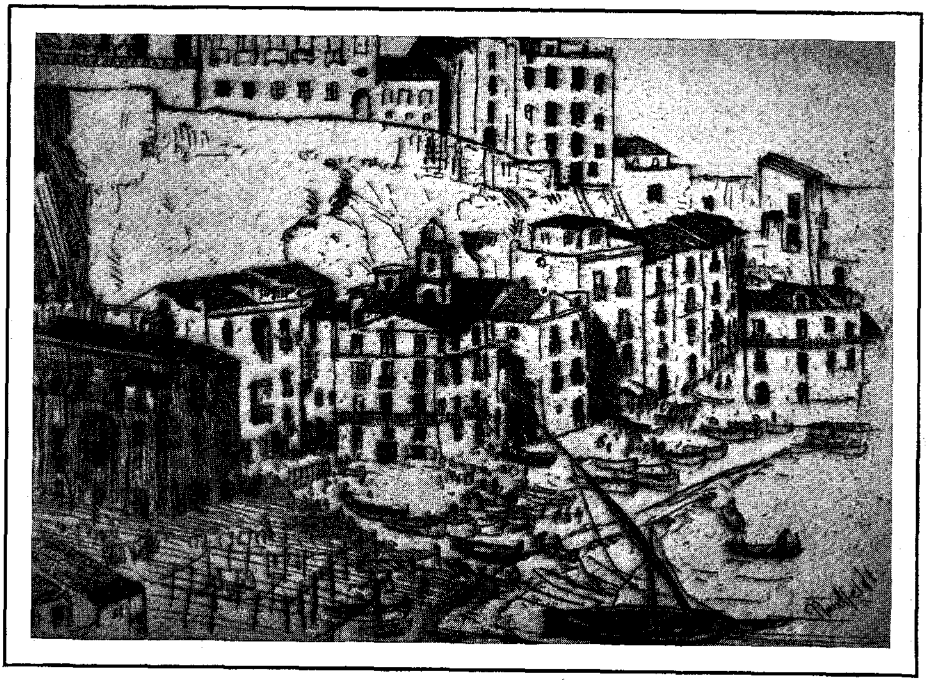
"The kids" approached us to explain.

"Me an' him," said one, "were huntin' for St. Lucy's eyes." He held out a flat little shell with a squirl in the center of it, in which the imagination could see the far-off likeness of an eye. He spoke with no perceptible foreign accent. "Me an' him," he went on, indicating Charlie, "we have fun on this beach; we have fun ev'ry day, jus' as good as Coney Islan'. I ain't been back long; Cholly, he's been back six years. I brought my roller-skates, but there ain't any streets for skatin' 'round here."

"Why don't you forget your English?" I asked Charlie.

"Oh, I speak English to home. There's only four of us been born since we come back; six of us was born over there. Then there's always kids like him," he indicated the little American, "that keep comin' back from Noo York."


PRIANO



SORRENTO

"What are your names in Italian?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, I'm Francesco an' he's Pasquale."

"And what do you call St. Lucy's eyes in Italian?"

"*Gli occhi di Santa Lucia.*" He spoke in the soft southern patois just as he spoke New Yorkese for English.

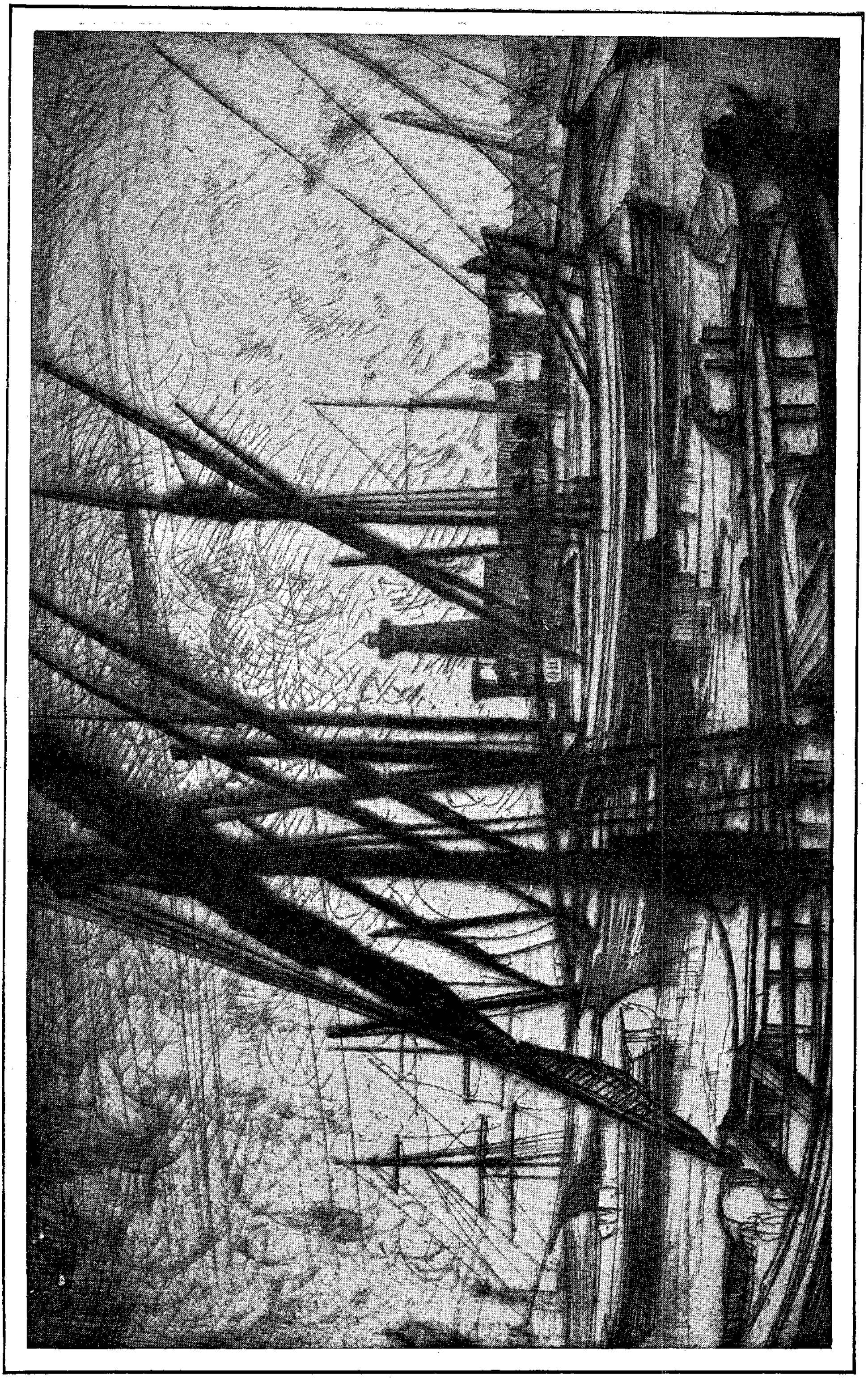
"Who's St. Lucy?" asked the little boy.

"Why, don't you know, kid?" Frank answered. "She was a saint, but she was an awful good-looker jus' the same, an' a man, he comes along an' he says, 'I can't think o' God because o' her eyes; they're so bright. When I go to pray, I get to thinkin' o' her eyes.' And that makes St. Lucy sore; because she's a saint she'd ruther have him pray to God 'stead o' rubberin' 'round at her in mass, so she took and dug her eyes right out. Then God give her another pair, which made a saint out of her, 'cause it was a miracle."

Thus the legend of Santa Lucia after it had passed through New York City.

In the material world a great dividing sea lay between this little shut-off *marina*, with its black sands and its legendary shells, and New York, but in the mind of the little boy who told the story New York was hardly farther off than was Coney Island from the place where he lived in that city.

But just what relation the people who live up and down this coast have to us we learned in a ship-yard in Torre del Greco. Along this water-front you would hardly know that the age of steam had come, for here men are building solid little square-rigged ships as though they were building for eternity, out of such heavy timber are they made. In the little basin of Portici, which to most of us means only the station where one gets off to see Herculaneum, you may see the lovely lateen fishing-boats and square-rigged boats that are little tramp freighters; and farther down, at Torre del Greco, whose water-front is a vast ship-yard, you may see them being made—made, too, from the log up, for the unhewn trunks of mighty oaks are brought there, and there they make the vessels. And to those who are fond of boats it is a touching sort of place, for boat after boat is being turned out as though steam and gasoline weren't waiting to replace the boats with sails there just as they are here. There, in clumsy



CASTELLAMARE

and antiquated models, you may see being constructed the diminished children of the brave sailing vessels of former days, and you learn that they are to carry freight from Africa to France and back to Italy again, going with one cargo and returning with another. And you know, too, how inevitable it is that they shall disappear as our coastwise clipper ships have disappeared. A few years more and a hundred boats with steam coming from their funnels will fill up the basin at Portici and crowd out the ships with sails along the docks of Castellamare. And the people who come back from America know it too, as our friend, who was working on the Stella Polaris, knew it.

The Stella Polaris was a boat nearing completion; she was to carry lobsters from Sardinia to Marseilles. Her captain hovered around her with a look in his eye that the owners of boats have all the world over. It was the first boat he had owned all to himself, he told us; he had planned all his life long to have a boat built just to suit him, and soon she would be launched—just a few days more. He had the still and glad look of a man who, for the moment, had achieved his heart's desire.

From beneath the boat a voice hailed us in English. A man was lying in the shadow; it was noon.

He said:

"You're from New York, ain't you?" And during all this time that I have spent up and down exploring *marinas*, following *salitas* for little hidden towns, talking to the women and children at work in the lemon groves, never once was I asked if I came from America; New York—it was always New York.

"I come from there too," he continued. "I'm just back for a while to visit my family, and I'm working a little on my brother-in-law's boat. They won't be building boats like this much longer, I tell him, but he won't believe me. It's a pity, too." He spoke with almost no accent, because, as he said, he went over with his uncle when he was "a kid," and he came back to do his military, and so he had been going and coming ever since he could remember.

"A great many of you seem to do that; you come and go—whole families of you."

He smiled.

"You bet we come and go! Why, this place—this whole coast—is just a suburb of New York; that's what it is!" There you have it: a suburb of New York!

"I know some families that go and come home regularly every three years. Some fellahs come home every year. Nobody hardly ever goes over and stays over."

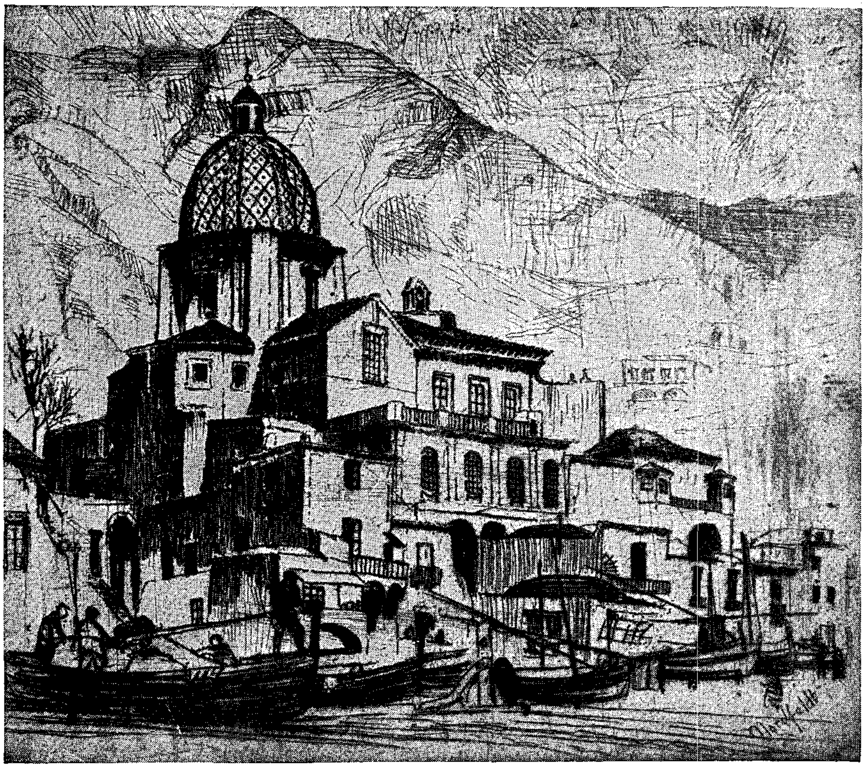
"Don't you like it better over here?"

"I like it both places. That's the way most of us are. That's what makes us go and come. We like it here—that's what makes us come back; we like it there—that's why we don't stay back even when we can. You know, it's funny with me: I know this is an awful old-fashioned way of making boats—making a boat out of the trunk of a tree—but I like to do it. I was back here a while and learned the ship-building trade, and every little while I want to work with my hands and make a boat. Oh, I don't get paid much, but everybody gets paid more than they did when I was little here. Why? Because all the men go to America. Wages have risen all over. My brother-in-law pays his men twice as much as they were paid ten years ago. When they try to make us work for nothing now, we go to America; they have got to pay us something if they want us to stay here."

The scene around us was inexpressibly of the Old World; the models of the boats clumsier and stolider than the most ancient derelict that one may find rotting in an American ship-yard. Across the bay from us Naples was swimming in the warm light of afternoon, and in countless houses mothers of families were spinning on distaffs after the ancient fashion; and yet, because New York was so near, the owner of the Stella Polaris must pay more to those who built his fine new boat and must pay his men who worked her more.

As we went on the sense of the imminence of a big city whose streets were roaring cañons, whose buildings were like mighty towers, became more and more real. Perhaps one reason was because of the touching habit that those who are left behind have of sending messages to their friends through the medium of any passer-by.

Now it was the keeper of a wayside



POSITANO

inn, a handsome woman, who seemed barely to have attained middle age, but who spoke of a new grandchild boastfully, and who sent greetings through us to her daughter.

"Give my love to her and tell her how well I am," she said. "A message by word of mouth by one who has seen those we love means so much more than all the letters we can write."

No little *marina* was so remote, no town so hidden up some steep *salita*, but almost the first person we spoke to had either come home but recently or was about to go back, or whose relatives were there. There is many a small town in Connecticut within a couple of hours of New York that seems more remote, and whose conditions have been less affected by the nearness of the city.

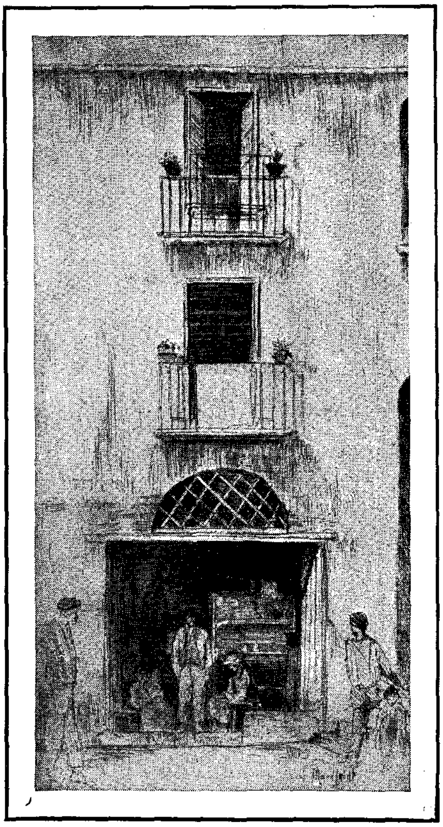
If we stopped at country *trattoria* for spaghetti and fried squid, the little boy who waited on us spoke New Yorkese more perfectly than we, and lamented the fact of the uselessness of his new roller-skates, but was comforted to remember also that roller-skates would keep for another year, when he would be going back. And the ineffably Italian-looking lad who, with two others, was weighing lemons in Priano—a little town that is said to be approachable by road, but to which we found our way up a main stairway, and which is built tier on tier up the mountain-side, its houses and its very gardens clinging to the mountains by the grace of God—turned out to have had a fruit-stand on Bleecker Street before he came back to "do his military."

Perhaps the most touching acquaintance we made was in the little *marina* of Priano, which is far from the town—a tiny, tiny beach ramparted from the sea by high walls, with little houses swallow's-nesting in old ruins, and beyond whose beach are a Moorish tower and more ruins again, the traces of ruins that had fallen into the sea and been washed away. The people themselves do not know on whose houses their own are built, they have always been there, is all they could tell us. And though the great white road with its tourists winds back of them and far above, strangers are a rarity to be welcomed with great kindness and hospitality. And here on this tiny beach, with the sea in front of it and shut off from everything by high cliffs, accessible only by a steep *salita*, an old woman sat down and chatted with us on the sand. And when she found whence we came her face lighted, and, with the most childish confidence—

"Go," said she, "to such-and-such a number on Seventh Avenue when you return, and there you will find my good son Michaele; without his money I could not live, for I am very old and cannot work, and my husband is dead. Give my love to him—to my son Michaele and to my sister Maruccia."

And this we promised to do. It was not until we were on the road again that we realized that we had been in such a little place that surnames were not necessary, and that all we knew was that old Elisabetta sent her love to her good son Michaele and to her sister Maruccia, who lived at such-and-such a number on Seventh.

But I know the name and address of Jenny's Uncle Dominic, for he is a very prosperous grocer and fruit merchant on a big avenue and easy to find. Jenny lives in Positano, which is one of the towns through which one hurries on the way to Amalfi; a town which is built up and down a mountain-side and which keeps its *marina* quite to itself. You must go down to it by *salitas*, for the road that leads there is very winding and takes too long. The women in the doorways smile at you pleasantly, and here and there you will hear children calling to each other in English. A most charming and lovely town is Positano, and it was founded by a statue of the Virgin which saved a good ship by calling from the hold, "Posa! Posa!" And it is especially to be recommended to little boys who like to find coral and St. Lucy's eyes on the beach. Moreover, its principal *botega* is a pleasant and sociable place, and along the little esplanade people lounge and mend nets.



A BOTEGA

To get to Jenny's house try to go back to the main road from the beach by an easier way than the labyrinth of little streets through which you came; presently you will find a flight of steps that should lead to the main street and you will get lost, and then, if you are lucky, Jenny's little brother, who has seen you on the beach, will recognize you and call to Jenny that the people from New York are there.

In my case his cry was:

"Here's the New York kid an' his momma!"

Jenny, a tall and lovely creature, came forward down the little path and held out a shy hand.

"How are you?" she said. "He says he's seen ladies from New York an' a kid on the beach yesterday, an' I says, 'Wouldn't it be nice if they was to happen along again?' An' now you have." She beamed on us. Intonation and accent were entirely New York; the little shy tilt of the head and the friendly smile, the graceful and modest bearing, were entirely Italian. "Won't you step in?" she asked, "an' be seated?"

We accepted her invitation, while Jenny called:

"Momma! Momma! Here's the New York lady!"

"Momma," a handsome woman with a baby on her arm, welcomed us.

"Well, you do please Jenny; she's always glad to see ladies from home."

They showed us with pride through the neat rooms of the house—the beds monuments of comfort, the few pieces of furniture massive. A lamp burned before a little shrine; the table near by was covered with an oilcloth with a printed Brooklyn Bridge upon it.

"My poppa, when we came back," Jenny explained, "bought this house."

"Where did you live in America?" I asked.

"Ninth Av'noo an' Fifty— Street," answered the mother. "We lived always fourteen years in the same place. My husban', he start out first with a fruit store. He got better an' better bus'ness an' got a grocery."

"And when he got enough," said Jenny, "he sold out to my Uncle Dominic. An' now summers he jus' goes fishin'; he's crazy about fishin', my poppa, an' in winter he carves out boat models. He don't have to do nothin'; I don't have to do nothing but just embroid'ry and help my momma."

"You've kept up your English very well," I suggested.

"You see," Jenny explained, "I write all the time to my teachers," and the love that she put into those words "my teachers," could they have heard it, must have been one of the great rewards for long hours spent among unappreciative children. "I says to Cholly when he says that there was New York ladies on the beach, 'If one o' my teachers was to come along!'"

"You'll see them all again when you go back, Jenny," said her mother. "Jenny, she's goin' to get married an' go back."

"My *fiancé*, he's comin' back for me—maybe Chris'mas," Jenny explained, shyly.

"An' then," said her mother, "I'll be goin' to visit her."

"Do you like it better there?" I asked.

"Oh, we like it both places jus' the same. Some things more here, some things more there. I'd like to keep comin' an' goin'," the mother told us. And that is the way they do there—they keep coming and going.

"Now," said Jenny, throwing open a window on a broad balcony perhaps thirty feet long, from which one could see all the splendor of the Gulf of Salerno, "won't you step out on the fire-escape?"

"*Won't you step out on the fire-escape?*" Truly New York was barely out of sight.

"My poppa had the fire-escape all done over," said Jenny. "It's a nice view."

Then we went inside and saw beautiful embroideries—sheets and pillow-shams that would have been heirlooms—all the work of Jenny's fingers, for Jenny was a miracle of industry apparently. She had crocheted the curtains; she had made all her own things.

Jenny accompanied us to the gate.

"Won't you walk with us a little way?" we asked.

"Could I, mother?" Mind you, Jenny had been born and brought up in America the first thirteen years of her life.

"You're not dressed right, Jenny," her mother objected. "You'd better not." And we realized that in Italy a well-brought-up girl doesn't go walking out promiscuously, not even with "ladies from New York."

So in Jenny's case one has a pretty fair conjecture of the exchange that we make with this suburb of a big city. We give them money so that father can sell out to Uncle Dominic and pass his declining years fishing, and then Jenny marries and comes back—Jenny, with a thousand graces and modesties of the Old World; Jenny, industrious and sweet-tempered and very lovely to look at. And in course of time Jenny's little brothers will come over too, like the older boy, who is now in business with Uncle Dominic.

As one sees more and more of this race of splendid and stalwart men and women, working with their hands in the fields, carrying on hand industries in their own houses, their bodies made wholesome by much open air and simple living, one realizes that in this big emigration the sunlight and gayety of Italy are being poured into our city streets, and not only sunlight and gayety but a capacity for patient toil of which this whole coast bears most eloquent testimony.

Big Battles Against Disease

The Advance in Surgery

By Earl Mayo

The first of a series of articles in the preparation of which the author has had the assistance of eminent physicians, surgeons, laboratory workers, and scientific experimenters in the field of medicine and surgery. Other subjects will be: "The Conquest of Germs," "Typhoid and Tuberculosis: The Public's Responsibility," "The Conservation of the Child," "The Cost of Disease."

SOMETHING over two years ago a child was born to a young couple in New York. From the hour of birth the baby suffered from a disorder so rare that it occurs in about one out of every thousand children born. This malady is infantile hemorrhage. It involves bleeding from the nose, mouth, bowels, and other parts of the body. It is very difficult to overcome and in a large proportion of cases proves fatal. In this particular instance the father of the child was himself a physician, and belonged to a family which includes several distinguished members of the medical profession. The best of skill was enlisted, and a variety of measures were resorted to during three days in an effort to stop the loss of blood that was rapidly draining away the child's life. All these efforts were in vain. By the fourth day the baby was nearly bloodless and almost lifeless. It seemed a certainty that the tiny spark of vitality remaining would flicker out within a few hours at most.

Then, at the request of the father, Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, undertook to apply a new remedial measure. He had the father lie down alongside the baby, opened an artery in the father's forearm and a vein in the baby's leg, and sewed the two together. With every pulsation of the father's heart a fresh supply of blood was pumped into the veins and arteries of the little one. Soon the child's pallid skin began to be suffused with a glow of pink. The bleeding stopped. Every instant new evidences of the revivifying influence at work appeared. Within a few minutes the artificial union between the circulatory systems of father and child was discontinued. The baby, as ruddy and lively as though he had undergone only the normal experiences of a thoroughly healthy child, began to cry lustily for food.

The transformation was so complete and so swiftly accomplished that it tremendously impressed those who witnessed it. The old comparison which referred to the subject of an unusual recovery as one snatched from the brink of the grave was thoroughly apt in this case, for the child, scarcely able to continue breathing at the end of one hour, was restored to perfect health at the beginning of the next, and has continued in that condition ever since.

This case has been fully reported and

widely commented on in medical annals. It forms one of the spectacular triumphs of modern surgery. This is not so much because of the nature of the operation performed as because of its manner. Attempts to transfuse blood are by no means new in surgical history. They had been made, though with small success, a hundred years before the case just described. But the method used in the operation and the process by which this method was arrived at are characteristic of the new surgery which achieves progress chiefly by means of elaborate and painstaking experiment directed to a definite end.

An earlier method of transfusion employed a small tube to connect the arterial systems of the two persons participating in the operation. This always involved risk of the formation of blood-clots at the ends of the tube, and these clots, carried into the circulation, sometimes lodged in the brain, heart, or lungs, and caused death. On account of this danger the plan was adopted of drawing off into a receptacle the blood to be transferred and then beating it vigorously, after which it was passed into the system of the patient. The purpose of this beating was to separate the fibrin, the substance in the blood which forms clots. This method was unsuccessful in a large proportion of the cases in which it was tried, and many surgeons abandoned transfusion operations entirely.

Within the past five years, however, Dr. Carrel, assisted by other members of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute, developed a new method of uniting blood-vessels which it was desirable to connect either temporarily or permanently. The walls of an artery are made up of several layers serving various purposes. Dr. Carrel found that if the ends of the innermost of these, known as the intima, were accurately sewed together by needle and thread, so that there were no rough edges to form blood-clots; if the operation were performed under thoroughly aseptic conditions—that is, with the exercise of care to prevent any sort of harmful germ from getting into the system through any of the cuts made in performing the operation; and if, finally, the thread used in sewing together the blood-passages were coated with vaseline to heal the minute wounds made by the passage of the needle and to prevent the formation of tiny clots there, the operation could be performed with practically no risk of any following complications. It was this knowledge that saved the life of the physician's baby in the case referred to. Other experimenters working upon animals have developed special devices for accurately joining the ends of blood-vessels, and these combined efforts in their various applications have resulted in saving hundreds of other lives.

The process by which a small portion of the father's blood was transferred to his child seems in the reading to be one of the simplest pieces of surgical carpentry imaginable, though actually it requires the highest degree of skill; but the knowledge which enables this and other more common operations to be performed with accuracy and surety did not come as a direct revelation or a sudden inspiration of genius. It was laboriously acquired from a great many experiments upon dogs and other animals. In the course of his experiments Dr. Carrel not only cut veins and arteries and sewed them together again; he cut out sections of these blood-vessels, washed them, left them outside the animal for varying lengths of time, and then put them back in place; and he transferred sections of arteries from one animal to another and showed that these transplanted sections performed the functions of those that had been removed as well as did the originals. All of these operations bid fair to have an important bearing in enabling surgeons to repair bodily injuries which heretofore it has been difficult or impossible to remedy.

From the beginning of human history men have sought to cure disease and to heal injuries to the bodily mechanism. It seems a natural inquiry why it should have been necessary to wait for centuries for knowledge so simple as that which now enables severed blood-passages to be united, or why, having gone on without it for all these centuries, it should have been gained within the past few years. The answer to this question contains in a nutshell the explanation of the rapid advance of medicine and surgery within the past generation, a progress which, as a well-known surgical writer puts it, has accomplished more in the past thirty years than had been achieved in the preceding thirty centuries.

In 1846 Dr. Morton and Dr. Warren, of Boston, made public application of the use of ether for producing anæsthesia (insensibility to pain) in persons undergoing operations, a discovery which had been made independently by Dr. Morton and by Dr. Long, of Georgia. This was a step of tremendous importance in the progress of surgery, for it made possible the performance of operations and investigations which it would be impossible to carry out on a conscious person, because the pain itself would be too great to be borne, and because the bodily movements, inevitable under such circumstances, would interfere with the delicate manipulation required on the part of the surgeon.

The use of anæsthetics—ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, and occasionally other substances—was of tremendous help to the surgeon, but he still labored under a handicap that greatly restricted his field and limited his usefulness to humanity. This was due to the fact that the after-result of an operation, such as the amputation of a limb, for example—the ordinary process undergone on the road to recovery—usually was more dangerous to the patient than the operation itself.

Almost every wound, whether inflicted accidentally or by the surgeon's knife, was followed by suppuration—the formation of a running sore filled with pus. In fact, this was supposed to be an unavoidable accompaniment of the healing process, and the few cases in which primary healing occurred—that is, healing without suppuration—were reported as possessing remarkable interest. It was only after the bodily system by its natural processes had overcome the bacterial infection, which was the real cause of the suppuration, that the patient was out of danger. Very often the infection was so serious that it could not be overcome. Cases of blood-poisoning, gangrene, and tetanus following surgical operations were of frequent occurrence and resulted in many deaths. So high was the mortality from injuries, such as compound fracture of the leg, for example, that James Syme, a distinguished British surgeon, is reported to have expressed the opinion that better results would be obtained, on the whole, if every such case were treated by amputation of the limb.

The general belief down almost to the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century was that the unfavorable and dangerous developments that took place in many wounds after operation were the result of the action of some element of the air—probably of the oxygen. Efforts were made to exclude air from the dressings of wounds by the use of greasy bandages. These were later discarded as failing to give satisfactory results. To secure cleanliness, in the modern surgical use of the term, there was no attempt, for its importance was not appreciated. The careful surgeon washed his hands and instruments in ordinary warm water before setting to work, and he saw to it that his bandages were free from dirt, but beyond that nothing was attempted. Those who are familiar with the elaborate precautions taken in even the simplest of surgical operations to-day will have no difficulty in understanding the prevalence of blood-poisoning, erysipelas, and lockjaw in these earlier surgical cases.

The scientific investigations of Pasteur in determining the causes of fermentation and putrefaction in vegetable products led up to the second great step in advance which has made possible modern surgery. Pasteur revolutionized medicine, and his experiments suggested ideas to Joseph Lister, the working out of which revolutionized surgery. By a long series of experiments Lister demonstrated that the air and its elements had nothing to do with the infection of wounds, but that it was caused by minute organisms, floating like dust in the atmosphere, which are collectively described, in popular parlance, as germs or microbes.

One of the experiments employed to determine this consisted in placing a fluid excretion in jars with long necks. The upper ends of these necks curved over with the tips pointing downward. Openings in these tips gave access to the air, but particles settling downward in the atmosphere could not reach the interior. Although kept in these containers for four years, the contents showed no signs of fermentation or decay, but when a small portion was poured into an ordinary open-mouthed receptacle it almost immediately teemed with bacteria, and signs of decomposition were manifest within an hour or two.

As a result of his many tests Lister concluded that the cause of infection in bodily wounds and injuries was to be found in the presence of bacteria. At that time, of course, it was not known that there were almost countless varieties of these infinitesimal organisms, some harmless and others virulent. To prevent germ infection Lister proposed to destroy the germs in the neighborhood of cuts or injuries. As the readiest means of accomplishing this he hit upon the use of carbolic acid upon the dressings of wounds and fractures and the use of a spray of carbolic-acid vapor during operations. The carbolic acid destroyed the bacteria with which it came in contact, and so prevented the setting up of a septic (poisoned) condition of the exposed tissue. This was the beginning of the antiseptic method of surgery. Later on surgeons decided that a better method even than using germ-destroying preparations was to exclude all harmful germs from the presence of operations, and this is known as the aseptic method.

Under this method the surface of the subject's body surrounding the points where incisions are to be made is thoroughly washed with antiseptic solutions; the subject is covered with a sheet that has been sterilized by baking at a high temperature, and through an opening in this the operator works. The surgeon and his assistants are attired in garments that have been similarly treated; the operator's head is covered by a cap, and his beard, if he wears one, is covered by a special mask, so that no germs shall fall from the hair to the cuts made in the course of the operation; the hands of every person participating in the operation are washed in some antiseptic preparation and are not allowed to touch any object that is not thoroughly sterilized until the operation is completed; the instruments used are all carefully freed from any lurking bacteria by subjecting them to heat, and the bandages have been sterilized by baking, and are contained in sealed packages which are not opened until the dressings are ready to be applied. If the operation is performed in a hospital, it takes place in a room in which the walls and floors and every object contained in it have been thoroughly disinfected; and if performed elsewhere, these conditions are approximated as nearly as possible. By these measures the tissues exposed in the course of the operation are protected against infection and the necessity of applying antiseptic preparations to the wounds themselves is avoided.

Lister proceeded cautiously with his antiseptic treatment. He tried it first on animals, and then applied it successively to fractures, abscesses, accidental wounds, and finally to cuts inflicted in the course of operations. In each case there was an entire absence of those developments which previously had retarded or prevented the healing of injuries. Within a few years this safeguard had been adopted by progressive surgeons throughout the world. One of the direct consequences was the disappearance of blood-poisoning, gangrene, and other ill results that previously had followed surgical operations with disheartening frequency. Thousands of lives formerly sacrificed during every year, not to injuries or to lack of operative skill, but to failure to guard against the unseen sources of infection, have been saved. Truly humanity owes few greater debts than that which is due to this Edinburgh professor, since elevated to the peerage and rewarded by the homage of his own profession for his services.

While the adoption of the antiseptic method relieved surgery of some of its most dreaded risks, minimized blood-poisoning, banished erysipelas and gangrene, and put an end to the tedious process by which nature previously overcame the septic complications which were the almost invariable aftermath of operations, this was only a part of the benefit it conferred. It opened vast new fields of beneficent endeavor which surgeons hitherto had not dared to enter. With blood-poisoning an almost inevitable consequence, no surgeon would open the abdomen except in cases absolutely desperate. Operations in the abdominal territory were confined almost exclusively to cases where this region had been penetrated by stab or bullet wounds, or other injuries. The surgery of the brain, now progressing so remarkably, was an unwritten chapter in the book of surgical progress. Operations upon the heart or the large blood-passages adjacent to it were undreamed of.

The third great factor in the advance of medicine and surgery within the past generation has been the adoption and increasing use of the experimental method in investigating the causes of disease, and in working out methods of preventing or combating it. The first application of any new idea in the treatment of ills or injuries necessarily is, to a certain extent, an experiment. Such ideas, if they involve serious risk, cannot be tested on human beings. Before the introduction of anæsthesia and antisepsis the pain involved in many experimental operations and the complications caused by germ infection made it impracticable to use animals for this purpose except to a very limited extent. With the possibility of providing insensibility to pain, however, and of preventing the infection of tissues exposed in operations, a vast field of usefulness was opened for animal experimentation. Such a process as that employed by Dr. Carrel in saving the life of the physician's child could not have been worked out except for the possibility of proving its practicability by repeated operations upon animals. Even if human subjects were willing to offer themselves for such purposes, the sentiment which regards human life as sacred would not permit the acceptance of such a sacrifice, unless it were under the most exceptional circumstances. Fortunately, it is not necessary to consider this question. Under modern conditions animals may be employed successfully for most branches of experimental research. The animals themselves are placed under anæsthetics while undergoing the experiment, and ordinarily suffer no pain, and their cases are cared for after operation as painstakingly as are those of human patients in the most carefully conducted hospital. No other equal group of animals that ever lived have been of such use to mankind as those that have been sacrificed humanely in this work of investigation. Almost all the knowledge which enables difficult and intricate operations to be performed, as well as those that are simpler and more frequently undertaken, has come about through animal experimentation. From a single series of such experimental operations often have followed a number of valuable discoveries.

Direct transfusion of blood by the sewing together of the blood-vessels of two persons in the manner worked out by Dr. Carrel has been utilized in a manner even more striking than that already referred to. It sometimes happens in cases of deep-seated tumors or other diseased conditions that the patient is too weak to withstand the shock of the necessary operation. In a number of such instances, notably in several operations performed by Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland, the circulatory system of the person to be treated has been connected with that of some other individual in normal health, and, following this, the main operation has been performed, the subject receiving the strength to undergo it from the blood thus transfused, virtually two separate operations being performed on one person at one time. This, of course, is a rare and unusual procedure, but it shows what modern surgery is able to accomplish in dealing with cases that would have been absolutely hopeless in an earlier day.

Another application of the new method of joining the severed ends of arteries and veins by means of fine needlework or special appliances is in restoring the circulation in blood-passages that have been torn or injured from any cause. Formerly the only thing that a surgeon could do with an injured artery or vein was to stop the hemorrhage by tying the severed ends. This, of course, stopped the circulation and prevented blood from reaching by the most direct course the portion of the body that had been served by the injured blood conveyers. When these severed veins or arteries were of large size and served important parts of the body, as an arm or leg, it sometimes happened that the use of such members was lost entirely, and occasionally even more serious complications resulted, requiring amputation. Applying the knowledge gained from experiments on animals, however, surgeons now join the ends of severed blood-vessels without interfering with the circulation. If the injury is such that a small section must be removed, they are even able to stretch the artery appreciably and thus to unite the ends. Under certain circumstances, as in an injury to the main artery of an arm, for instance, where the distance is too great to be covered by stretching, it has been found possible in rare instances to remove a section of the bone itself and thus to permit the union of the blood-vessels without any other ill result than a very slight reduction in the length of the limb.

One of the notable advances in recent surgery is in the method of dealing with aneurisms. An aneurism occurs where the wall of an artery is weakened and bulges under the pressure of the blood. As the wall weakens more and more, the swelling grows larger until it finally bursts, causing a hemorrhage that soon results in death if not arrested. The old method of treating aneurisms was to cut out the affected part and tie the two ends, thus stopping the circulation and involving the risks of dangerous consequences which that entailed. It has been found that it is possible to slit the artery on one side at the point where the aneurism occurs and then to sew together the inner lining of the artery. The size of the passageway left for the blood is thus slightly reduced, but the circulation continues, in a majority of cases with no inconvenience to the subject of the operation.

Remarkable as are some of the operations performed upon the lesser blood-passages, far more startling are those now undertaken upon the heart itself and upon the main arteries leading from it. For centuries it was assumed that any injury or affection of the heart necessarily must result in death, and no surgeon would have considered for a moment a proposal to attempt an operation upon it. Any interruption in the pulsation of the heart or in the flow of blood between heart and lungs was regarded as instantly fatal. Until very recently operations involving the opening of the chest cavity were often unsatisfactory for the reason that the air rushing in through any such opening, as through a puncture in a bellows, interferes with the ordinary action of ribs and diaphragm in inflating and deflating the lungs and aerating the blood. To avoid the risk involved in this and to give the operator more exact control of the distention of the lung itself, a German surgeon constructed an air-tight chamber to inclose the patient's middle body, his head protruding through an aperture to permit anæsthetization from the outside. The chamber contained room for the surgeon and his assistants, and was so constructed that the air could be exhausted to an extent sufficient to prevent the destruction of the regular process of breathing. Inside this compartment, called a Sauerbruch chamber, from its inventor, many operations for the removal of foreign obstructions lodged within the chest cavity have been performed, and even the removal of clots from the great artery which conveys blood from heart to lungs has been attempted and may yet be accomplished successfully. Recent experiments at the Rockefeller Institute indicate the possibility of doing away with the chamber entirely and of maintaining artificial respiration by means of a tube introduced into the windpipe through which a current of air is forced into the lungs, enabling them to continue the purification of the blood without any movement of the chest in breathing. Thus far these tests have been confined to animals, but their successful application to man seems now to be only a matter of time. Already nearly one hundred cases are on record in which wounds of the heart itself have been operated upon successfully in Europe and America, and one of the leading surgeons of the United States makes the prediction that within a very few years valvular disease of the heart, now unvaryingly fatal, very possibly will come within the domain of surgical treatment.

More striking still are some novel experiments upon animals which show that the pulsation of the heart can be interrupted, the organ handled and moved about, and then started on its course again, without causing death. In fact, it has been demonstrated, in the case both of animals and human beings, that after the heart has been entirely removed for a number of hours its pulsation can be renewed and continued for a considerable period. By the injection of a salt solution mixed with adrenalin, combined with the artificial starting of respiration, life has been renewed in cases where the action of the heart had been entirely suspended for several minutes. A dozen or more cases are on record of human beings in whom the heart action has entirely ceased as a result of chloroform, and in whom pulsation and respiration were restored, and who have entirely recovered. The importance of these results is far-reaching, for it indicates the possibility of preserving life in persons whose hearts and lungs have from certain causes ceased to act, and also of suspending the heart action long enough to perform intricate operations upon that organ itself.

While the surgery of the circulatory organs thus has advanced from the successful treatment of the lesser veins and arteries to the point of undertaking important operations upon the capital of the system itself, results almost as noteworthy have been achieved in the surgery of the brain and nerves. Just as in the case of arteries and veins, so also the nerves are frequently torn or severed by accidents or in the course of necessary operations. And just as the failure to unite severed arteries sometimes results in the setting up of more or less dangerous disturbances in the portions of the body which they serve, so the failure to reunite severed nerves is sometimes followed by equally serious consequences. The most common of these is the loss of the use of limbs if the nerves destroyed are those leading to the arms or legs—and these are among the nerves most subject to injury.

At the present time, therefore, in cases where the nerves are torn or cut the surgeon sews them together, stretching the two ends when necessary to make them meet. The injured portion of the nerve is gradually replaced by new tissue, growing very slowly—at the rate of about one millimeter a day—which gradually restores its functions. In view of the work performed by the nerves, the possibility of sewing together the two ends of a severed member of the system, with only temporary interference with its regular function as the result of the needle punctures, seems more surprising to a layman than does the union of veins and arteries in similar fashion.

Another interesting operation devised by surgeons within the past few years is used to restore the usefulness of nerves so injured that it is impossible to unite the broken ends directly. In such cases, if another nerve of sufficient size happens to lie in the near neighborhood of the defective one, it has been found possible to divide the uninjured nerve, leaving part of it to perform its original task, and splicing the remainder on to the end of the injured nerve, thereby enabling it to resume its suspended functions. This operation is particularly applicable to the region of the head and upper part of the body, where the large nerves leading from the brain lie in close proximity. The operation is so new that its possibilities have not been determined fully, but it has been performed successfully in a large number of cases.

These nerve operations have been worked out as a result of experiments on animals in reuniting and splicing injured nerves and restoring dead ones to vitality. Other valuable experiments upon animals have proved very useful in brain surgery in determining the location of the centers controlling the nerves serving different sections of the body. This knowledge is particularly valuable in guiding the surgeon to the correct point at which to operate on the brain for injuries the presence of which is not revealed by any evidences on the exterior of the skull. A clot of blood may form at some point within the skull, causing pressure upon the brain without any external mark or bruise to indicate its location, or the clot may be at some distance from a surface bruise or cut. In such cases the indications of derangement in the action of the nerves controlled by a particular brain-center guide the surgeon, in the light of his knowledge of cerebral localization, to the point where it is necessary to open the skull in order to remove the clot and to permit this portion of the brain to resume its natural functions. Thus facial paralysis or the loss of use of the lower limbs may indicate to the surgeon the necessity of an operation upon the brain rather than at the point where the difficulty becomes manifest. Such operations for the removal of pressure upon the brain, either from blood-clots or from an injury to the skull, are frequently performed. The surgeon simply makes an opening in the skull itself, lifts out a small section of the bone, removes the cause of the pressure, and closes the opening again, leaving the brain to perform its work undisturbed.

In the third grand division of surgery, that relating to organs contained in the abdominal cavity, the greatest progress of all has been achieved. Down to the introduction of antiseptic methods surgeons invaded the abdominal territory only in cases so desperate that death was only less certain if the operation were performed than if it were left undone. The reason for this was the practical certainty of blood-poisoning in a more or less serious form following any operation of this sort, and the high mortality that resulted. In operations for certain abdominal tumors, which are of frequent occurrence, the death rate has been decreased from seventy-five per cent to less than five per cent. The ease of access to the abdominal tract and the surety with which its contents may be examined, handled, and operated upon under proper aseptic conditions have caused Dr. W. W. Keen, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, to describe this region as "almost the surgeon's playground." Perhaps it would be more correct to describe it as the scene of some of the most desperate battles and most stirring victories in the surgeon's contest against man's indefatigable enemy, disease.

One of the operations that has become thoroughly familiar within recent years is that for appendicitis. With the perfection of aseptic methods and the increasing skill that has come from familiarity, this has been made one of the least dangerous of cutting operations if performed in time, before infection has been set up in neighboring tissues. Another frequent operation which has been made possible as a result of experiments upon animals is the removal of sections of the intestines or the stomach in order to eradicate tumors or to remove the effects of injuries. It has been found by experiments that one-half the entire length of the intestines, or even the whole of the stomach, can be removed without destroying the functions performed by these parts. In cases where the entire stomach is removed the intestine is attached directly to the œsophagus and performs the duties of the stomach successfully. This operation still fails of success in a large number of cases, usually because the ulceration or cancer which makes the operation necessary has progressed so far that other sections have become affected. The proportion of recoveries from such operations, however, grows steadily higher, and with earlier diagnosis of such cases the majority of them undoubtedly would recover.

Even in cases where a cancer or tumor attacks the stomach at the very point of its union with the intestine it has been found possible, by making a hole in the wall of the stomach at a near-by point and connecting it with a part of the intestine, to form a new exit and to relieve the patient of much suffering.

In cases of injury to the intestines modern surgery is able to sew up rents in the walls, to cut out diseased sections and sew the severed ends together, and even to remove from a third to a half of the large intestine without serious inconvenience to the subject.

The gall-bladder is now removed by surgeons in cases where it becomes seriously affected by disease; so are large portions of the kidneys, or even an entire kidney. In fact, the number of organs that surgery is teaching us that we can do without, either wholly or in part, is steadily increasing. Others that were thought to be of no importance have been found to be essential. This is notably the case with the parathyroid glands—tiny little bodies lying directly behind the thyroid. This is another case in which experimental operations on animals showed surgeons the successful procedure to follow with their human subjects.

Part of the thyroid gland is removed in operations for goiter, a disease made familiar even to those of us who never saw a case by the illustration that accompanied its definition in Webster's Unabridged. It was found that while the removal of the gland relieved the subject of goiter, it was followed in many cases by a condition resembling imbecility, and in others by tetany, a disease similar to lockjaw, and as quickly fatal. To avoid this surgeons adopted the practice of leaving a portion of the thyroid in the body, but tetany still followed in some though not all of the cases. The puzzle was solved by a series of experiments upon animals which showed that tetany was due to the removal of the tiny parathyroids, and that the cases in which this had not followed the removal of the larger part of the thyroid were those in which these little glands had been left in the body by accident rather than design. The exact nature of their secretion is still undetermined, but their importance has been amply demonstrated at a cost in human suffering which it is not pleasant to contemplate. Similarly, animal experimentation has demonstrated that the pituitary gland located at the base of the skull is essential to life, or at least that one-half of it is, so that while operations are sometimes performed upon this gland for certain rare diseases, surgeons know better than to remove it entirely.

While some of the operations that have been referred to are of exceptional difficulty and relate to diseases or injuries comparatively rare, for that very reason they serve admirably to illustrate the progress which surgery has made in recent years. On the other hand, in the matter of lives saved and suffering averted, the ordinary operations performed by hundreds daily have a much larger score to their credit. In these operations—amputations, excision of tumors and cancers, and others of which the ordinary layman hears more or less frequently among his immediate acquaintances—thorough asepsis and the knowledge of operating possibilities gained from experiments on animals have made the surgeon's hand more sure and the outcome far more certain than it formerly was.

In every branch of the surgical art rapid progress is being made from year to year. A great number of experiments are under way at the present time directed to learning from guinea-pigs, dogs, cats, and other animals improved methods of procedure in operations now performed with varying success, and to extending still more widely the domain of surgery. Among the experiments containing possibilities of highly important results are those carried on by Dr. Carrel and his associates at the Rockefeller Institute, which have been somewhat widely described. These show the feasibility of transplanting many organs and portions of organs, including kidneys, limbs, sections of arteries and bones, from one animal to another, and of making them perform their various functions with entire success in their new surroundings. The application of such operations to human beings is theoretically possible at the present time, although the practical difficulty of securing the precise organs required at the exact time when they are needed is easy to understand.

One fact stands out prominently in any recapitulation of surgical progress, however incomplete. This fact is that since the introduction of antiseptic and aseptic methods almost every discovery or improvement in the field of surgery has been due to experiments upon animals. Without such experiments, to which, with scanty recompense, many scientific men have devoted talents that might have won for them handsome monetary rewards if otherwise applied, most of the operations described in this article would be quite impossible and thousands of lives now saved during the course of every year by modern surgery would be sacrificed.

This fact is of practical importance to every person, in or out of the medical profession, in view of the concerted efforts made by a small number of determined opponents of scientific progress to prevent or restrict by legislative enactments the continuance of such experiments. Should these efforts succeed, they not only would stop the progress that is being made in dealing with many bodily disorders already partly overcome, but also would destroy the brightest hope of conquering other ailments that still defy human skill.

Migrants

By Archibald Rutledge

Through the frosty autumn night,
Luminous and lone and bright,
Comes the sound of rushing pinions
And the far soft cries of flight.
Swift beneath the stilly atars,
Wings that sweep like scimitars
Onward speed, and ever onward,
From the winter's icy bars.

Looming mountains, vast, unknown,
Now are mounted, overflown,
And the misty plains call “ Onward !”
Through the starlight watching wan ;
Rolling rivers now are crost,
Rivers rolling to the coast,
And the lordly purple mountains
In vague distances are lost.

Through the windy, wild sea-spray
Where the inlet feeds the bay,
On glimmering bars of tawny sand
Their sweeping course they stay ;
There to bask and float at ease,
Or, when flood meets off-shore breeze,
To be shrouded in the surf-mist
From the plunging, pounding seas.

And anon in creek and bay
Inland they shall find their way
To the gray, abandoned rice-fields
And the river-reaches gray ;
There through waters warm to roam
Till the voice of love shall come,
And the spring through azure trumpets
Calls them northward, calls them home !

Lo, the hour of flight is near ;
Beating pinions climb the air
Through the darkness, through the darkness,
Yet to them the way is clear.
By the light of knowledge given
Wide the ancient night is riven ;
And no surer guide than Knowing
Is there granted under heaven.

"**Get the book** and read it yourself, for there never was another like it, or one half as good"

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD'S new novel

Jim Hands

Read what the best reviewers say of Jim Hands:

"A novel of uncommon interest."

"A book one welcomes with delight."

"Excellent for many a reason — for its wholesome warm-heartedness and flashes of insight."

"Jim Hands is a real man, sound and fine."

"Full of a quick sense of character and a ready humor."

"An artistic success approaching perfection."

"Has that peculiar faculty of causing first a chuckle, then a choke in the throat—a smile, and then a mist of tears, and all of them are worth while."

"A profitable book as well as a companionable one."

"Genuine, direct and lovably convincing."

"A thoroughly human book, of vital and abiding interest."

"Crowded with human documents unfolded with all the gifts of a born teller of stories."

Jim Hands

Cloth, $1.20 net; by mail $1.32

Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64–66 Fifth Ave., New York

SEA PINES

A HOME SCHOOL

For Girls Desiring Individual Attention

Genuine happy home life with personal, affectionate care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is exceptionally favorable for an **outdoor life** which we make attractive and refining. Forty acres; pine groves, seashore, ponies. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors.

Address **Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals.**
East Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency 70 Fifth Ave.
New York

Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advise parents about schools. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CALIFORNIA

California Hospital Los Angeles **School for Nurses**

Three years. Ideal private hospital. 150 beds. Maternity, medical, surgical, eye and ear departments. Surrounded by tropical gardens. Superior training. Illustrated booklet free. Write.

COLORADO

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Address Rev. GIBSON BELL, Headmaster.

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER

Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium, dancing, sports.

ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HOME STUDY

Correspondence-Study Dept.

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

18th Year **U. of C. (Div. E) Chicago, Ill.**

"Home-Making, the New Profession"

Is a 100-page hand-book—it's FREE. Home-study *domestic science* courses. For home-makers, mothers, teachers, dietitians, matrons, nurses, etc.

American School of Home Economics, 521 West 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK

Rye Seminary, Rye, New York.
For particulars address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOWE

NORTH CAROLINA

NORTH CAROLINA, Tryon, near Asheville.

Open Air School for Girls Not a sanatorium. Individual training under *exceptional climatic conditions. Northern and Eastern* educational standards. Address Mrs. JOHN G. THURSTON.

OHIO

GLENDALE COLLEGE

GLENDALE, OHIO

A residence school for girls in Cincinnati's most beautiful suburb.

PENNSYLVANIA

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Miss A. A. SUTHERLAND, Principals, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

EUROPE

MADEMOISELLE HESS **FRENCH SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES**

For Supplementary Study. (21st year.)

145 Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris, France

Sunday School Teachers

If you cannot bring about a full grading of your Sunday school, why not secure the best text-book which you can find for your own class?

Give us the age of your pupils and we will send you from our graded series *just the right book* for examination with privilege of return or payment. Thirty-five thousand men, women, and children study from these text-books every Sunday.

Address

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois

INSURGENT

A Red-Headed Magazine, with no advertising. Fifty cents a year. Send coin, stamps, check, to

INSURGENT
Room M701, 708 E. 40th St., Chicago.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

for over half a century have been recognized throughout the world as the most convenient and effectual remedy for coughs, hoarseness, and all throat affections. Free from opiates. Over fifty years in use.

Price, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sample free.

John I. Brown & Son **Boston, Mass.**

KEEP A FILE OF THE OUTLOOK. It is valuable for reference. A handsome Binder in jade green cloth, with gilt side stamp, will be sent postpaid on receipt of forty cents, by THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 Fourth Ave., New York.

I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker

says this man, Grenville Kleiser. Will you give him the opportunity?

People always listen to a man who has something to say—*if he knows how to say it.*

"Ninety-nine men in every hundred in the crowded professions will probably never rise above mediocrity because the training of the voice is entirely neglected and considered of no importance," wrote Gladstone.

Isn't there a world of truth in his words?

Haven't there been occasions when *you* have noted the tremendous advantage possessed by the man who can clearly express himself before one or a thousand people?

If you are lacking in this essential qualification, why not acquire it *now*?

Let Grenville Kleiser (lately of Yale Faculty) teach you *by mail*

HOW TO SPEAK

CONFIDENTLY—FLUENTLY—POWERFULLY

—in Salesmanship—Politics—Society—at Public Meetings—Dinners—*ANYWHERE*

Let Him Teach You How to Develop Self-Confidence, Power and Personality

It will take only fifteen minutes of your time daily for a few months, and the results are assured. Mr. Kleiser's successful students number thousands of men in every profession and business — lawyers, physicians, bankers, clergymen, teachers, salesmen, and other ambitious men who desire to win recognition in fraternal orders and clubs.

JOSEPH P. DAY, *who sells $35,000,000 worth of New York real estate yearly, says:* "I want to take this occasion to express to you my opinion of the really great educational work you are doing in teaching men public speaking by mail, and aiding them to develop their selling force and personal power. You have put into your course your own personal magnetism and enthusiasm, so that men in all parts of the country now have the opportunity of receiving your splendid instruction. Your course has been of great service to me in my business, and I commend it to others in the highest terms."

☞ USE THIS COUPON, PLEASE, *NOW* ☜

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 44c East 23d St., N. Y.

Without cost or obligation to me, please send full information including your special price on Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Public Speaking and the Development of Mental Power and Personality.

OUTLOOK

*Name*____________________

*Date*__________ *P.-O.*__________

*Local Address*__________ *State*__________

How Much Did You Save in 1910?

YOU need not apologize for making this your New Year's thought. The desire for wealth has been a mighty force in the world's progress and the road to wealth always starts at the point where a man begins to save. Do you know about our method of saving?

You can invest $10., $20., $30.—any amount per month in our Mortgage Certificates or we can give you a paid up certificate for $200., $500., $1,000. or $5,000. if you have the cash already saved.

Your money earns 4½% interest from the day that we receive it. The security behind your savings will be first mortgages on New York City real estate and the return of your principal and interest is guaranteed to you by a Company that has invested $400,000,000. for its clients without one of them ever losing a dollar.

Be wise and send postal card or the coupon for complete information.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO

176 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

I am considering investing $__________
Kindly send me pamphlet and information.

Name ____________________

Address____________________

175 Remsen St., Brooklyn **350 Fulton St., Jamaica**

THE OUTLOOK

Registered Trade Mark

Established Half a Century

Annual Sale

Housekeeping Linens, Etc.

At "The Linen Store."

Beginning January 3d, we shall offer at Special Sale a very attractive collection of goods at reduced and special prices. The assortment includes:

Table Cloths and Napkins,
Hemstitched Sheets and Pillow Cases,
Towels and Towelling,
Blankets, Quilts, Bed Spreads,
French and Domestic Lingerie,
Ladies' Hosiery and Corsets,
Ladies' Suits, Coats, Waists, etc.

Every piece, no matter what the price, is sold with the McCutcheon guarantee of reliability.

Mail Orders receive our prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co., **5th Avenue and 34th St., N. Y.** Opp. Waldorf-Astoria

---

6% SECURED CERTIFICATES

IF you are seeking an investment which combines the qualities of unquestioned safety, satisfactory remuneration and convenience, we invite you to write for our Booklet "A," explaining the advantages of the Secured Certificates which we have been furnishing for over twenty-four years. They are secured by First Mortgages which we turn over to the Investor. 6% per annum is paid thereon—monthly, quarterly, or semi-annually as desired.

Capital and Surplus $400,000.00

SALT LAKE SECURITY & TRUST COMPANY

:: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH :

F.E. McGURRIN, *PRES.* EST. 1886

Jan 11 on your address label means that your subscription to The Outlook expires this week. Have you sent your renewal?